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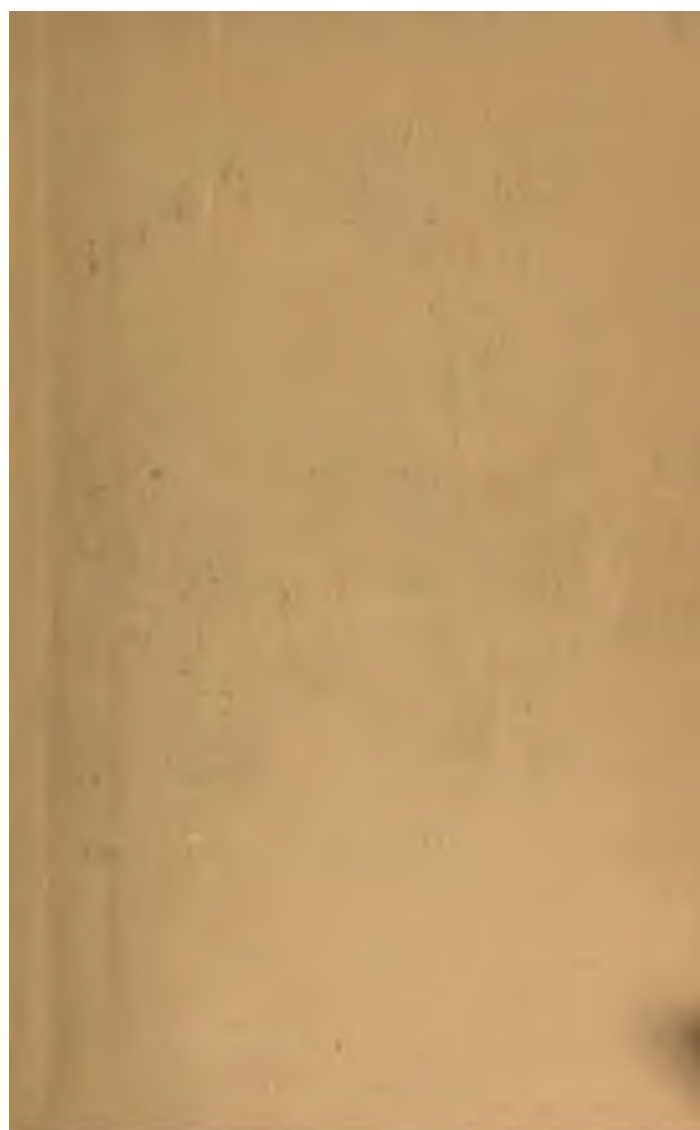
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HISPANIC

NOTES & MONOGRAPHS

ESSAYS, STUDIES, AND BRIEF
BIOGRAPHIES ISSUED BY THE
HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA

PENINSULAR SERIES

IV





HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL BY
ENGLISH AND OTHER AMERICAN WRITERS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Spanish in the City of New York

Member of the Board of the City of New York

Professor of Spanish in the City of New York

*From the "Retrato perdido" in The Royal Academy
of Spain*

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra



E. F. DUTTON & SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1908



HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY

POEMS TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY
ENGLISH AND NORTH AMERICAN POETS

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THOMAS WALSH, Ph.D., Litt.D.

Corresponding Member of the *Real Academia*
Sevillana de Buenas Letras, of the *Academia*
Colombiana and the Hispanic Society
of America



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1930

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286303



To the memory

OF

JOYCE KILMER

POET AND HERO, WHO EARNED A GLORIOUS

GRAVE NEAR THE RIVER OURCQ,

JULY 30, 1918,—

MY FRIEND.

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FOREWORD

SPANISH poetry, at first glance, would seem to be an unknown world to readers without a knowledge of Castilian; nevertheless, a study of the contents of this volume will show that some of the greatest poets of England and America have presented in our common English tongue the beauties of this exotic literature. While this achievement of the past may be a matter of legitimate pride to the northern Hispanist, the present would seem to be an opportune moment to strengthen whatever claim he may have upon the regard of his brethren of Hispanic speech by presenting a summary, in chronological order, of the translations, by northern Hispanophiles, of Spanish poems into English verse.

The present work is such a summary, and it is offered as a spontaneous tribute of

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	<p>affectionate admiration to the contemporaneous Spanish poet—both Peninsular and American—from his English-speaking brethren of the north. It should perhaps be stated that, in the desire that this offering should be recognized as essentially a northern tribute, the editor has with reluctance omitted many able translations by Hispanic-Americans whose work, for the present at least, must be left to the more casual page of the periodical.</p> <p>The <i>Hispanic Anthology</i> is also offered in the belief that it will greatly facilitate the work of the writer or lecturer on Spanish poetry who, hitherto, has been handicapped by the great difficulty in obtaining English versions adequate to illustrate his theme. To him, as to the student and general reader, the chronological arrangement of the material—the amount of which is surprising—and the bibliographical notes, which in many cases are the result of very considerable research, should prove extremely useful. Particularly is this true in the case of the more recent poets concerning whom accurate information is both scarce</p>
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<p>and remote. In the matter of selection, a comparison of this work with the best of the Spanish <i>Parnasos</i> and Hispanic-American <i>Antologías</i> will show that the editor has not differed greatly from the opinions of the original critics.</p> <p>The writer's thanks are due to all those who have so graciously permitted their versions to be included in this collection—notably, Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Mr. William G. Williams, Mr. Alfred Coester, Mr. E. C. Hills, Mr. John Pierrepont Rice, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, Miss Lilian E. Elliott, and Miss Muna Lee.</p> <p>THOMAS WALSH.</p>	
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ALICE STONE BLACKWELL
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2	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
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<p>ANONYMOUS</p> <p>THE LAY OF THE CID</p> <p>THE <i>Poema del Cid</i> was composed about the year 1150. It is a contemporary record of the national peculiarities of Spanish chivalry. It was first published by Sánchez (Madrid, 1779).</p> <p>I</p> <p>He turned and looked upon them, and he wept very sore As he saw the yawning gateway and the hasps wrenched off the door, And the pegs whereon no mantle nor coat of vair there hung. There perched no moulting goshawk, and there no falcon swung. My lord the Cid sighed deeply, such grief was in his heart,</p>	
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4	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And he spake well and wisely: "Oh Thou in Heaven that art Our Father and our Master, now I give thanks to Thee. Of their wickedness my foemen have done this thing to me."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Then they shook out the bridle rein further to ride afar. They had the crow on their right hand as they issued from Bivar, And as they entered Burgos upon their left it sped. And the Cid shrugged his shoulders, and the Cid shook his head: "Good tidings, Alvar Fañez! We are ban- ished from our weal, But on a day with honor shall we come unto Castile."</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>Roy Diaz entered Burgos with sixty pen- nons strong,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

5

And forth to look upon him did the men
and women throng.
And with their wives the townsmen at the
windows stood hard by,
And they wept in lamentation, their grief
was risen so high.
As with one mouth together they spake
with one accord:
"God, what a noble vassal, an he had a
worthy lord."

4

Fain had they made him welcome, but
none dared do the thing
For fear of Don Alfonso, and the fury of
the King.
His mandate unto Burgos came ere the
evening fell.
With utmost care they brought it and it
was sealéd well;
"That no man to Roy Diaz give shelter
now, take heed,
And if one give him shelter, let him know,
in very deed,

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

6	HISPANIC ANTHOLC
	<p>He shall lose his whole possession, n eyes within his head. Nor shall his soul and body be fo better stead.” Great sorrow had the Christians, ar his face they hid. Was none dared aught to utter un lord the Cid. Then the Campeador departed un lodging straight. But when he was come hither, th locked and barred the gate. In their fear of Don Alfonso had the even so. An the Cid forced not his entrance, for weal or woe, Durst they open it unto him. Lou men did call. Nothing thereto in answer said t within the hall. My lord the Cid spurred onward, doorway did he go. He drew his foot from the stirrup, h the door one blow. Yet the door would not open, for tl barred it fast.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTE

ANONYMOUS	7
<p data-bbox="447 270 461 292">5</p> <p data-bbox="226 323 684 377">But a maiden of nine summers came unto him at last</p> <p data-bbox="226 381 684 435">"Campeador in happy hour thou girdedst on the sword.</p> <p data-bbox="226 439 684 493">'Tis the King's will. Yestereven came the mandate of our lord.</p> <p data-bbox="226 497 684 551">With utmost care they brought it, and it was sealed with care;</p> <p data-bbox="226 555 684 608">None to ope to you or greet you for any cause shall dare.</p> <p data-bbox="226 612 684 666">And if we do, we forfeit houses and lands instead.</p> <p data-bbox="226 670 684 724">Nay, we shall lose moreover, the eyes within the head.</p> <p data-bbox="226 728 684 782">And, Cid, with our misfortunes, naught whatever dost thou gain.</p> <p data-bbox="226 786 684 840">But may God with all his power support thee in thy pain."</p> <p data-bbox="226 844 684 897">So spake the child and turned away. Unto her home went she.</p> <p data-bbox="226 901 684 955">That he lacked the King's favor now well; the Cid might see.</p> <p data-bbox="226 959 684 1013">He left the door; forth onward he spurred through Burgos town.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

8	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>When he had reached Saint Mary' he got swiftly down. He fell upon his knees and prayed true heart indeed: And when his prayer was over, he m on the steed. Forth from the gate and over the A he went. There in the sand by Burgos, the pitch his tent. Roy Diaz, who in happy hour had on the brand, Since none at home would greet h camped there on the sand With a good squadron, camping as i in the wood. They will not let him in Burgos b kind of food,— Provender for a single day they dai to him sell.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>Then said the Cid, who in good ho girded on the steel:</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

9

"Oh Martin Antolinez, thou art a good
lance and leal.

And if I live, hereafter I shall pay thee
double rent,

But gone is all my silver, and all my gold is
spent,

And well enough thou seest that I bring
naught with me

And many things are needful for my good
company.

Since by favor I win nothing, by might
then must I gain.

I desire by thy counsel to get ready coffers
twain.

With the sand let us fill them, to lift a
burden sore,

And cover them with stamped leather with
nails well studded o'er.

7

Ruddy shall be the leather, well gilded
every nail.

In my behalf do thou hasten to Vidas and
Raqué.

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

10	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>Since in Burgos they forbade me aught to purchase, and the King Withdraws his favor, unto them my goods I cannot bring. They are heavy, and I must pawn them for whatso'er is right. That Christians may not see it, let them come for them by night. May the Creator judge it and of all the Saints the choir. I can no more, and I do it against my own desire."</p> <p>8</p> <p>Martin stayed not. Through Burgos he hastened forth and came To the Castle. Vidas and Raqué! he de- manded them by name.</p> <p>9</p> <p>Raqué! and Vidas sate to count their goods and profits through When up came Antolinez the prudent man and true.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

II

"How now Raqué! and Vidas, am I dear
unto your heart?

I would speak close." They tarried not.
All three they went apart.

"Give me, Raqué! and Vidas, your hands
for promise sure,

That you will not betray me to Christian
or to Moor.

I shall make you rich forever. You shall
ne'er be needy more.

When to gather in the taxes went forth the
Campeador,

Many rich goods he garnered, but he only
kept the best.

Therefore this accusation against him was
addressed.

And now two mighty coffers full of pure
gold hath he.

Why he lost the King's favor a man may
lightly see.

He has left his halls and houses, his meadow
and his field,

And the chests he cannot bring you lest he
should stand revealed.

The Campeador those coffers will deliver
to your trust

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

12	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p>And do you lend unto him whatever may be just.</p> <p>Do you take the chests and keep them but swear a great oath here</p> <p>That you will not look within them for the space of all this year."</p> <p>The two took counsel: "Something to our profit must inure</p> <p>In all barter. He gained something in the country of the Moor</p> <p>When he marched there, for many goods he brought with him away.</p> <p>But he sleeps not unsuspected, who brings coined gold to pay.</p> <p>Let the two of us together take now the coffers twain.</p> <p>In some place let us put them where unseen they shall remain.</p> <p>"What the lord Cid demanded, we, prithee, let us hear,</p> <p>And what will be our usury for the space of all this year?"</p> <p>Said Martin Antolinez like a prudent man and true:</p> <p>"Whatever you deem right and just the Cid desires of you.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS

13

e will ask little since his goods are left in
a safe place.
ut needy men on all sides beseech the Cid
for grace.
or six hundred marks of money the Cid is
sore bested."
We shall give them to him gladly," Ra-
quél and Vidas said.
'Tis night. The Cid is sorely pressed.
So give the marks to us."
answered Raquél and Vidas: "Men do not
traffic thus;
ut first they take their surety and there-
after give the fee."
aid Martin Antolinez: "So be it as for
me.
ome ye to the great Campeador for 'tis
but just and fair
hat we should help you with the chests.
and put them in your care,
o that neither Moor nor Christian thereof
shall hear the tale."
Therewith are we right well content,"
said Vidas and Raquél,
You shall have the marks six hundred
when we bring the chests again."

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

And Martin Antolinez rode swiftly with
twain.

And they were glad exceeding. O'er
bridge he did not go,
But through the stream, that neve
Burgalese should know

Through him thereof. And now bel
the Campeador his tent.

When they therein had entered to kiss
hands they bent.

My lord the Cid smiled on them and
them said he;

"Ha, Don Raqué! and Vidas, you have
gotten me!

And now must I go hence away who
banished in disgrace,

For the King from me in anger hath tur
away his face.

I deem that from my chattels you shall
somewhat of worth,

And you shall lack for nothing while
dwell upon the earth."

At the loading of the coffers you had
great joy of heart.

ANONYMOUS	15
<p>For they could not heave the great chests up though they stark and hale; Dear was the melted metal to Vidas and Raquéi. And they would be rich forever till their two lives were o'er.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>The hand of my good lord the Cid, Raquéi had kissed once more: "Ha! Campeador, in happy hour thou girdedst on the brand. Forth from Castile thou goest to the men of a strange land. Such is become thy fortune and great thy gain shall be— Ah, Cid, I kiss thine hands again—but make a gift to me; Bring me a Moorish mantle splendidly wrought and red." "So be it. It is granted," the Cid in an- swer said,—</p>	
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16	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="402 256 849 373"> "If from abroad I bring it, well doth the matter stand; If not, take it from the coffers I leave here in your hand." </p> <p data-bbox="412 397 838 422">—<i>R. Seldon Rose and Leonard Bacon.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ANONYMOUS	17
<p data-bbox="293 435 510 458"><i>RAZÓN DE AMOR</i></p> <p data-bbox="231 481 632 637"> g the <i>Textes castillans inédits du XIII</i> (Romania, 1887, vol. xvi, pp. 368-373), lfred Morel-Fatio published this poem ie first time. The name of Lope de s is signed to the MS, but he is conjec- to be merely the copyist. </p> <p data-bbox="231 659 553 948"> he heart with care o'erflowing, s a story that is showing lventure fine and free love and melody. s a scholar made its rhymes as squire of dames betimes) in Germany and France his training for romance, n Lombardy was long arn courtesy in song. </p> <p data-bbox="240 995 508 1018"> the month of April sweet </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

In an olive grove I made retreat,
My dinner done, where the branches meet;
And a cup of wine mine eyes did greet
In the cooling shade of an apple-tree
Full and ruddy as wine can be.
It had been placed by a lady fair
Who was mistress of the orchards there,
For on him she loved her mind would think,
When he came that way he would stop and
drink,
He would quaff it down in a fashion meet
Whenever he loitered there to eat,
And thus refreshed would remain always
Strong and healthy through all his days.
Higher up on the apple bough
Another cup caught my vision now,
Full to the brim of the water clear
That oozed from the dewy branches near.
I would have tasted its liquor pure
But I feared in it enchantment sure,
So I laid my head to the verdant sword
Where a midday rest I might afford,
And the heat of the day was burning so
I stripped my clothing from head to toe,
And slipped in the spring that flowed
thereby—

Never the like hath met your eye!—
So fresh it was, and healthful too,
In the chill of its waters through and
through.

A step in its depths from off the shore
And you felt the heat of the day no more.
Every herb of odorous air
Was breathing fresh on its margin fair;
The salvia likewise and the rose,
With the lily and the violet close,
And numerous herbs in row on row
Whose very names I do not know;
But such a perfume from all was shed
It was sweet enough to rouse the dead.
I took a sup of the water then
And felt my body cool again;
And in my hand I took a flower,
To wit, the worthiest in that bower,
Prepared to sing of love's fond hour,—
When suddenly a damsel came—
Never in life have you seen the same—
So white, so blushing red was she;
Her short hair round her ears blown free,
Her forehead white and passing fair,
And face as sweet as an apple rare.
Her nose so straight and finely turned,—

Ne'er such another have you discern
 Her eyes of midnight shining clear;
 Her lovely lips where white teeth app
 'Twixt the ruby smiles so full and fre
 Perfection's self, so it seemed to mel-
 Her girdle broad and measured well
 To a graceful line about her fell,
 Her cloak and gown were of nothing
 Than samite white, her form to dress
 The little hat upon her head
 'Gainst the midday heats was garland
 And you would have known by the g
 she wore
 No peasant maid was she who bore.
 The flowers bent down before her feet
 As she walked along, while her lips r
 This song of love:

*"O friend of mine
 Would that my arms could always tw
 About you here in love, and know
 The sweets of loving forever so!
 For you are a scholar as you show,
 And for this I hold you far more dear.
 Never a man did I ever hear*

*To boast of such love as my heart makes clear.
I had rather my love with you to share
Than the diadem of Spain to wear.
There's but one care upon my heart
And dread lest some mischance may start;
For they say that another lady bright
In beauty and goodness claims a right
Upon your love, and with such a call
That despite shall ruin her mind in all;
And for her my fear is very great,
Lest your love for me she may abate.
But now that you behold me well,
Lover and loved, let us faithful dwell!"*

The while the lady reasoned so,
I saw she did not turn to go;
That, though she knew me not for long,
She did not fear my passion strong.
That day I was no peasant boor;
I rose and took her fingers pure,
And arm in arm we settled down
In the shade of the olive branches brown.
And I said to her: "My lady, say,
Have you known no love until today?"—
She answered,—“Truly with love I glow,
And little about my squire I know;

But I should bid his messenger hear,
 That I know he's a cleric, not cavalier;
 That he reads and writes and sings full clear,
 That he follows the troubadour's career.
 I know, as well, that his birth is fair
 And the first of his youthful beard is there."
 "For God's sake, lady, say to me
 What gifts hath he sent in courtesy?"—
 "These perfumed gloves, this hat, he sent,
 This ring, this coral ornament;
 And for his love they are the sign
 Of the love I bear this sweet friend of mine."
 There I, in truth, the trinkets knew
 That I had sent! and to her view
 The little sash I wore, displayed
 With the broideries her hands had made.
 She doffed her shoulder mantle bright,
 She kissed my mouth and eyelids right,
 And such delight she took of me
 That I cannot give the history.
 "Lord God be praised that here below
 My lover dear so well I know!"—
 Full long, full long, we tarried there,
 When came the thought unto my fair,
 And she explained,—“My Master sweet,
 If you should deem it more discreet,

"Twill not displease you should I go—"
And I to her—"My heart shall show
That it is faithful evermore,
And prouder than an emperor."—
And so alone my lady went,
Leaving me to my discontent,
For hardly had she passed the gate
When my heart like death grew desolate.
I tried to lay me down to sleep,
But a tiny dove came there to peep;
As white as any snowflake blown
Across the garden it flew alone,
And unto the pool it took its way
Where suddenly it saw me laid,
And it turned away in trouble great
Into the orchard of pomegranate.
Now there was fastened a cup of gold
That its little feet could scarce uphold,
But into the pool it bore its weight
Where I lay in the shade of the pome-
granate.
And when the golden cup was filled
And unto its very depths was chilled,
In sign that the feast was at an end
The water and wine it made to blend.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GONZALO DE BERCEO

(1180-1246)

THE PRAISE OF SPRING

(From *The Miracles of our Lady*)

GONZALO DE BERCEO was born at Navarre. Little is known of the events of his life except that he was a priest of the Cistercian Monastery of San Millán in the diocese of Calahorra. His poems, for the most part devotional, were edited by Florencio de Arce (*Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vol. 10). There is an edition of the *Vida de San Domingo* by J. D. Fitzgerald (Paris, 1881).

I, Gonzalo de Berceo, in the
 summertime,
 Wending upon a pilgrimage, came
 meadow's side;
 All green was it and beautiful, with
 far and wide,—
 A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the
 hermit might abide.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all
the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but
stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose
waters pure and fair,
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm
in winter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees,
amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear
and apple seen;
And other fruits of various kinds, the
tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste and
none decayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor
of the flowers
The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered
with fragrant showers,
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the
sultry noontide hours;
Oh, one might live upon the balm and
fragrance of those bowers!

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot
 such power to please,
 Such shadows from the summer
 odors on the breeze;
 I threw my mantle on the ground
 might rest at ease,
 And stretched upon the greens
 in the shadow of the trees.

There soft reclining in the shade
 beside me flung,
 I heard the soft and mellow rustle
 through the woodland rung;
 Ear never listened to a strain, from
 ment or tongue,
 So mellow and harmonious as
 above me sung.

—H. W. Longfellow

CÁNTICA OF THE VIRGIN

Keep watch, keep watch, keep watch
 Keep watch on the Council of the Holy Spirit
 Keep watch;
 That they steal not God's Son from
 Keep watch!

al Him off they are set upon;
watch,
w, Peter, likewise John,
watch!
t in your trust so long,
watch,
ten rather to my song,
watch;
them light robbers are,
watch,
g you through bolt and bar,
watch;
e tricksters by the way,
watch,
d thief and cutpurse they,
watch!
own words they have employed,
watch,
our overthrow deployed,
watch!
now not the deep deceit,
watch,
is waiting for your feet,
watch;
now not the reasons wise,
watch,

28	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>That from His taking shall arise, Keep watch; Thomas and old Matthew too, Keep watch, They desire this theft to do, Keep watch; The disciple Him did sell, Keep watch; The Master did not deem it well, Keep watch. Don Philip, Simon, and Don Jude, Keep watch, For the stealing aids they sued, Keep watch. If they have succeeded here, Keep watch, On to-day it will appear, Keep watch.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">— <i>Roderick</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE LIFE OF <i>SAN MILLA</i></p> <p>And when the kings were in the their squadrons in array,— With lance in rest they onward pr mingle in the fray;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTE

GONZALO DE BERCEO	29
<p>But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,— These were a numerous army,—a little handful those. And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty, Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on high; and there two figures they beheld, all beautiful and bright, Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white. They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen, and arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen; The one, he held a crozier,—a pontiff's mitre wore; The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before. Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,— And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way; They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

And in their hands with dire portent
 naked sabres shook. .
 The Christian host beholding this, str
 way take heart again;
 They fall upon their bended kne
 resting on the plain,
 And each one with his clenched fist to
 his breast begins,
 And promises to God on high he wi
 sake his sins.
 And when the heavenly knights drew
 unto the battle-ground,
 They dashed among the Moors and
 unerring blows around;
 Such deadly havoc there they mad
 foremost ranks among
 A panic terror spread unto the hindm
 the throng.
 Together with these two good knight
 champions of the sky,
 The Christians rallied and began to
 full sore and high;
 The Moors raised up their voices as
 the Koran swore
 That in their lives such deadly fray
 ne'er had seen before.

Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped
the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and
some half dead with fright;
Full sorely they repented that to the field
they came,
For they saw that from the battle they
should retreat with shame.
Another thing befell them,—they dreamed
not of such woes,—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from
their twanging bows
Turned back against them in their flight
and wounded them full sore,
And every blow they dealt the foe was paid
in drops of gore.

.
Now he that bore the crozier, and the
papal crown had on
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of
Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the
monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millán of Cogolla's
neighborhood.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA

San Miguel de la Tumba is a
vast and wide;

The sea encircles it around, and grows
every side;

It is a wild and dangerous place, and
woes betide

The monks who in that burial place
penitence abide.

Within those dark monastic walls,
the ocean flood

Of pious fasting monks there dwelt
brotherhood;

To the Madonna's glory there an
high was placed

And a rich and costly image the
altar graced.

Exalted high upon a throne, the
Mother smiled,

And as the custom is, she held with
arms the Child;

The kings and wisemen of the East
kneeling by her side;

Attended was she like a queen who
had sanctified.

Descending low before her face a screen of
feathers hung,—
A *moscader* or fan for flies, 'tis called in
vulgar tongue;
From the feathers of the peacock's wing
'twas fashioned bright and fair,
And glistened like the heaven above when
all its stars are there.
It chanced that for the people's sins, fell
lightning's blasting stroke;
Forth from all four sacred walls the flames
consuming broke;
The sacred robes were all consumed, missal
and holy book;
And hardly with their lives the monks
their crumbling walls forsook.

But though the desolating flame raged
fearfully and wild,
It did not reach the Virgin Queen, it did
not reach the Child;
It did not reach the feathery screen before
her face that shone,
Nor injured in a farthing's worth the image
or the throne.

34	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>The image it did not consume, it did burn the screen; Even in the value of a hair they were hurt, I ween; Not even the smoke did reach them injure more the shrine Than the bishop, high Don Tello been hurt by hand of mine. —H. W. Longfellow</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

ALFONSO X

(1221-1284)

CANTIGA

Alfonso X, known as *el sabio* or "The Wise," is in a sense the father of all Spanish literature. He was not a successful ruler, but he is famous for his codes, chronicles, and didactic collections. The principal work of which he is famous is the *Cantigas de Santa María*, in the dialect of the Galician coast, which has been edited for the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1889, 2 vols.), by A. de Coeto, the Marqués de Valmar.

Lady, for the love of God,
 Have some pity upon me!
 See my eyes, a river-flood
 Day and night, oh, see!
 Brothers, cousins, uncles, all,
 Have I lost for thee;
 If thou dost not me recall,
 Woe is me!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TREASURY

The strange intelligence then reached my
ears

That in the land of Egypt lived a man,
Who, wise of wit, subjected to his scan
The dark occurrences of uncome years;
He judged the stars, and by the moving
spheres

And aspects of the heavens unveiled the
dim

Face of futurity, which then to him
Appeared, as clear to us the past appears.
A yearning towards this sage inspired my
pen

And tongue, that instant, with humility
Descending from my height of majesty;
Such mastery has a strong desire o'er men;
My earnest prayers I wrote—I sent—
with ten

My noblest envoys, loaded each apart
With gold and silver, which with all my
heart

I offered him, but the request was vain.
With much politeness the wise man replied,
"You, sire, are a great king, and I should be

lost glad to serve you, but in such a fee
f gold and silver gems I take no sort of
pride;
eign, then, yourself to use them; I abide
ontent in more abundant wealth; and
may
our treasures profit you in every way
hat I can wish, your servant." I com-
plied;
ut sent the stateliest of my argosies,
hich reached, and from the Alexandrian
port
rought safe this cunning master to my
court,
ho greeted me with all kind courtesies;
knowing well his great abilities,
nd learning in the movement of the
spheres,
ave highly honored him these many
years,
or honor is the birthright of the wise.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

MOSSÉN JORDI DE SAN JORDI

(About 1250)

SONG OF CONTRARIES

Mossén Jordi de San Jordi, an elusive figure in early Spanish literary history, is confused with another figure called Jordi del Rey. They are said to have been born either in Valencia or Catalonia about the middle of the thirteenth or fifteenth century, although the style of the present selection would seem to point to the later as the more probable date.

From day to day I learn but to unlearn
 I live to die—my pleasure is my woe;
 In dreary darkness I can light discern
 Though blind, I see, and all but know
 I know.

I nothing grasp, and yet the world embrace
 Though bound to earth, o'er highest heights
 I fly.

With what's behind I run an untried race

And break from that which holds me mightily.

Evil I find when hurrying after bliss,
 Loveless I love, and doubt of all I see;
 All seems a dream that most substantial is,
 I hate myself—others are dear to me;
 Voiceless, I speak—I hear, of hearing void;
 My *aye* is *no*; truth becomes falsehood
 strange;

I eat, not hungry—shift, though un-
 annoyed;
 Touch without hands—and sense to folly
 change.

I seek to soar, and then the deeper fall,
 When most I seem to sink, then mount I
 still;

Laughing I weep,—and waking, dreams I
 call;

And when most cold, hotter than fire I feel;
 Perplexed, I do what I would leave undone;
 Losing I gain—time fleetest, slowest flows;
 Though free from pain, 'neath pain's
 attacks I groan;

To craftiest fox the gentlest lambkin grows.

—*Anonymous.*

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA
(Late thirteenth century)

MAY

JUAN LORENZO SEGURA, a native of A
in the latter part of the thirteenth c
who became an ecclesiastic—"bon cl
onrado"—and who left a long poem o
under the Great.

It was the month of May, a g
time,
When merry music make the bi
boughs,
Dressed are the meads with beauty f
wide,
And sighs the ladye that has
spouse;
Tide sweet for marriages; flowers and
winds
Temper the clime; in every villag

; girls in bevvies sing, and with blythe
 minds
 ce each to each good wishes of the
 year.
 ; maids and old maids, are all out of
 doors,
 ting with love, to gather flowers at
 rest
 on—they whisper each to each,
 amours
 good—and the most tender deem the
 best.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

JUAN RUÍZ: Archpriest of Hita
(About 1300)

TO VENUS

JUAN Ruíz, was the Archpriest of Hita neighborhood of Guadalajara. It is conjectured that he was born in 1283. Ecclesiastical superiors found it necessary to imprison and degrade him. He is a peculiarly personal character, strange in spirit to the French poet François. His *Libro de buen Amor* is to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores castellanos* (vol. 1, 1851), and in other editions are that of J. Ducamin (Paris, 1901), and of Julio Cejador y Saura (Madrid, 1913). See also *El Arcipreste de Hita* (Madrid, 1906), by Julio Puyol y Arce.

Of figure very graceful, with amorous
correct,
Sweet, lovely, full of frolic, mild,
mirth by prudence checked,

Caressing, courteous, lady-like, in wreathèd
smiles bedecked,
Whom every lady looks upon with love
and with respect,—
Lady Venus, wife of Love, at thy footstool
low I kneel,
Thou art the paramount desire of all, thy
force all feel.
O Love, thou art the master of all creatures;
all with zeal
Worship thee for their creator, or for sorrow
or for weal.
Kings, dukes, and noble princes, every
living thing that is
Fear and serve thee for their being; oh,
take not my vows amiss!
Fulfill my fair desires, give good fortune,
give me bliss,
and be not niggard, shy, nor harsh; sweet
Venus, grant me this!
I am so lost, so ruined, and so wounded by
thy dart,
Which I carry close concealed and buried
deep in my sad heart,
I dare not to dare reveal the wound; I dare
not e'er impart

Her name, ere I forget her, may I perish
with the smart!
I have lost my lively color, and my mind
is in decay;
I have neither strength nor spirits, I fall
off both night and day;
My eyes are dim, they serve alone to lead
my steps astray
If thou do not give me comfort, I shall
swoon and pass away.

Replieth Venus:

Tell all thy feelings without fear or being
swayed by shame,
To every amorous-looking miss, to every
gadding dame;
Amongst a thousand, thou wilt scarce find
one that e'er will blame
Thine unembarrassed suit, nor laugh to
scorn thy tender flame.
If the first wave of the rough sea, when it
comes roaring near,
Should frighten the rude mariner, he ne'er
would plough the clear
With his brass-beaked ship; then ne'er
let the first word sever

The first frown, or the first repulse, affright
 thee from thy dear.
 By cunning hardest hearts grow soft, walled
 cities fall; with care
 High trees are felled, grave weights are
 raised; by cunning many swear
 By cunning many perjured are, and fishes
 by the snare
 are taken under the green wave; then why
 shouldst thou despair?

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN

wish to make my sermon brief,—to
 shorten my oration,—
 for a never-ending sermon is my utter
 detestation;
 like short women,—suits at law without
 procrastination,—
 and am always most delighted with things
 of short duration.
 A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool
 who's always grinning
 but little women love so much, one falls
 in love with sinning.

46	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>There are women who are very tall yet not worth the winning, And in the change of short for long r tance finds beginning.</p> <p>To praise the little women Love bes me in my musing; To tell their noble qualities is quite b refusing; So I'll praise the little women, and find the thing amusing They are, I know, as cold as snow, v flames around diffusing.</p> <p>They're cold without, whilst warm v the flame of Love is raging, They're gay and pleasant in the str soft, cheerful, and engaging, They're thrifty and discreet at home, cares of life assuaging; All this and more;—try and you'll how true is my presaging.</p> <p>In a little precious stone what spl meets the eyes! In a little lump of sugar how mu sweetness lies!</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

So in a little woman love grows and multi-
plies;

You recollect the proverb says,—“A word
unto the Wise.”

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons
every dinner

More than all other condiments, although
'tis sprinkled thinner;

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let
you win her,—

There's not a joy in all the world you will
not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the
richest dyes,

And in a little grain of gold much price and
values lies,

As from a little balsam much odor doth
arise,

So in a little woman there's a taste of
paradise.

Even as a little ruby its secret worth be-
trays,

Color and price and virtue, in the clearness
of its rays,—

Just so a little woman much ex
displays,
Beauty and grace and love and
always.

The skylark and the nightingale,
small and light of wing
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than
the birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a ve
thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar and flow
bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush
many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth sing
little throat
A merry little songster in his green
yellow coat;
And such a little woman is, who
doth make her dote.

There's nought can be compared
throughout the wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our
consolation,—

o cheerful, gay and happy, so free from all
vexation;

1 fine, she's better in the proot than in
anticipation.

as her size increases are woman's charms
decreased,

hen surely it is good to be from all the
great released.

low of two evils choose the less—said a
wise man of the East,

y consequence, of woman-kind be sure
to choose the least.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

50	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p>PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA (1332-1407)</p> <p>SONG TO THE VIRGIN MAR</p> <p>PERO LÓPEZ DE AYALA was a Basque tier in the suite of Pedro the Cruel, of Trastamara, John I, and Henr He became Grand Chancellor of Cas 1398. His principal work is the <i>Rim Palacio</i> (<i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i> lvii). It is also to be found in a new edited by Albert Kuersteiner in the <i>Bil hispánica</i>.</p> <p>Lady, as I know thy power, I place my hopes in thee; Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower My pilgrim steps shall see.</p> <p>Thy welcome ever was most sweet To those who come in care; When from this prison I retreat, I'll seek thine image there.</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower,
My pilgrim steps shall see.

In all my sorrows would I call
On thee, Sweet Advocate;
My heart adores thee more than all,
And so my sins seem great.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

Thou art the star that shows the way,
The balm that heals my wrong;
In gentleness be mine today
And lead to heaven along.
Lady, as I know thy power,
I place my hopes in thee;
Thy shrine in Guadalupe's tower
My pilgrim steps shall see.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALVARO DE LUNA

(1388-1453)

CANCIÓN

ALVARO DE LUNA, from a mere page boy to Grand Constable of Castile through the favor of Juan II. He obtained unbounded power and wealth, but earned the hatred of the nobles, who procured his abandonment and execution by his King in 1453. His poems are characteristic in their frivolous, dissipated manner of the age in which he flourished. Some of his poetical work is to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena* (edition of Pidal, Madrid, 1851).

Since to cry
And to sigh
I ne'er cease;
And in vain
I would gain
My release;
Yet I still

Have the will,
Though I see
That the way
Every day
Is less free.
She is light
And the blight
Wrecks my joy;
Better death
Than such breath
I employ!
But perchance
For such glance
I was born;
And my grief
Is relief
For your scorn.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDO

(1398-1458)

SERRANILLA

ÍÑIGO LÓPEZ DE MENDOZA, Marqués de Serranilla, the son of the Admiral of Castile and nephew of López de Ayala, was born in Carrión de los Condes. He was a skillful poet, a politician and bitterly opposed to Alvaro Luna. He died at Guadalajara on March 14, 1458. He is remarkable for a fine command of language, and for his acquaintance with all the literary forms of the Provençal and Italian schools. He is thought to have been the first to employ the sonnet form in Spanish. His *Obras* were published in Madrid in 1851, edited by José Amador de los Ríos, and his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del siglo XV*, collected by Foulché-Delbosc in the *Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

From Calatrava as I took my way
At holy Mary's shrine to kneel and

And sleep upon my eyelids heavy lay,
 There where the ground was very rough
 and wild,
 I lost my path and met a peasant child:
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
 There in the fields I found her.

Upon a meadow green with tender grass,
 With other rustic cowherds, lad and lass,
 So sweet a thing to see I watched her pass:
 My eyes could scarce believe her what
 they found her,
 There with the herds around her.

I do not think that roses in the Spring
 Are half so lovely in their fashioning:
 My heart must needs avow this secret thing,
 That had I known her first as then I
 found her,
 From Finojosa, with the herds around her,
 I had not strayed so far her face to see
 That it might rob me of my liberty.

I questioned her, to know what she might
 say:
 "Has she of Finojosa passed this way?"

She smiled and answered me: "In vain
you sue,

Full well my heart discerns the hope in you:

But she of whom you speak, and have
not found her.

Her heart is free, no thought of love has
bound her,

Here with the herds around her."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

CANCIÓN

Whether you love me

I cannot tell.

But that I love you,

This I know well.

You and none other

Hold I so dear.

This shall be always,

Year upon year.

When first I saw you,

So it befell.

I gave you all things—

This I know well.

Myself I gave you
Ever in fee.
Doubt then of all things
But doubt not me.

Since first I saw you,
Under your spell,
All my wits wander,
This I know well.

Still have I loved you,
Still shall I love,
Love you and serve you
All things above.

Her I have chosen
None doth excel.
Trust me, I feign not,
This I know well.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ANONYMOUS
(Fifteenth century)

VILLANCICO

THIS *Villancico* is a remarkable little poem found in the *Cancionero musical de los siglos XV y XVI*, published by F. Asenjo Barbieri (Madrid, 1890, no. 17, p. 62).

Three dark maids,—I loved them when
In Jaén,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien.

Three dark maids who went together
Picking olives in clear weather,
My, but they were in fine feather
In Jaén,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien!—

There the harvests they collected,
Turning home with hearts dejected,
Haggard where the sun reflected
In Jaén,—
Axa, Fátima, Marien—

ANONYMOUS	59
<p>Three dark Moors so lovely they— Three dark Moors so lovely, they Plucked the apples on that day Near Jaën,— Axa, Fátima, Marien.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE BLACK GLOVE</p> <p style="text-align: center;">From the <i>Cancionero general</i></p> <p>Glove of black in white hand bare, And about her forehead pale Wound a thin transparent veil That doth not conceal her hair. Sovereign attitude and air, Cheek and neck alike displayed, With coquettish charms arrayed, Laughing eyes and fugitive;— This is killing men that live, 'Tis not mourning for the dead.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

60	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="416 387 825 448" style="text-align: center;">MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL (Early fifteenth century)</p> <p data-bbox="577 475 657 498" style="text-align: center;"><i>DEZIR</i></p> <p data-bbox="391 518 848 673">MICER FRANCISCO IMPERIAL was the son of a Genoese jeweller settled in Seville. He is important as the first poet in Spanish to imitate the poems of Dante in their allegorical style. Thirteen of his poems are to be found in the <i>Cancionero de Baena</i>.</p> <p data-bbox="391 700 848 1016"> Passing on no vain journey was I upon the day On Guadalquiver's bridge I went with footsteps free Unto the fair encounter that thereon came to me, Where by the River's reaches, as old Triana lay, The lovely star Diana her beauty did display; Upon that May day early, hard at the break of morn </p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

he Feast of holy pilgrimages to adorn,—
 o Santa Ana, all the praises due, I pay!—

nd there my colors for to show, I chose
 the flower
 f jasmine delicate and rare; the rose in
 bloom
 resh from its garden breathing rarest of
 perfume;
 nd then the fleur-de-lis from the meadow
 bower.
 heir gracious hues and honest smiled so
 upon that hour
 hey brought to mind the messenger of
 angel face
 ho came old time and murmured “Hail,
 Thou full of Grace,”
 rescending out of Paradise to speak its
 power.

ushed be the poets all, and authors wise
 as well,
 omer, Horace, Vergil, Dante, and he too,
 hat Ovid to whose pen *The Art of Love* is due,
 nd all who e'er have written the praise
 of lords to tell;

For she is as the moon in the stars' ,
 When her with other women one sta
 compare,—

A shining flame amid the brightest
 there—

A rose among the flowers for beau
 for smell.

Though not to be disdained for be
 for grace

The fragile enfregyme, the flowery i
 Greece,

The blossom that the Trojan voice
 cease

To praise on high and give the lof
 place;

Yet native to our soil, where never t
 trace,

There sometimes comes to bloss
 beautiful a rose,

So stately and so lovely, it quite out
 those,—

And that alone is worthy to be put
 her face.

—*Thomas W*

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA
(Fifteenth century)

DEZIR

FERRANT SÁNCHEZ TALAVERA was Commander of the Order of Calatrava. Sixteen of his poems are to be found in the *Cancionero de Baena*, which show a real distinction not eclipsed by the resemblance of his works to the *Coplas* of Jorge Manrique and the verses of Rodrigo Cota de Maguaque.

For love of God, let's put aside the veil,
Good Gentlemen, that blurs and blinds
our sight,
And upon Death the conqueror look aright,
Who levels high and low beneath his flail.
And unto God in heaven let our sighs
Go up in prayer, each heart a penitent,
For the offenses everyone has spent,
The old, the child, the youth, against the
skies.

Surely no life at all we live, who here
 But measure the assured approach
 death—

The cruel, treacherous master of our life
 And when we think to live,—ah, he is
 We are well certain of our hour of birth
 But when we die, ah, certain we are
 No certitude of life an hour we've got
 With tears we come, with tears we go
 the earth.

And what became of all the emperors
 The popes and kings, and all the popes
 lords,

The dukes and counts whom history
 records,

Their rich and strong and learned servants
 And all who in the lists of love would fight
 In gallant arms throughout the Spanish
 world,—

And all in art's and science's scrolls enrolled
 Where doctors, poets, troubadours, en-

Father and son and brother, parents
 And friends and sweethearts of our
 breast,

whom we ate and drank and took
our rest,
gay and gallant throng in friendships
bond,—
es and damsels and brave striplings
fair
lay their youthfulness beneath the
ground;
other gentles that short shift have
found,
once were present here and now are
where?

Duke of Cabra and the Admiral,
many another Grandee of Castile;
Ruy Diaz's sleeve to pluck doth steal
Death,—who 'mong his compeers out-
shone all,
that the people of the farthest East
t of his prowess and the glory's
shine
ent this court with all his gracious, fine
ormance graciously and bold increased.

all we mention now are briefly grown
dust and ashes, fallen to nothingness;

66	HISPANIC ANTHOL
	<p>Others are bones that are of flesh And, refuse of the trenches, there ar And others are disjointed limbs, t Without a body, without hands c Others whereon the worms begin Others new set for burial with the</p> <p>Where now the lordships, prela powers, The tributes and the rents signor Where now their pomps and c withal, Where their campaignings and the hours?</p> <p>Where all their sciences and learn Where are their masters of the p Where the great rhymers, where th heart, Where he that struck the lute-st and o'er?</p> <p>Where are the treasures, vassals, Where are their hangings and their stones, Where are their pearls baroque thrones,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTE

There are their perfume arks and scented
store?
There are their woofs of gold and shining
chains,
There are their collars and their buckles
now,
There the great gems that glittered row
on row,
There the light bells that tinkled on their
reins?

There are the feasts and suppers gay be-
spread,
There the bright joust and tourney after-
noons,
There are their fashions and new-fangled
boons,
There the new steps with which their
dancers tread?
There the assemblies and the banquet
boards,
There all the shows and splendor of their
ways,
There all the laughter and the pleasant plays,
There all the minstrel's and the joglar's
words;

In faith meseems without a shade of c
 The days are now accomplished as fr
 Isaias, prophet son of Amos old,
 Who said: "All order shall be blotte
 Corruption shall be over every wort
 And death o'er all of humankind shall
 And every gate shall hear the voices
 And all the people be destroyed
 earth!"

Such is the end and tribulation seen
 By Jeremias prophet of man's woes,
 Whose eyes a flood of weepings did di
 Whose loud lamentings did his grief de
 Mourning his sins and errors of his c
 And this is written, anyone may read
 Within his chapters and clear and
 indeed;
 These surely are the times of which he

Wherefore good sense advises we s
 arm
 Our souls with all the virtues that they
 And take earth's empty treasures fro
 back
 Since they are sure to go at first ala

e who looks on this with kindly eyes,
not a fear unto his dying give;
gh death he passes, ceasing but to
re,
e Eternal where he never dies!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN II OF CASTILE

(1405-1454)

CANCIÓN

KING JUAN II of Castile was a weak
 ruler, a futile monarch, but a good
 a graceful poet. He was lordly
 court to which flocked over two
 troubadours and poets. His story
 intimately involved with that of his
 Alvaro de Luna.

O Love, I never, never thought
 Thy power had been so great,
 That thou couldst change my fate
 By changes in another wrought,
 Till now, alas! I know it.

I thought I knew thee well,
 For I had known thee long;
 But though I felt thee strong,
 I felt not all thy spell.

or ever, ever had I thought
 Thy power had been so great,
 That thou couldst change my fate,
 y changes in another wrought,
 ill now, alas! I know it.

—*George Ticknor.*

JUAN DE MENA

(1411-1456)

CANCIÓN

JUAN DE MENA was born at Cordoba his father was *regidor*. After travel Italy he returned to Spain and became Secretary to Juan II. He was a great favorite of this monarch and died at Torre. He was the leading poet of his time called "The Spanish Ennius." His poem, *El Laberinto*, imitates the scheme of Dante's *Commedia*. *El Laberinto*, also as *Las Trezientas*, was published by Foulché-Delbosc (Mâcon, 1904). See F. Wolf, *Studien*, p. 772, and George T. Martin, *History of Spanish Literature*, i, p. 329.

As I upon my pallet lie,
The greatest grief I know
Is thinking when I said "Good-bye"
To the breast I'm loving so.

e of all the woes I feel
 n that parting thought,
 es my memories reveal
 mighty joys you brought.
 the world a-whispering go
 ell why here I lie;
 se they know I've said "Good-bye"
 he breast I'm loving so.

ish but I let none hear
 r deep my sorrows are,
 gh my griefs are quite as near
 our sweet balm is far.
 it be the end they show
 death is coming nigh,
 living, let me say "Good-bye"
 he breast I'm loving so.

— *Thomas Walsh.*

ES TO MACÍAS *EL ENAMORADO*

(From the *Laberinto*)

this radiant circle looked so long
 ve found out Macías; in a bower
 ress was he weeping still the hour
 nded his dark life and love in wrong.

74	HISPANIC ANTHOLO
	<p>Nearer I drew for sympathy was s In me, when I perceived he was fro And there I heard him sing the sadd That e'er was tuned in elegiac son "Love crowned me with his myrtl my name Will be pronounced by many, but When his pangs caused me bliss, no woe The mournful suffering that consu frame! His sweet snares conquer the lo they tame, But do not always then continue s And since they cause me ruin so c Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem h Dangers so passionate be glad to Learn to be gay; flee from sorrow Learn to disserve him you have s much, Your devoirs pay at any shrine b If the short joy that in his service Were but proportioned to the lo pain, Neither would he that once has lov plain,</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTE

e that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.
ven as some assassin or night-rover,
g his fellow wound upon the wheel,
by the agony resolves with zeal
fe to 'mend, and character recover;
hen the fearful spectacle is over,
s his crimes with easy unconcern;
r amours on my despair return,
I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE

(1415-1491)

TO A LADY GOING VEILED

GÓMEZ MANRIQUE, Lord of Amusco, was a nephew of the Marqués de Santillana and brother of Rodrigo Manrique, Grand-Master of Santiago, called "the Second Cid." At first a mere courtier, he devoted himself to the poetry fashionable at the court of Juan II. He was called to sterner duties by his warlike brother and supported in battle the claims of the Pretender Alonso and his sister Isabel of Castile. He is distinguished for a pathos similar to that employed by his great nephew, Jorge Manrique, and this, as well as his satirical poetry, may be studied in his *Cancionero* edited by Antonio Paz y Mélia (Madrid, 1885).

The very heart went out of me
 When first I saw your face,
 And soon it did appear to me
 Your eyes in mine would trace.

no more than scarcely breathe
 1 you drew on your veil
 1 yourself so well beneath
 dark cloak's heavy trail.

der it your gentle grace
 simple air were seen;
 ry masque its charm would trace
 show, instead of screen;
 great became my care
 trouble that I knew
 rt was swift entangled there
 my enraptured view.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

S ON THE BAD GOVERNMENT
 OF TOLEDO

mighty Rome was conqueror,
 s Scipio led the van of fighting;
 dius was her counselor;
 Titus Livius did her writing.

t a maid or wife but came
 stripped the ornaments from off her,
 : them for warlike fame
 save her country from dishonor.

78	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>Where none there be to rule the town How soon its triumph will be ended! How soon the roof-tree tumble down Where not a dweller is attended!</p> <p>When pigs without the dogs to herd Will straggle quick to their perdition Can troops without a captain's word Be long maintained in war-condition?</p> <p>For sheep without a shepherd's rod Will lay in waste both field and garde And monks that know no prior's nod Will fall to sins beyond a pardon.</p> <p>The vineyards left unwatched to grow Unto each passer-by will yield them; The courts where gallants never show Are hands that have no gloves to shi them.</p> <p>The shoe that fares without a sole Can ill preserve the foot that wears it The strings escaped the lute's control Will make a sound—if you can b it—</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

that boasts no lettered throng,
ce without walls, must tremble;
for fish both big and strong
re the firmest nets dissemble?

at blow me-seemeth light
a swordless hand is giver;—
l without a hand of might,
: thrust will it deliver!

— *Thomas Walsh.*

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO

(1433-1496)

CANTAR TO OUR LADY

JUAN ÁLVAREZ GATO was one of the poets of the court of Juan II. He fell into disfavor under Henry IV. He was highly esteemed by Gómez Manrique. His work is to be found in the *Cancionero castellano del XV* (Nueva biblioteca de autores españoles vol. xix)

Tell me Lady, tell, prithee,
When from earth I pass away,
Will you then remember me?

When there shall to all be known
How my time away was thrown,
How with sins my days were sown
And my depths of misery—
Will you then remember me?

gh the realms of the eternal
e Judgment Seat diurnal,
ge from the doom infernal,
ur prayers alone I see,—
you then remember me?

upon the dreaded scales
y poor accounting fails
port the bonds and bails
your Son has given in fee—
you then remember me?

Finale

my soul in grief astounded
e judgment bar surrounded
the charge of guilt is hounded,
your prayers alone can free,—
you then remember me?

—*Garret Strange.*

JORGE MANRIQUE

(1440-1479)

CÁNTICA

JORGE MANRIQUE was the son of Rod. Grand-Master of Santiago, "the Second" and was born at Paredes de Nava. From birth he was in the midst of wars, and joined his father in supporting Alfonso and Isabel of Castile in their claims for the throne. He was killed before the walls of Granada by Muñoz in his thirty-ninth year. His famous *Coplas* were written after the death of his father in 1476. Innumerable editions of this great poem have made their appearance, among the best being that of M. R. Foulché Delbosc (Madrid, 1912). The *Coplas* have many commentaries in verse and have sometimes been set to music. H. W. Longfellow began his literary career with the publication of a version of the *Coplas* in English.

Let him whose time hath come to go
Put never faith where he must part

Forgetfulness and change of heart
Are penalties the absent know.

You would be loved—a lover you.

Then pay your court incessant, thou,
For hardly are you vanished ere
Remembrance goes as lightly too.

Be done with idle hope, and start

Let him whose time hath come to go;
Forgetfulness and change of heart
Are penalties the absent know.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE *COPLAS* ON THE DEATH OF HIS
FATHER, THE GRAND-MASTER
OF SANTIAGO

The Introit

Let from its dream the soul awaken,
And reason-mark with open eyes

The scene unfolding,—
How lightly life away is taken,
How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—
At last beholding;

What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure
That, once attained, seems nothing more
Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure
Each latter day inferior
To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies
So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone
Beyond recover,

Let us resolve to be more wise
Than stake our future lot upon
What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—
Imagining some longer stay
For his own treasure
Than what today he sees undone;
For everything must pass away
In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers
That gather downward to the sea
We know as Death;
And thither every flood delivers
The pride and pomp of seigniory
That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;
Thither, the streams of modest worth
The rills beside them;

ere all equal they surrender;
 I so with those who toil on earth,
 And those who guide them.

The Invocation

me from the praise and singing
 panegyrists, and the proud
 Old poets' stories;
 I'd not have them hither bringing
 Air artful potions that but cloud
 His honest glories;

m Alone I lay my burden—
 I only do I now implore
 In my distress,—
 I came on earth and had for guerdon
 The scorn of man that did ignore
 His Godliness.

world is but a highway going
 To that other, the abode
 Without a sorrow;
 These are they who gird them, knowing
 Guideposts set along that road
 Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing
We journey all the while we live,
Our goal attaining
The day alone that brings us resting,
When Death shall last quietus give
To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,
Did we but give it the employ
That was intended;
For by the precepts of our Creed
We earn hereby a life of joy
When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth
Came down to raise our lowly race
Unto the sky;
Here took upon Him human birth;
Here lived among us for a space;
And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—
What futile task we set upon,
Whilst greed awakes us!
And what a traitor world of lies
Is this, whose very gifts are gone
Ere Death o'ertakes us!

Some through increasing age deprived,
Some by unhappy turn of fate
Destroyed and banished,
Some, as with blight inherent rived
At topmost of their branching state,
Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason,
The gentle freshness and contour
Of smiling faces,—
The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,—
Of all—shall one a truce secure
From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,
The corporal litheness, and the strength
Of gallant youth,—
All, all,—to weariness surrender
As o'er them falls the shadow's length
Of age in truth.

The Visigoths whose lineage kingly
Whose feats of war and mighty reign
Were so exalted,—
What divers ways did all and singly
Drop down to the obscure again
And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness
lowly

And base among the rabble came
Their estimation!)

Whilst others as a refuge solely
In offices they only shame
Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing
Can leave us pauper—who may doubt
Within an hour;

Let us not count on their abiding,
Since there is nothing sure about
Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable
Upon her globe as swift as light
Revolving ever;

Who to be constant is unable,
Who cannot stay nor rest from flight
On aught so ever.

And though, say I, her highest favor
Should follow to the tomb and heap
With wreaths her master;

Let not our solid judgment waver
Since life is like a dream and sleep
Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today
Wherein we find our joy and ease
Are but diurnal;
Whilst the dread torments that must pay
The cost of our iniquities
Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions
That life on troubled earth deploys
For eyes of mortals,
What are they but the fair persuasions
Of labyrinths where Death decoys
To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing
We hasten laughing to the snare
Without suspicion.

Until aghast at our undoing,
We turn to find the bolt is there,
And our perdition.

Could we but have procured the power
To make our faded youth anew
Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour
 'Tis ours to give angelic hue
 Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had tak
 What pains had welcomed, so to b
 A health but human,—
 Our summer bloom to re-awaken,
 Our stains to clear,—outrivalling
 The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are sp
 Upon the parchments of the years,
 Alas!—the weeping
 That overtook their boast audacious.
 And swept their thrones to grim
 tears
 And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more endurin
 Nor are the popes, nor emperors,
 Nor prelatries
 A longer stay or truce securing
 Than the poor herdsman of the m
 From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman
The echo of whose wars is now
But far tradition;
Recount no more how fared the Roman
(His scroll of glories we allow)
Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable
Of such as yielded up their sway
These decades gone;
But let us say what lamentable
Fate the lords of yesterday
Have fallen upon.

Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,—
Of those hight heirs of Aragon,—
What are the tidings?
Of him whose courtly graces schooled us,
Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,
Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where they
vaunted
With trappings, and caparison,
And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—
But blades of grass that vanished on
A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,
Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,
Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration
They made of lovers' hearts whose pains
Were discontented?

And what of him, that troubadour
Whose melting lutany and rime
Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,
And trailed her robes of olden time
So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqu  , in succession,
His brother's heir,—think, to what height
Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession
The world prepared for his delight,
As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,
What cruel adversary, Fate
To him became;

l befriend as was no man—
 brief for him endured the state

His birth might claim.

den bounties without stinting,
 strongholds and the lairs of kings

With treasure glutted;
 gons of their wassail glinting,
 ceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings

With which they strutted;

eds, the spurs, and bits to rein them,
 billions draped unto the ground

Beneath their paces,—
 ther must we fare to gain them?—
 were but as the dews around
 The meadow places.

ther then, the unoffending,
 was intruded on his reign

To act as heir,—
 allant court was round him bending,
 many a haughty lord was fain

To tend him there!

but mortal was his station,
 h for his goblet soon distilled

A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—
When most his blaze the world had filled
Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master
And Constable, whom we have known
When loved and dreaded,—
What need to tell of his disaster,
Since we behold him overthrown
And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,
His manors and his feudal lands,
His boundless power,—
What more than tears were their amount-
ing?
What more than bonds to tie his hands
At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,
Yet with the fortunes as of kings
Fraternal reigning,—
Who brought the high as well as lowly
Submissive to their challengings
And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize
That touched the very peaks of fame
That none could limit?—

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,
Till at its brightest ruthless came
Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,
The marquises, and counts, the throng
Of barons splendid,
Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their
dwelling?

The sway we saw them wield so strong—
How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—
What prowess showing us in war
Or its cessation,
When thou, O Death, didst come outraging
Both one and all, and swept them o'er
With desolation.

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,
The pennon, and the battle-flag,
And bannered splendor,—

The castles with their turrets boasting,
 Their walls and barricades to brag
 And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,
 Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—
 What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding
 Canst send a shaft unerring where
 No buckler wards it!

*O World that givest and destroyest
 Would that the life which thou hast shown
 Were worth the living!*

*But here, as good or ill deployest,
 The parting is with gladness known
 Or with misgiving.*

*Thy span is so with griefs encumbered
 With sighing every breeze so steeped,
 With wrongs so clouded,*

*A desert where no boon is numbered,
 The sweetness and allurements reaped
 And black and shrouded.*

*Thy highway is the road of weeping;
 Thy long farewells are bitterness
 Without a morrow;*

*Adown thy ruts and ditches keeping
The traveller who doth most possess
Hath most of sorrow.*

*Thy chattels are but had with sighing;
With sweat of brow alone obtained
The wage they give;
In myriads thine ills come hieing,
And once existence they have gained,
They longest live.*

And he, the shield and knightly pastor
Of honest folk, beloved by all
The unoffending,—
Don Roderic Manrique, Master
Of Santiago,—Fame shall call
Him brave unending!

Not here behooves to chant his praises
Or laud his valor to the skies,
Since none but knows them;
Nor would I crave a word that raises
His merit higher than the prize
The world bestows them.

O what a comrade comrades found him!
Unto his henchmen what a lord!
And what a brother!

What foeman for the foes around h
 His peer as Master of the Sword
 There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the kn
 What grace amid the courtly bo
 What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished sh
 How 'mid the brave in danger's l
 A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;
 A Cæsar for his victories
 And battle forces;
 An Africanus in his justice;
 A Hannibal for energies
 And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;
 A Titus for his open hand
 And cheer unfailing;

His arm, a Spartan king's in power
 His voice, a Tully's to command
 The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;
 A Marc Aurelius in the light
 Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;
A Theodosius in his right
And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern
In discipline and laws of war
Among his legions;

A Constantine in faith eterne;
Gamaliel in the love he bore
His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,
Nor ever unto wealth attained
Nor store excelling;
To fight the Moors was all his pleasure
And thus his fortresses he gained,
Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed
Fell knights and steeds into his hands
Through fierce compression,
Whereby he came to be regaled
With vassals and with feudal lands
In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station
When first he started his career
Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation
His brothers and his henchmen dear
He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided
When once his gallant deeds were famed
And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided
That broader, as his honors claimed,
His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated
In chronicles to show his youth
And martial force,
With triumphs equal he was fated
To re-affirm in very sooth
As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways,
For merit and in high award
Of service knightly,
His dignity they came to raise
Till he was Master of the Sword
Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors
By false intruders occupied
And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,
His broad-sword in his hand to guide,
He re-possest.

And for our rightful king how well
He bore the brunt of warfare keen
In siege and action,
Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,
Or those who in Castile have been
Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining
The cause of justice in the fight
For law appointed,
With years in harness spent sustaining
The royal crown of him by right
His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania
Can never make account of all
In number mortal,—
Unto his township of Ocaña
Came Death at last to strike and call
Against his portal:

Speaketh Death

"Good Cavalier,"—he cried,—“divest
you

Of all this hollow world of lies

And soft devices;

Let your old courage now attest you,

And show a breast of steel that vies

In this hard crisis!

“And since of life and fortune’s prizes

You ever made so small account

For sake of honor,

Array your soul in virtue’s guises

To undergo this paramount

Assault upon her!

“For you, are only half its terrors

And half the battles and the pains

Your heart perceiveth;

Since here a life devoid of errors

And glorious for noble pains

To-day it leaveth;

“A life for such as bravely bear it

And make its fleeting breath sublime

In right pursuing,

Untainted, as is their's who share it
And put their pleasure in the grime
Of their undoing;

"The life that is The Everlasting
Was never yet by aught attained
Save meed eternal;
And ne'er through soft indulgence casting
The shadow of its solace stained
With guilt infernal;

"But in the cloister holy brothers
Besiege it with unceasing prayer
And hard denial;
And faithful paladins are others
Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear
With wound and trial.

"And since, O noble and undaunted,
Your hands the paynim's blood have shed
In war and tourney,—
Make ready now to take the vaunted
High guerdon you have merited
For this great journey!

"Upon this holy trust confiding,
And in the faith entire and pure
You e'er commended,

Away,—unto your new abiding,
Take up the Life that shall endure
When this is ended!"

Respondeth the Grand-Master

"Waste we not here the final hours
This puny life can now afford
My mortal being;
But let my will in all its powers
Conformable approach the Lord
- And His decreeing.

"Unto my death I yield, contenting
My soul to put the body by
In peace and gladness;
The thought of man to live, preventing
God's loving will that he should die,
Is only madness."

The Supplication

O Thou who for our weight of sin
Descended to a place on earth
And human feature;

who didst join Thy Godhead in
 ing of such lowly worth
 As man Thy creature;

who amid Thy dire tormenting
 t unresistingly endure
 Such pangs to ease us;
 my mean deserts relenting,
 only on a sinner poor,
 Have mercy, Jesus!

The Codicil

us, his hopes so nobly founded,
 enses clear and unimpaired
 So none could doubt him,—
 ouse and offspring fond surrounded,
 cinsmen and his servants bared
 And knelt around him,—

e his soul to Him who gave it,
 y God in heaven ordain it place
 And share of glory!)
 t our life as balm to save it,
 dry the tears upon our face!
 His deathless story.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN

(About 1450)

TO THE VIRGIN

RODRÍGUEZ DEL PADRÓN, known also as Rodríguez de la Cámara, is considered the last representative of the Galician troubadours in Spain. He is said to have been in love with a queen of Spain, and many fictitious accounts of him are discussed in Pidal's *Cancionero de Baena* (Edition, 1860), and in Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* (vol. i, 355).

O fire of light divine,
Sweet Flame unscorching, pure,—
Against dismay our countersign,
Against all grief a cure,—
Shine on thy servant poor!—
The fickle glory of the world,
Its vain prosperity,
He contemplates;

His reasonings profound behold
The centre where there lie
The ills he hates.
Let him who thinks him wise
The Siren's call attend!
She fearing in amend
The torments that chastise,
Weeps that her reign must end.

—*Roderick Gill.*

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE

(About 1492)

ESPARSA

RODRIGO COTA DE MAGUAQUE was a Christianized Jew, who has received mistaken notice as the author of the *Coplas de Mingo* and the beginning of the *Celestina*. His most famous work is the *Diálogo entre y un Viejo*.

Clouded vision, light obscure,
Moody glory, living death,
Fortune that cannot endure,
Fickle weeping, joy a breath,
Bitter-sweet and sweet unsure,
Peace and anger, sudden crosses
Such is love, its trappings sure
Decked with glory for its cost.

—Thomas Walsby

RISTÓBAL DE CASTILLEJO

(1490-1550)

WOMEN

BAL DE CASTILLEJO was born at Ciudad o. He joined the household of Ferdi- of Bohemia, the brother of Carlos V, er became a priest. In 1539 he went to in the suite of Diego Hurtado de za. He died in Vienna where he is at Wiener Stadt. His works were ed at Madrid in 1792. C. L. Nicolay ed *The Life and Works of Cristóbal illejo* (Philadelphia, 1910).

reary and how lone
 orld would appear
 en were none!
 ld be like a fair,
 neither fun nor business there.

at their smile
 ould be tasteless, vain, and vile;

A chaos of perplexity,
 A body without soul 'twould be;
 A roving spirit borne
 Upon the winds forlorn;
 A tree without or flowers or fruit,
 A reason with no resting place,
 A castle with no governor to it,
 A house without a base.
 What are we? What our race?
 How good for nothing and base
 Without fair woman to aid us
 What could we do? Where should we
 How should we wander in night and w
 But for woman to lead us?
 How could we love if woman were not
 Love—the brightest part of our lot;
 Love—the only charm of living;
 Love—the only gift worth giving?
 Who would take charge of your house
 who?
 Kitchen, and dairy, and money-chest?
 Who but the women, who guard them
 Guard and adorn them too?
 Who like them has a constant smile,
 Full of peace, as meekness full,
 When life's edge is blunt and dull,

sorrow, and sin, in frowning file,
 led by the path in which we go
 down to the grave through wasting woe?
 That is good is theirs, is theirs
 we give and all we get;
 If a beam of glory yet
 for the gloomy earth appears,
 'tis theirs! O, 'tis theirs,—
 they are the guard,—the soul,— the seal
 of human hope and human weal;
 they,—they,—none but they!
 man,—sweet woman,—let none say
 nay!

—*John Bowring.*

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

Some day, some day
 O troubled breast,
 Shalt thou find rest.
 If Love in thee
 To grief give birth,
 Six feet of earth
 Can more than he;
 There calm and free
 And unoppressed
 Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

TO LOVE

Love, grant me kisses beyond counting
As the hairs upon my head;
A thousand and a hundred shed,
A thousand more be their amounting,
And then add thousands more again,
So that none shall know the number,
And no record shall encumber
With the list of where and when.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

UAN BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER

(1493-1540)

THE DEATH OF GARCILASSO

BOSCÁN ALMOGAVER was born at Bar-
t, and served in the Spanish Army in
later becoming tutor to the Duke of

His early verses were written in the
panish manner, but when the Venetian
ssador Navagiero was passing through
da he met Boscán and urged him to
duce the Italian styles of poetry into
sh. He thereupon followed in the lead
perial and Santillana, and was most
ntial in establishing the Italian verse
ods in Castilian. He frequently imi-
Dante and Petrarch. His poems were
published with those of Garcilasso de
ga in 1543. He made a masterly trans-
of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*, reprinted
73. His poems may be found in W. I.
p's edition (Madrid, 1875).

Tell me, dear Garcilasso,—thou
 Who ever aimedst at good,
 And in the spirit of thy vow
 So swift her course pursued
 That thy few steps sufficed to place
 The angel in thy loved embrace,
 Won instant soon as wooed,—
 Why took'st thou not, when winged
 From this dark world, Boscán, with t

Why, when ascending to the star
 Where now thou sit'st enshrined,
 Left'st thou thy weeping friend afar,
 Alas! so far behind?
 Oh, I do think, had it remained
 With thee to alter aught ordained
 By the Eternal Mind,
 Thou wouldst not on this desert spot
 Have left thy other self forgot!

For if through life thy love was such
 As still to take a pride
 In having me so oft and much
 Close to thy envied side,—
 I cannot doubt, I must believe,

Thou wouldst at least have taken leave
Of me; or, if denied,
Have come back afterwards, unblest
Till I too shared thy heavenly rest.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

COMENDADOR JUAN ESCRIVÁ

(About 1497)

CANCIÓN

El Comendador Juan Escrivá was of Valencian birth, and in 1497 went to Rome as ambassador for Ferdinand. He wrote verses in Catalán and Castilian. Lope de Vega wrote a glosa on the present Canción, which is also quoted by Calderón and Cervantes.

Come Death, with so much stealth
I shall not feel thee near;
Let not thy joy appear
The very breath of health!

Come like the thrust that cleaves
The wounded ere he knows
The purport of the blows
Which he, surprised, receives!

Thy coming be by stealth
Else unto me, I fear,
Joy shall make thee appear
The very breath of health.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE

(Late fifteenth century)

PRAYER TO THE CRUCIFIX

MOSSÉN JUAN TALLANTE was a devotional poet of Aragon, whose poems are to be found in the *Cancionero General*. Little is known of his life.

Almighty God, unchangeable,
 Who framed the universe entire
 Thy truth to see;
 Thou who for loving us so well
 Didst in Thine agony expire
 On Calvary;
 Since with such suffering didst deign
 To make amend for our transgression,
O Agnus Dei.
 Placed with the thief let us obtain
 Salvation in his grief's confession:
Memento mei.

—Thomas Walsh.

JUAN DE LA ELCINA

(1468-1529)

COME LET US EAT AND DRINK
TODAY

JUAN DE LA ELCINA, so called from the probable place of his birth, was educated at the University of Salamanca and entered the household of the second Duke of Alva. He made several journeys to Rome where one of his dramatic pieces—*Plácido y Victoriano*—was produced in 1512. He became a priest and was appointed chapel-master to Pope Leo X. In 1518 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He returned to Spain and died at Salamanca.

Come, let us eat and drink today,
And sing and laugh and banish sorrow,
For we must part tomorrow.

In Anstruejo's honor, fill

The laughing cup with wine and glee,
And feast and dance with eager will,
And crowd the hours with revelry,

Where the wolves may rail,
But none is harmed;
A flock unarmed
In such a sword
A pleasure 'tis to guard !

A shepherd true
Shall I alway be,
Since a joy to me
Is my flock to view;
And I swear to you
I shall ne'er discard,
But ever faithful guard !
—*Roderick Gill*

DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

(Late fifteenth century)

EYES SO TRISTFUL

Eyes so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

For that is wisdom's counsel still;
 Today be gay, and banish sorrow,
 For we must part tomorrow.

Honor the saint—the morning ray
 Will introduce the monster Death—
 There's breathing space for joy today,
 Tomorrow ye shall gasp for breath;
 So now be frolicsome and gay,
 And tread joy's round, and banish sorrow,
 For we must part tomorrow.

—John Bowring.

VILLANCICO

So rare a flock
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

A flock so rare,
 Of such a breed,
 Will quickly feed
 On land most bare;
 When grass is fair
 In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis my delight
To lead the sheep
And fold to sleep
Their ranks by night;
The frosts are slight,
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

The fruitful throng
In silence goes;
No bleating shows
It suffers wrong;
Ere shades grow long
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

'Tis well to mind
The precious thing
And safely bring
Where no thieves find;
A flock so kind
In such a sward
A pleasure 'tis to guard!

O shepherd charmed,
In a happy vale,

OLD SPANISH BALLADS

OLD Spanish Ballads are for the most part to be dated from the end of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, although as Gaston Paris has pointed out, some of them are concerned with snatches from older epic poems. It is an intricate question among the critics and may be found discussed in the *Journal des Savants* (May and June, 1898); in Menéndez y Pelayo's *Tratado de los romances viejos*, in the *Antología de los poetas líricos castellanos desde la formación del idioma* (vols. xi and xii, Madrid, 1890-1908), in Ramón Menéndez Pidal's *L'Épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole* (Paris, 1910), and in M. R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Essai sur les origines du Romancero* (Paris, 1912).

RÍO VERDE

I

Rto Verde, Rto Verdel
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,

of Moors and eke of Christians,
with swords most cruelly.

thy pure and crystal waters
bled are with crimson gore;
between the Moors and Christians
the fight has been and sore.
s and counts fell bleeding near thee,
s of high renown were slain,
hed many a brave hidalgo
e noblemen of Spain.

2

Nuño, Count of Lara,
ger and in pride,
ot all reverence for the King
thus in wrath replied:
t noble ancestors," quoth he,
er such a tribute paid;
shall the King receive of us
t they have once gainsaid.

e base-born souls who deem it just
here with thee remain;
ollow me, ye cavaliers,
entlemen of Spain."

Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera's plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.
They tied their tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the King
That his tax was ready there.

"He may send and take by force," said
they,

"This paltry sum of gold,
But the goodly gift of liberty
Cannot be bought and sold."

3

The peasant leaves his plough afield,
The reaper leaves his hook,
And from his hand the shepherd-boy
Lets fall the pastoral crook.

The young set up a shout of joy,
The old forget their years,
The feeble man grows stout of heart,
No more the craven fears.

1 to Bernard's standard,
 . liberty they call;
 annot brook to wear the yoke,
 hreatened by the Gaul.

were we born," 'tis thus they cry,
 villingly pay we
 ty that we owe our king
 divine decree.

od forbid that we obey
 vs of foreign knaves,
 1 the glory of our sires,
 ake our children slaves.

earths have not so craven grown,
 dless all our veins,
 rless our brawny arms,
 ubmit to chains.

he audacious Frank, forsooth,
 d these seas and lands?
 e a bloodless victory have?
 t while we have hands.

all learn that the gallant Leonese
 avely fight and fall,

But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia's valiant hosts
On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower
But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he!"

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LORD ARNALDOS

The strangest of adventures
That happen by the sea,
Befell to Lord Arnaldos
On the Evening of Saint John;
For he was out a-hunting—

A huntsman bold was he!—
 When he beheld a little ship
 And close to land was she.
 Her cords were all of silver,
 Her sails of cramasy;
 And he who sailed the little ship
 Was singing at the helm;
 The waves stood still to hear him,
 The wind was soft and low;
 The fish who dwell in darkness
 Ascended through the sea,
 And all the birds in heaven
 Flew down to his mast-tree.
 Then spake the Lord Arnaldos,—
 (Well shall you hear his words!)—
 “Tell me, for God’s sake, sailor,
 What song may that song be?”
 The sailor spake in answer,
 And answer thus made he:
 “I only tell the song to those
 Who sail away with me.”

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON
THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST
OF ALHAMA

The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatín
To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

in the hollow drums of war
loud alarm afar,
Moors of town and plain
answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moors, by this aware,
ody Mars recalled them there,
one, and two by two,
mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

spoke an aged Moor
words the King before,
ore call on us, O King?
ay mean this gathering,"
Woe is me, Alhama!

ye have, alas, to know
that disastrous blow;
Christians, stern and bold,
tained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

spoke old Alfaquí,
beard so white to see,

"Good King! thou art justly served!
Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spoke exceeding well of laws,
Woe is me, Alhama!

There is no law to say such things
 by disgust the ear of kings";—
 snorting with his choler, said
 Moorish King, and doomed him dead.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Alfaquí! Moor Alfaquí!
 Though the beard so hoary be,
 King hath sent to have thee seized
 Alhama's loss displeased.

Woe is me, Alhama!

To fix thy head upon
 Alhambra's loftiest stone;
 This for thee should be the law
 Others tremble when they saw.

Woe is me, Alhama!

Valiant and man of worth!
 These words of mine go forth!
 The Moorish monarch know
 To him I nothing owe.

Woe is me, Alhama!

On my soul Alhama weighs
 On my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land that lost
Yet others may have lost the most.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children, wives
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost, another, wealth and fame.

Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay
And think her ransom cheap that day."

Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's walls with speed
'Twas carried as the King decreed.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.

Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.

Woe is me, Alhama!

—*Lord Byron.*

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA

There was crying in Granada when the
sun was going down,—
Some calling on the Trinity—some calling
on Mahoun!

Here passed away the Koran,—there, in the
Cross was borne,—

And here was heard the Christian bell,—
and there the Moorish horn.

Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala
sung;

Down from the Alhambra's minarets were
all the crescents flung;

The arms thereon of Aragon they with
Castile's display;

One king comes in in triumph,—one weep-
ing goes away.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his
old white beard did tear,

"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city
without peer!

Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom!
seven hundred years and more

Have gone since first the faithful thy royal
sceptre bore!

"Thou wert the happy mother of an high
renownèd race;

Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now
go from their place;

Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who
fought with mickle glee

The enemies of proud Castile—the bane
of Christientie!

"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of
truth and beauty rare,

Into whose arms did courteous knights for
solace sweet repair;

For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric
made display

Of might in joust and battle on many a
bloody day.

Here gallants held it little thing for
ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honor and pride of
Soldanry;—
For here did valor flourish and deeds of
warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our
delight.

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and
blooming bowers,—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and
scattered all their flowers!
No reverence can he claim, the King that
such a land hath lost,—
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard
among the host;

"But in some dark and dismal place, where
none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting, alone that
King should be."—

Thus spoke Granada's King as he was
riding to the sea,
About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to
Barbary;

Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen
did cry

(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms,
for together they did fly).

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can
brook" (she made reply)

"To leave behind Granada—who hast not
the heart to die!

Now for the love I bore thy youth, thee
gladly could I slay!

For what is life to leave when such a crown
is cast away?"

—*J. G. Lockhart.*

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore.
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

SPANISH BALLADS	141
<p>and dukes and noble princes by fatal banks were slain; banks that gave to slaughter the pride and flower of Spain.</p> <p>the hero, brave Alonso, of wounds and glory died; the fearless Urdiales victim by his side.</p> <p>where yonder, Don Saavedra gh their squadrons slow retires; l Seville, his native city, l Seville his worth admires.</p> <p>behind a renegado ly shouts with taunting cry; d thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra. thou from the battle fly?</p> <p>l I know thee, haughty Christian, I lived beneath thy roof; 've in the lists of glory thee win the prize of proof.</p> <p>l I know thy agèd parents, thy blooming bride I know;</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sank the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonso
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughtered steed dismounted
Firm entrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadrons
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles;
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows
Close behind its foot retired,
Fainting sank the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired.

— *Thomas Percy.*

ABENAMAR, ABENAMAR

O thou Moor of *Moreria*,
There were mighty signs and aspects
On the day when thou wert born,
Calm and lovely was the ocean,
Bright and full the moon above.
Moor, the child of such an aspect
Never ought to answer falsely.
Then replied the Moorish captive,
(You shall hear the Moor's reply):

Nor will I untruly answer,
Though I died for saying truth.
I am son of Moorish sire.

My mother was a Christian slave.
In my childhood, in my boyhood,
Often would my mother bid me
Never know the liar's shame.
Ask thou, therefore, King, thy question.
Truly will I answer thee.

Thank thee, thank thee, Abenamar,
For thy gentle answer, thanks.
What are yonder lofty castles,
Those that shine so bright on high?

That, O King, is the Alhambra,
Yonder is the Mosque of God.
There you see the Alixares,
Works of skill and wonder they;
Ten times ten doubloons the builder
Daily for his hire received;
If an idle day he wasted
Ten times ten doubloons he paid.
Farther is the Generalife,
Peerless are its garden groves.
Those are the Vermilion Towers,
Far and wide their fame is known.

Then spake up the King Don Juan
(You shall hear the Monarch's speech):

t thou marry me, Granada,
would I for thy dowry
a and Seville give.

arried, King Don Juan.
am not yet a widow.
love my noble husband.
y wedded Lord loves me.

—*Robert Southey.*

ANONYMOUS

(Sixteenth century)

THE SIESTA

Vientecico murmurador, by an anonymous author.

Airs that wander and murmur around
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow!
 Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade be

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is
 Sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
 The pain she has waked may slumber
 no more.

Breathing soft from the blue profound
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
 Make in the elms a lulling sound
 While my lady sleeps in the shade be

ANONYMOUS	147
<p>that ever the bending boughs, l under the shade of the pendent leaves, ur soft like my timid vows he secret sighs my bosom heaves—</p> <p>r sweeping the grassy ground, ring delight where'er ye blow, in the elms a lulling sound, ile my lady sleeps in the shade below. —<i>William Cullen Bryant.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA

(Sixteenth century)

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA was a Castilian poet of the sixteenth century about whom there are no other particulars. His works are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xlii). He has been widely admired for his poem, the *Auroras de la*

Bird of the joyous season!

That from thy flower seat,
Dost teach the forest singers
Thy music to repeat.

Thou wooer of the morning,
That, to this wood withdrawn
Dost serenade the daybreak,
Dost celebrate the dawn.

Soul of this lonely region,
That hearest me lament,

My days in sighing wasted,
My nights in weeping spent.

Chief lyrist of the woodland,
And poet of the spring,
That well art skilled in sorrow,
And well of love can sing.

Go where my lady loosens
Her bright hair to the wind,
Held in a single fillet,
Or floating unconfined.

The beautiful, and cruel,
Whose steps where'er they pass
Tread down more hearts of lovers
Than lilies of the grass.

Sweet nightingale, accost her,
And in the tenderest strain
Say Silvio loves thee, Cruel!
Why lov'st thou not again?

Then tell of all I suffer,
How well have loved and long,
And counsel her to pity,
And tax her scorn with wrong.

My gentle Secretary!
 If harshly then she speak,
 Rebuke her anger, striking
 Her red lips with thy beak.

Drink from her breath the fragrance
 Of all the blooming year,
 And bring me back the answer
 For which I linger here.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE RIVULET

Stay, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee.
 Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found
 thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
 Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
 No blossom bowed its stalk to show
 Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on the stream the noonbeams look
 Usurping, as thou downward driftest,

al from the clearest brook,
shing current from the swiftest.

at wild haste!—and all to be
r and expire in ocean.
untain's tribute hurries thee
at vast grave with quicker motion.

er 'twere to linger still
s green vale, these flowers to cher-

in peace, an aged rill,
thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA

(1503-1536)

TO THE FLOWER OF *GNIDO*

GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA, the soldier-poet, was born at Toledo of a distinguished family. He served at the battle of Pavia and took part in several campaigns, winning the favor of Carlos V, and losing it through his supposed part in a conspiracy to marry his nephew to one of the Empress's maids-of-honor. After some months of imprisonment on an island in the Danube, he retired to Naples. In 1533 he visited Boscán in Spain. He was mortally wounded while storming the walls of Muy near Fréjus. He died at Nice and two years later was buried at Toledo. He shared in Boscán's Italian innovations of style and, in the few works that he left, is seen to surpass him. *Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilasso de la Vega* were first published at Barcelona in 1543. There is a good edition by

Navarro Tomás in the series of *Clásicos* (Madrid, 1911).

he sweet resounding lyre
 e voice could in a moment chain
 vling wind's ungoverned ire,
 movement of the raging main;
 vage hills the leopard rein,
 i's fiery soul entrance,
 ead along with golden tones
 ascinated trees and stones
 ntary dance,—

ot, think not, fair Flower of Gnide,
 r should celebrate the scars,
 ised, blood shed, or laurels dyed
 ath the gonfalon of Mars;
 orne sublime on festal cars,
 efs who to submission sank
 rebel German's soul of soul,
 forged the chains that now control
 nzy of the Frank.

its harmonies should ring
 unt of glories all thine own,
 rd sometimes from the string

Struck forth to make thy harsh
known;

The fingered chords should speak also
Of Beauty's triumphs, Love's alarms,
And one who, made by thy disdain
Pale as a lily clipt in twain,
Bewails thy fatal charms.

Of that poor captive, too, condemned,
I speak,—his doom you might deplore
In Venus' galliot-shell condemned
To strain for life the heavy oar.

Through thee no longer as of yore
He tames the unmanageable steed,
With curb of gold his pride restrains
Or with pressed spurs and shaken reins
Torments him into speed.

Not now he wields for thy sweet sake
The sword in his accomplished hand
Nor grapples like a poisonous snake,
The wrestler on the yellow sand;
The old heroic harp his hand
Consults not now, it can but kiss
The amorous lute's dissolving strings
Which murmur forth a thousand things
Of banishment from bliss.



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Garcilasso de la Vega



n thee, my dearest friend and best
s harsh, importunate, and grave;
have been his port of rest
shipwreck and the yawning wave;
ow so high his passions rave
ost reason's conquered laws,
not the traveller ere he slays
sp, its sting, as he my face
ds, or so abhors.

s on rocks, sweet Flower of Gnide,
wert not cradled, wert not born,
o has no fault beside
d ne'er be signalized for scorn;
tremble at the fate forlorn
tárete, who spurned
weeping Iphis from her gate,
scoffing long, relenting late,
a statue turned.

yet soft pity she repelled,
t yet she steeled her heart in pride,
er friezed window she beheld
st, the lifeless suicide;
nd his lily neck was tied
eed his spirit from her chains,

And purchased with a few short sighs
For her immortal agonies,
Imperishable pains.

Then first she felt her bosom bleed
With love and pity; vain distress!
Oh what deep rigors must succeed
This first sole touch of tenderness!
Her eyes grow glazed and motionless,
Nailed on his wavering corse, each bone
Hardening in growth, invades her flesh,
Which, late so rosy, warm, and fresh,
Now stagnates into stone.

From limb to limb the frost aspire,
Her vitals curdle with the cold;
The blood forgets its crimson fire,
The veins that e'er its motion rolled;
Till now the virgin's glorious mould
Was wholly into marble changed,
On which the Salaminians gazed,
Less at the prodigy amazed,
Than of the crime avenged.

Then tempt not thou Fate's angry arms,
By cruel frown or icy taunt;

t thy perfect deeds and charms
 poets' harps, Divinest, grant
 mes worthy their immortal vaunt;
 must our weeping strings presume
 celebrate in strains of woe,
 justice of some signal blow
 strikes thee to the tomb.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

CHANGE

the sweets of life's luxuriant May,
 vious Age is hastening on his way
 h snowy wreaths to crown the beaute-
 ous brow;
 ose will fade when storms assail the
 year,
 ime who changeth not his swift career,
 stant in this, will change all else
 below!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ECLOGUE

SALICIO AND NEMOROSO

veeet lament of two Castilian swains,
 's love and Nemoroso's tears,

In sympathy I sing, to whose loved strains
Their flocks, of food forgetful, crowding
 'round,
Were most attentive. Pride of Spanish
 peers!
Who by thy splendid deeds, hast gained a
 name
And rank on earth unrivalled,—whether
 crowned
With cares, Alvano, wielding now the rod
Of empire, now the dreadful bolts that
 tame
Strong kings, in motion to the trumpet's
 sound,
Express vice-regent of the Thracian God;
Or whether, from the cumbrous burden
 freed
Of state affairs, thou seek'st the echoing
 plain,
Chasing, upon thy spirited fleet steed
The trembling stag that bounds abroad in
 vain
Lengthening out life,—though deeply now
 engrossed
By cares, I hope, so soon as I regain
The leisure I have lost,

To celebrate, with my recording quill
Thy virtues and brave deeds, a starry sun,
Ere grief, or age, or silent death turn chill
My poesy's warm pulse, and I become
Nothing to thee, whose worth the nations
blaze.

Failing thy sight and songless in thy praise.
But till that day, predestined by the Muse,
Appears to cancel the memorial dues,
Owed to thy glory and renown,—a claim
Not only upon me, but which belongs
To all fine spirits that transmit to fame
Ennobling deeds in monumental songs,—
Let the green laurel whose victorious boughs
Clasp in endearment thine illustrious brows
To the weak ivy give permissive place,
Which rooted in thy shade, thou first of
trees,

May hope by slow degrees,
To tower aloft, supported by thy praise;
Since Time to thee sublimer strains shall
bring,

Hark to my shepherds, as they sit and sing.
The sun, from rosy billows risen, had rayed
With gold the mountain tops, when at the
foot

Of a tall beech romantic, whose green s
 Fell on a brook, that, sweet-voiced
 lute,
 Through lively pastures wound its sp
 ling way,
 Sad on the daisied turf Salicio lay;
 And in a voice in concord to the sound
 Of all the many winds, and waters ro
 As o'er the mossy stones they swiftly s
 Poured forth in melancholy song his
 Of sorrow with a fall
 So sweet, and aye so mildly musical,
 None could have thought that she w
 seeming guile
 Had caused his anguish, absent was
 while,
 But that in very deed the unhappy yo
 Did, face to face, upbraid her questio
 truth.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

GIL VICENTE	163
<p data-bbox="231 387 511 413">IL VICENTE (? —1557)</p> <p data-bbox="307 440 421 460"><i>CANTIGA</i></p> <p data-bbox="231 487 593 673"> NTE passed his life in Portugal. He ood family, although his history is certain. During his years at the se court he wrote many plays, a large 1 Spanish and with Spanish motives. indez y Pelayo's <i>Antología de poetas tellanos</i> (Madrid, 1890-1908, vol. ii). </p> <p data-bbox="231 700 543 1022"> f grace exceedingly, e hath charm and loveliness; ; O sailor of the sea, rom out thy bark, confess never ship nor sail can be iful as she. ; thou knightly man-at-arms, ing of thy panoply,— orse or sword or war-alarms iful as she? ; thou shepherd of the hills, </p>	
ID MONOGRAPHS	IV

Where thine idle flocks are free,
Are there peaks or vales or rills
Beautiful as she?

—*Thomas Wals*

THE NIGHTINGALE

The rose looks out in the valley
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled
'Tis for her lover all,
Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle smile
She has placed the lemons pale;

Thither,—yes! thither will I go
To the rosy vale where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

—*John Bowring.*

SONG

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door.
'Tis the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy
grass
And waters wide and fleet.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

SAINT TERESA (1515-1582)

LINES WRITTEN IN HER BREVI

SAINT TERESA of Ávila, was born Teresa Cepeda y Ahumada, at Ávila. In 1536 became a Carmelite nun and began reforms and foundations. Known as *Madre Teresa de Jesús*, she gave evidence of the highest practical talents and of intuition as a mystical writer. Her style is simple but passionate with sincerity and elevation. She was canonized in 1612 and was declared co-patron of Spain with Santiago. The first edition of her works was edited by Válor de la Fuente at Madrid in 1881. Cunningham Grahame has published *Teresa, her Life and Times* (London, 1901).

Let nothing disturb thee,
 Nothing affright thee;
 All things are passing;
 God never changeth;
 Patient endurance



Saint Teresa
(Teresa de Cepeda y Ahumada)

Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

"IF, LORD, THY LOVE FOR ME IS
STRONG"

If, Lord, Thy love for me is strong
As this which binds me unto Thee,
What holds me from Thee, Lord, so long,
What holds Thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?
—Lord, I would see Thee, who thus choose
Thee.

What fears can yet assail thee now?
—All that I fear is but to lose Thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,
Lord, make my soul Thine own abode,
And I will build a nest so sweet
It may not be too poor for God.

O soul in God hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,

Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again?

—*Arthur Symons.*

"LET MINE EYES SEE THEE"

Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that care
Roses and jessamine;
Seeing Thy face most fair
All blossoms are therein.
Flower of seraphim,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this;
All my help is His,

He only succoreth.
Let mine eyes see Thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see Thee,
And then see death.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"TO-DAY A SHEPHERD"

To-day a shepherd and our kin,
O Gil, to random us is sent,
And He is God Omnipotent.

For us hath He cast down the pride
And prison wall of Satanas;
But He is of the kin of Bras,
Of Menga, also of Llorent.
O is not God Omnipotent?

If He is God, how then is He
Come hither and here crucified?
—With His dying sin also died,
Enduring death the innocent.
Gil, how is God Omnipotent!

Why, I have seen Him born, pardie,
And of a most sweet shepherdess.

—If He is God how can He be
With such poor folk as these content?
—Seest not He is Omnipotent?

Give over idle parleyings
And let us serve Him, you and I,
And since He came on earth to die,
Let us die with Him too, Llorent;
For He is God Omnipotent.

—*Arthur Symons.*

"SHEPHERD, SHEPHERD, HARK"

Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling!
Angels they are, and the day is dawn-
ing.

Oh, is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far?

SAINT TERESA

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the daughter of God the Father,
he shines like a star.
ard, shepherd, hark that calling!
they are, and the day is dawning.
—*Arthur Symons.*

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE

(1520-1569)

LOVE'S VISITATION

GREGORIO DE SILVESTRE was born at Lisbon, the son of a royal physician. He adopted the fashion of Castillejo in abusing the Italianate writers, but later wrote poems in that manner. He died as organist of the cathedral of Granada. See *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxxv).

Certain Verses very weary
On their laggard footsteps coming
In the Tuscan manner dreary,
Chanced upon a lover humming
Of his woes and bitter sorrows
In the heavy-footed measures
And the leaden-weighted treasures
That were used in ancient morrows—
Heaven forgive our Castillejo
For having praised these oldtime lays so!—

"And whence," said Love in passion,

"This measure so o'erweighted

Our ears have so much hated?"

They answered in this fashion:

"This is a foreign gabble,

The subject without reason,

To common-sense such treason

That the lady doubts the rabble

Is a-cursing her or praising

When she hears its voices raising."

"See, though the device are using

Garcilasso and Boscán,

This for utmost soarings choosing,

Though a Roland is each man,

Even they find insufficient

This false artificial plan.

'Tis for your own damage making

A perverse, mad, undertaking,—

Through my kingdom idly spreading

The false coinage they are shedding."

"To the chatelaine or maiden

(Venus asks) what rash pretender

Speaks the cares with which he's laden

On a speech no mind can render?

You, nor I, nor she, are able

176	HISPANIC ANTHOLOG
	<p>To feel very comfortable, When we see the very ladies That we die for, and each maid is Quite unsure if it's a joke Or a satire that we poke In this rigmarole from Hades."</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

VAZ DE CAMOËNS (1524-1580)

ADIEU TO COÏMBRA

VAZ DE CAMOËNS, the glory of Portuguese literature, is also famous for his poetry in English. He was born and died at Lisbon. His rough birth occupied a distinguished position at court until an unhappy love affair banished him from the city in 1547. He joined the army and later lost an eye at the battle of Ceuta. Returning from Goa in 1556, after persecution and imprisonment, he fell into poverty and obscurity and so died. His great work the *Os Lusíadas* was published first in 1572.

lucent waters of Mondego's stream,
 O Remembrance restful jouissance,
 O far-fet, lingering, traitorous Esperance
 while misled me in a blinding Dream;
 O you I part, yea, still I'll ne'er mis-
 deem

That long-drawn Memories which
 charms enhance
 Forbid me changing and, in every char
 E'en as I farther speed I nearer seem.

Well may my Fortunes hale this instrum
 Of Soul o'er new strange regions wide
 side,
 Offered to winds and watery element;
 But hence my Spirit, by you 'compani
 Borne on the nimble wings that Re
 lent,
 Flies home and bathes her, Waters, in
 tide.

—*R. F. Burton.*

VILLANCICO—"I'LL BE A MARINER"

I'll go to yon boat, my Mother;
 O yes! to yon boat I'll go;
 I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
 And be a mariner too.

Mother, there's no withstanding;
 For whereso'er I am driven
 It is by the will of heaven,



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis Vaz de Camoens

Or the infant god's commanding;
He plays with my heart at will,
I feel it with love o'erflow;
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Mother, 'tis vain complaining;
Omnipotence is his boast;
I feel that my soul is lost,
And nought but my body remaining;
The mariner's dying, Mother—
He must not die—I'll go—
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

He's a tyrant without example!
This little usurping lord,
With a single look or word
A king in the dust will trample;
If the mariner goes, my Mother,
If the mariner's bent to go,
I'll go with the mariner, Mother,
And be a mariner too.

Tell me, ye waves, if ever
A nymph so soft and fair
Sped o'er your waters there;

Tell me, ye waves! O never!
 'Tis nothing to me, my Mother—
 What love commands I'll do;
 I'll go with my mariner, Mother
 And be a mariner too.

—*John Bowrin,*

ON THE DEATH OF CATARINA
 ATTAYDA

Those charming eyes within whose
 sphere
 Love whilom sat, and smiled the
 away,—
 Those braids of light, that shame
 beams of day,—
 That hand benignant, and that
 sincere,—
 Those virgin cheeks, which did so
 appear
 Like snow-banks scattered with the b
 of May,
 Turned to a little cold and worthless
 Are gone, forever gone, and perished b
 But not unbathed by Memory's we
 tear!

thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
 fragrant plant, to which, while scarce
 a flower,
 mellow fruitage of its prime was
 given;
 saw the deed,—and as he lingered near
 d o'er the ruin, and returned to
 heaven!

—*R. F. Burton.*

REVISITING CINTRA AFTER THE
 DEATH OF CATARINA

rel of green woods and meadows gay;
 ar and fresh waters innocent of stain,
 herein the field and grove are found
 again,
 on high rocks ye take your downward
 way;
 shaggy peaks, and ordered disarray
 crags abrupt, know that ye strive in
 vain,
 l grief consent, to soothe the eye of
 pain,
 n the same scene that Pleasure did
 survey.

Nor as erst seen am I beheld by you,
 Rejoiced no more by fields of plea
 green,
 Or lively runnels laughing as they c
 Sown be these fields with seeds of ruth
 rue,
 And wet with brine of welling tears
 seen
 Sere with the herb that suits
 broken heart.

—Richard Garnett.

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND
 LISBON)

Here, where fecundity of Babel frame
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the w
 doth teem,
 Where loyal Love is slurred with
 esteem,
 For Venus all controls, and all defame
 Where vice's vaunts are counted, vir
 shames;
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords
 preme;

ere blind and erring sovereignty doth
deem

God for deeds will be content with
names;

in this world where whatso is, is
wrong,

ere Birth and Worth and Wisdom
begging go

To doors of Avarice and Villainy,—
smelled in the foul chaos, I prolong
7 days, because I must. Woe to me!

Woe!

tion, had I not memory of thee!

—*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

e me, all sweet refrains my lip hath
made;

ave me, all instruments attuned for
song;

ave me, all fountains pleasant meads
among;

e me, all charms of garden and of glade;

e me all melodies the pipe hath played;

Leave me, all rural feast and sportive
 throng;
 Leave me, all flocks the reed beguiles
 along;
 Leave me, all shepherds happy in the shade.

 Sun, moon and stars, for me no longer
 glow;
 Night would I have, to wail for vanished
 peace;
 Let me from pole to pole no pleasure
 know;
 Let all that I have loved and cherished
 cease;
 But see that thou forsake me not, my Woe,
 Who wilt, by killing, finally release.
 —*Richard Garnett.*

SONNET

Time and the mortal will stand never fast;
 Estrangéd fates man's confidence es-
 trange;
 Aye with new quality imbued, the vast
 World seems but victual of voracious
 change.

New endless growth surrounds on every
side,
Such as we deemed not earth could ever
bear,
Only doth sorrow for past woe abide,
And sorrow for past good, if good it were.

Now Time with green hath made the
meadows gay,
Late carpeted with snow by winter froze,
And to lament hath turned my gentle lay;
Yet of all change this chiefly I deplore,
The human lot, transformed to ill alway,
Not chequered with rare blessing as of
yore.

—*Richard Garnett.*

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN (1528-15

IMITATIONS OF VARIOUS
AUTHORS

FRAY LUIS DE LEÓN was born at Beln of Cuenca, of presumably Jewish o At an early age he entered the August Order at Salamanca and rapidly became of the most distinguished figures in the and history of that university. In 157 enemies had him imprisoned and tried in the Inquisition on charges of irregular t ings regarding the Vulgate Bible, and i almost six years before he regained his li proving his orthodoxy and innocence was at first esteemed as a great theolog but in later years he has been recognized greatest lyric poet, in Castilian, and o the great masters of the world in devo song. His poems, of which there are merable editions, were first published Quevedo. The best edition is that Merino (Madrid, 1816).



From "Pacheco's Album"

Fray Luis de León

ughty tyranny of thine,
neck unbending, Love shall take,
, and victim of thee make
subjection to repine.
thy vain and care-free days,
itter ways
arge the measure of my score,
thy sorrow none shall more
y notice whoso pays.

rough the golden locks that crown
rows the scattered snows shall run,
hy twin daystars have begun
their lights of old renown;
e first wrinkle line shall sear
ge clear,
uty's time is done and over,
s fugitive—the lover
nd the rose so fresh and dear;

ou shalt see thy cause is lost,
ndst thy loving is but weeping,
then shalt know the woe unsleeping
hat with no love is crossed;
en with grief shalt say,
pless day:—

"Would I had now, alas, my fate!
That beauty that was mine of late,
Or that old love I cast away!"

The thousands whom your coldness spurn^{ed}
And left to sorrows, on that day
Of vengeance shall be glad and gay
When they have thy discomfort learned;
And Love himself shall take the wing
And publishing
The novel tale of thy disgrace,
To all who mock shall show thy face
To warn them 'gainst the loveless thing.

Alas, by heaven, my lady fair,
Behold thyself in flower so pure
And gracious that cannot endure,
But left unplucked is lost fore'er;
And since no less discreet thou art
In equal part
Than fair and scornful to the view,
Look thou how everything is due
And subject to the loving heart!
'Tis Love that governs all the skies
With law eternal and most sweet;
Thinkst thyself strong enough to meet

e in this poor world of lies?
 ve gives movement and delight
 auty's might,
 e very sweet of life;
 t the fate with it at strife
 lened with a pauper's blight.

t avail the golden cup,
 silken vesture and brocade,
 ceiling with its gems inlaid,
 les of treasures mounting up?
 t avail the fertile breast
 arth's best,
 s adoring—if in fine,
 , slumbering be thine
 where the cold couch is dressed?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AT THE ASCENSION

ouldst Thou, Holy Shepherd, leave
 flock within this vale of woe
 litude to grieve,
 st Thou through ambient skies
 aglow
 ndst where death and sorrow cannot
 go!

But they—so blessed in the past,
 Yet now with hearts afflicted sore—
 Thy little ones, outcast,
 Bereft of Thee their guide of yore—
 Whither shall turn they when Thou
 leadst no more?

What now remains to glad the eyes
 That once Thy comeliness have known?
 What longer can they prize?
 What voices, but discordant grown
 To them who hearkened to Thy loving
 tone?

The waves of yon perturbéd deep,
 Whose hand shall curb?—Who now
 assuage
 The blasts and bid them sleep?
 In Thine eclipse,—what star presage
 For our benighted bark the harborage?

Alas! swift cloud unpitying
 That bidst our joys no more endure,—
 Whither thy silvery wing?

rich the bliss thou dost secure!—
 beggared wilt thou leave us, how
 obscure!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE POET JUAN DE GRIAL

earth's loveliness withdrawn
 her bosom; now the heavens are
 stoled
 ure of the fading lawn;
 from the branches' lifeless hold
 after leaf unto the ground is doled.

hœbus turns on sunlit tread
 g Ægean shores; the coursing day
 wifter; noontide is bespread
 herding of the fleeces gray
 olus upon his blustery way.

horizons go the cranes
 oycus, migrating with their cry
 tous; and the bullock strains
 nst the yoke with shoulders high,
 ing his patient furrows to the sky.

To noble studies would the hours,
Griâl, convene us; now the voice of
Fame

Calls upward to her sacred towers,
And to that summit bids us aim
Where never yet the breath of passions
came.

And at her calling, bolder strides
The foot upon the mountain, so it gains
The final peak whence purest glides
The fountain without worldly stains;
Drink there thy fill, and thirst no more
remains.

Then naught to thee is golden lure
That snares mankind upon a fevered
quest

For that which can no more endure
Than gossamer the zephyr's breast
Is wafting light and fickle without rest.

Doth God Apollo smile?—then write;
Be peer with olden poets,—take thy
stand

Above our newer bards in might;

oh, dear friend, not hand in hand
 'st hope to clasp me on that songful
 strand!

Whom whirlwinds have assailed,
 treachery from high adventuring
 to the very grime hath haled,
 broken—I a wounded thing—
 ye belovèd and my soaring wing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE NIGHT SERENE

[contemplate o'er me
 heaven of stars profound,
 mark the earth before me
 darkness swathed around,—
 careless slumber and oblivion bound;

Love and longing waken
 anguish of my soul;
 eyes with tears are taken
 fountains beyond control,
 voice sighs forth at last its voice
 of dole:—

O Temple-Seat of Glory,
Of Beauteousness and Light,
To thy calm promontory
My soul was born! What blight
Holds it endungeoned here from such a
height?

What mortal aberration
Hath so estranged mankind
That from God's destination
He turns, abandoned, blind,
To follow mocking shade and empty
rind?

No thought amid his slumber
He grants impending fate,
While nights and dawns keep number
In step apportionate,
And life is filched away—his poor estate.

Alas!—arise, weak mortals,
And measure all your loss!
Begirt for deathless portals,
Can souls their birthright toss
Aside, and live on shadows vain and
dross?

your eyes beholding
 pure celestial sphere,
 the wiles enfolding
 life that flatters here—
 little day of mingled hope and fear!

more can base earth render
 one poor moment's pause,
 ed with that far splendor
 e in its primal cause
 all that is—that shall be—and
 t was!

yon constellation
 al can set gaze,—
 ry gradation,
 ajesty of ways,
 ncord and proportion it displays,—

it wonder turning
 moon doth nightly rove,
 by the Star of Learning
 melting Star of Love,
 tails with gentle retinue above—

through outer spaces
 e Mars is rolled aflame!

Where Jupiter retraces
The calmed horizon's frame
And all the heavens his ray be-
acclaim!

Beyond swings Saturn, father
Of the fabled age of gold;
And o'er his shoulders gather
Night's chantries manifold,
In their proportioned grade and l-
stoled!—

Who can behold such vision
And still earth's baubles prize?
Nor sob the last decision
To rend the bond that ties
His soul a captive from such bli-
skies?

For there Content hath dwelling;
And Peace, her realm; and there
'Mid joys and glories swelling
Lifts up the dais fair
With Sacred Love enthroned be-
compare.

ensurable Beauty
 ows cloudless to that light;
 there a Sun doth duty
 at knows no stain of night;
 ere Spring Eternal blossoms without
 blight.

ds of Truth-Abiding!
 een pasturelands and rills!
 mines of treasures hiding!
 joyous-breasted hills!
 -echoing vales where every balm
 distils!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO RETIREMENT

st, O thou serene retreat
 om all my wanderings! Thou balm
 desired
 ng, that bringst me healing sweet
 om wounds naught else can heal!
 Inspired
 lusion, gracious welcome for the
 tired!

At last, thou little thatch of straw
 Beneath whose eaves no lurking
 hath stayed,
 Where none within a comrade's glance
 The gleam of Envy e'er displayed—
 Nor voice was perjured, not
 betrayed!

Fair upland, sloping to the skies
 With peace beyond the thought of
 endowed—
 Beyond where in death's grapple vie
 The creature of the fevered crowd
 With thirst of dissolution and
 shroud!—

Receive me, mountain, oh receive .
 Within thy fastness! For I com
 sued
 By slander!—yea, unfinished leave
 The tasks that bring ingratitude,
 The peace that mocks, and
 unhappy brood!—

Where one, who late at haven-bar
 Hath lain to anchor calm, is now th

Of winds that buffet him afar
And waves that gulf him in their spray
And rack his hapless timbers with dismay!

Another meets the lurking rock
And instant down the yawning waters
goes

Calamitous unto the shock!
For one, becalmed, no life-breath blows;
On Syrtean shoals the squall another
throws;

Whilst others are despairing prey
To sudden midnight and the dread
typhoon,

And to the hungry Neptune pay
Their lives in tribute mid the swoon;
Some, bold to swim, are down the ocean
strewn!

Strive or surrender to the flood,
What end must ultimate be his, who
rides,

Death-gripping through the foaming scud,
Some broken spar his wreck provides
Adown such vast abysm of roaring tides?

Alas!—how often and how often thou,
Unfailing haven, hast been my desire!
Then of thy refuge fail not now—
Fail not when I would so require
'Mid such a sea of troubles blind and dire!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF HIS
DUNGEON

Lo, where envy and where lies
Held me in the prison cell;
Blesséd was the lot that fell
To the humble and the wise
Far from earth's chagrins to dwell;
Who with thatch and homely fare
Rests him in some sylvan spot,
Lone with God abiding there,
And none else his thought to share,
Envyng none, and envied not.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE VALLEY OF THE HEAVENS

Resplendent precinct of the skies,
Fair sward of gladness neither snow

ching breath of noonday tries,
 in whose sacred uplands show
 face ungarnered deathlessly aglow!

ws in white and azure crowned
 art its pastures softly wends,
 endeared with thee around,
 Ioly Shepherd; thee He tends
 ned with staff or sling where naught
 ffends.

s, and happy sheep o'erflow
 nd Him in a loving feud,
 he immortal roses blow
 verdure ever is renewed
 'er the flock may graze, in pleni-
 ude.

w upon the mountain ways
 iss He guides; now by the stream
 e them in His grace He strays;
 grants them banqueting agleam—
 elf the Giver and the Gift Supreme.

en the eye of noon attains
 enith of its fiery powers,

Amid His fondlings He remains
 To drowse away the torrid hours
 And cheer with voice serene the
 bowers.

He wakes the viol's melting tone
 And sweetness trembles through the
 Unto such golden joy unknown;
 Enraptured then beyond control
 It casts itself on Him, its only goal.

O Breath! O Voice!—mightst Thou or
 Some little echo for my breast
 That—self-surrendering in that strain
 To Thee—of Thee 'twould be posse
 O Love, and on Thy shoulder find
 rest!

Where Thou dost linger at the noon,
 Sweet Spouse, Oh, would my s
 knew!—
 And breaking from this prison swoon,
 Of Thy far flocks might come in vie
 And stray no more, save paths T
 leadst them through.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS

In dalliance Roderic the King
Delayed with fair La Cava by the side
Of Tagus' gorge, till clamoring
The river-god from out the tide
Emerged, and in a voice prophetic cried:—

"Licentious despot,—would you choose
Such hour for weakness! Now when
thunders sound
And trumpetings of death confuse!—
When clash and shout of Mars astound
Our land, and conflagrations spread
around!

"Alas, for thy mere pleasure, how
Our country groans! That lovely one
(O day
Unhallowed of her birth!) doth now
On Spain bring weeping and dismay,
To sweep the sceptre of the Goths away!

"Flames, supplications, shouts of war,
Laments of death and anguish and dis-
grace,—

That brief embrace is twining for!—
Involving you and all the race
In shame the ages never shall efface

“A yoke of slavery on the lands,
They till at Constantina, where
stream

Of Ebro, where Sansueña's strands
And Lusitania's reach extreme—
On all the spacious Spains,—a
supreme!

“Hark, out of Cadiz raging calls
Count Julian's voice to speak a fat
wrongs!

No shame of treachery appals—
He conjures up avenging throngs
To waste the kingdom that to you
longs!

“Adown the morn the trumpet's thro
Proclaims the doom! See, on Morc
shore

What thronging, when his banners flo
Upon the winds conspired to pour
So swift on Spain the Moslem
queror!

"The cruel Arab lifts his lance
And shakes his gleaming challenge to
the wind;
Swiftly his light flotillas dance
Upon their way of warfare blind—
See all their numbers swarming on my
mind!—

"The trembling earth is hidden where they
tread;
Their sails blot out the intervening sea;
Their clamors strike the heaven with
dread;
The sun from out the noon would flee
Before the dust cloud and obscurity!

"Alas, how ardently their prows
Surmount the waves! What sinews
bend the oar
As every galley onward plows
And how the deeps must foam and roar,
When they glide hissing on the Spanish
shore!

"To Æolus their sails are given
And over Hercules's unguarded straits

Their sharpened prows of steel are driv
 Where Neptune, the great father, wa
 To grant them ingress by his open ga

"Alas!—poor wretch, that bosom dear
 Can still bewitch you?—that you d
 no sword,

When such calamities you hear?—
 When even upon the sacred ford
 Tarifa falls already to the horde!

"Out in the saddle! Spread your wing
 Across the mountains! Spare not on
 plain

Your bloody spurs! There brandishin
 The goad, come thundering amain
 Upon them, Roderic, with blade
 sane!

"But oh! what travail now prepares,—
 What years of sweat and carnage
 ordained

On him who shield and breastplate bea
 On princeling who might else h
 reigned,—
 On horse and rider to destruction chai

"Thou Stream of Betis,—shalt be dyed
With mingling blood of kinsmen and of
foes!

Unto the sea how soon thy tide
With broken wrack of helmets flows,
And surge of corpses kingly in their
woes!—

"Five days of blood infuriate
The God of war unloosens on the plains,
Where meet the swarming hordes of hate;
The sixth, alas, thy doom ordains!—
O land beloved,—in barbaric chains!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR

(1530-1606)

THE JOLLY SUPPER

BALTASAR DE ALCÁZAR was a native of Seville, who saw service with the Marqués de Santa Cruz and later became steward of the Conde de Gelves. See his poems in the edition of F. Rodríguez Marín (Madrid, 1910).

In Jaën where I'm abiding
Don Lope de Sosa dwells,
And my story, Ines, tells
Wonders past your mind's providing.
On this gentleman attended
A young squire from Portugal—
But to supper let us fall
So my hunger may be ended.
For the table is awaiting
Where together we may sup;
Forth are set the steaming cup
And the glass,—no more debating,—



From "Pacheco's Album"

Baltasar del Alcázar

bread, ah, what a savor!—
s d'œuvre is Paradise!
 the *salpicón* arise
 of a heavenly flavor.
 I pour the wine into the glasses
 I make a blessing now;
 When I drink I vow
 that each ruby drop that passes.
 As sure a healthy portion,
 As the bottle here;
 Mouthful would appear
 for a florin,—no extortion.
 In the tavern do you buy it?
 In the place by the ravine;
 I'll give you six a measure, clean,
 And good and cheap to try it.
 Lord, it is a treasure
 Cocor tavern wine;
 Yes, I think it's fine
 At hand so just a measure.
 Not old or new invention,
 Faith, I do not know,
 But I see that here below
 The wine came with good intention.
 There I go a-thirsting,
 For the newest brew,

Mixing it they serve to you,
You pay and drink yourself to bursting.
This, my Ines, is its merit,—
There's no need to sing its praise—
The one objection that I raise,
The fleeting joy that we inherit.
Now, the lighter dishes over,
Tell me what is coming now?
The meat-pie!—O blessed brow,
Worthy of such noble cover!
What a dish it is, how hollow!—
What meat and luscious fat it holds!—
It seems, Ines, that it unfolds
Its depths for you and me to swallow.
But onward, onward, without question,
For straight and narrow is the road;
No more water,—let the load
Of wine, Ines, invite digestion.
Pour out the three-year vintage freely,
'Twill aid your stomach in its work.
How good to see you do not shirk
But take a grown man's portion, really!
Now tell me, is it not delightful
To have a dish so fine and rare,
With all its biting flavors there,
And all its spices fresh and spiteful?

nuts in its luscious dressing
 the brave dame's meat-pie sweet;
 roasted by her there's a treat
 cklng pig that is a blessing.
 ue as heaven 'tis fit to honor
 very table of the King;
 k, Ines,—the sweetest thing
 her delicious tripe upon her!
 ery heart is filled with rapture;
 't know how it is with you,
 aking now and then a view,
 seem contentment here to capture.
 heavens! I am full of liquor;
 would make a sage remark;
 brought one lamp to light the dark,
 two before me seem to flicker.
 hese are really drunken notions;
 w of course it had to be,
 with this heavy drink I'd see
 ights increasing with the potions.
 let us try the tankard's juices,
 tial beverage refined,
 ior to what we bind
 sks, it livelier joy produces.
 smoothness and what glassy clear-
 ness!

What taste and odor rarified!
What touch! What color there beside
And all that makes for luscious dearness!
But now there come the cheese and berry
To take their place upon the board;
And both it seems would claim a ward
Of cup and tankard passing merry.
Try the cheese,—the choice from many,—
Quite as good as Pinto's best;
And the olives—for the rest
They can hold their own with any.
Now then, Ines, if you're able
Take six mouthfuls from the flask—
There is nothing more to ask;
Clear the covers from the table.
And as we have supped and rested
To our very hearts' content
It would seem the moment meant
For the story I suggested.
'Tis a tale, Ines, to win you—
For the Portuguese fell ill—
Eleven striking?—Wait until
To-morrow, I'll the tale continue—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

[illegible]



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga

LONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA
(1533-1594)

FROM THE *ARAUCANA*

LONSO DE ERCILLA Y ZÚÑIGA was born at
id, where he died after a life of soldier-
and adventuring in South America. He
some years in Chile with the Gover-
ernonymo de Alderete. In 1562 he re-
l to Spain, and in 1569 he published the
art of his *Araucana*, a fine heroic poem,
of it written amid the scenes and
s it describes.

ques! defenders of our country, hear!
s not envy wounds my tortured sight,
I observe these struggles, who shall
wear
ibition's badge,—which had been mine
of right;
see my brow in aged wrinkles dight,
he tomb tells me I must soon be there;

'Tis love inspires me!—patriotism! zeal
Listen! my soul its counsels shall un-

To what vain honors, chiefs, aspire ye now
And where the bulwarks of this tower
pride?

Ye have been vanquished,—trod on,
the foe;

Defeat is echoed round on every side

What! are your conquerors thus to
defied,

That stand around with laurels on their
brow!

Check this mad fury! wait the coming foe
Then shall it crush the foe in glory's day

What a wild rage is this that bears
on,

Blindly to sure perdition,—to despair
These murderous, fratricidal swords thrust
down,

Or point them at the tyrant! He is here
The Christian felons, noble chiefs!
near.

Spill their base blood! but spare, O spare,
your own!

f you will,—like men, like patriots
die;
read a death of shame, of infamy!

len your weapons with the enthusiast
soul!
et them probe the invader's inmost
breast;
ho would chain you to his proud
control,—
slavery, insult!—O 'twere wise,
'twere best
stay his fettering hand, nor tamely
rest
strength and valor on your efforts
call!
blood, chiefs, is your country's!—
guard it then
er!—It is not yours, heroic men!

eves me not to see a warlike rage,—
ail the rapturous fury of the brave!
ever let its violence engage
struggles leading on to freedom's
grave;
h madness loses what it seeks to save;

Discord's deep wounds, not valor
assuage.

I cannot bear it, chiefs!—if it must
Come wreak your waking violence on

Let me fall first; for I am sick of life
And wearied with misfortune;—I
die!

Devote my bosom to the horrid knife
Since these sad thoughts end no
misery!

Happy the dying babe!—O why w
Thus made the victim of this vain w
strife?

Yet will I raise my voice, though wear
rude,—

The tears of age may touch the brave
good.

In strength and valor ye all equal a
To each a noble heritage was given
And power and wealth and bravery;
Were equally conferred by bound
heaven.

In greatness,—strength of soul,—
are even,

might rule the world, they blaze
far.

ve your worth by valiant hero-
eds;
no time for words! your country
eds!

our arms,—your hearts; nor aught
spect;
ature smiles; there is no thought
fear!

ere wise some chieftain to elect
ll may govern and whom all revere.
be he who yon vast log can bear
upon his shoulder, firm, erect.
alth and fortune made ye equal all,
e strongest chief the lot shall fall!

—*John Bowring.*

FERNANDO DE HERRERA
(1534-1594)

IDEAL BEAUTY

FERNANDO DE HERRERA was a native of Cordoba, where, on taking orders he was attached to the church of San Andrés. His poems celebrate a famous Platonic love-affair with the Countess of Gelves the mother of the patron of Baltasar de Alcázar. In 1582 he published an annotation of the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega; in 1582 he published his poems, *Algunas Obras*; his *Life of Thomas More* was published in 1592. *Fernando de Herrera el Divino*, by M. Coster (Paris, 1908).

O light serene! present in him
breathes
That love divine, which kindles
restrains
The high-born soul—that in its moment
chains



From "Pacheco's Album"

Fernando de Herrera

Heavenward aspires for love's immortal
wreaths!

Rich golden locks, within whose clustered
curls

Celestial and eternal treasures lie!

A voice that breathes angelic harmony

Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!

What marvelous beauty! Of the high
estate

Of immortality, within this light

Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse
is given;

And in the glorious form I contemplate
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble
sight)

The immortal still I seek and follow
on to Heaven!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT

Pure Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native
sky;

In dreamless slumber sealed thy b
eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy
away!
He that chastised thee did at leng
close
Thy prison doors, and give thee
release
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal
Received thee to its stillness and rep

Look down once more from thy ce
dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal t
An earthly vapor melting into air;-
For my whole soul with secret
swelling,
From earth's dark mansion strugg
be free,
And longs to soar away and be a
with thee.

—*H. W. Longfel*

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Sun! that flaming through the
 midday sky
 st with light heaven's blue, deep-
 vaulted arch,
 hast thou seen in thy celestial march
 e to rival this blue tranquil eye?
 Summer Wind, of soft and delicate
 touch
 ing me gently with thy cool, fresh
 pinion,
 hast thou found in all thy wide
 dominion,
 : of gold that can delight so much?

honor of the night! Thou glorious
 choir
 andering Planets and eternal Stars!
 y, have ye seen two peerless orbs
 like these?
 me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of
 fire—

ye my woes, that know no bounds
 nor bars?
 ye these cruel stars, that brighten
 and yet freeze?—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE
TORRE

(1534-1594?)

ODE

BACHILLER FRANCISCO DE LA TORRE, a personality in Spanish poetry, is said to have been born at Torrelaguna, and to have received his education at Alcalá de Henares. Disappointed in love, he enlisted for a time in the army in Italy, and on his return to Spain found his "Filis" the wife of another man of wealth. His poems were first collected and published by Quevedo in 1631, and a first edition was published by the Hispanic Society of America (New York, 1903).

Tirsis, O Tirsis, turn and seek again
The safety of the port; behold what
Descend about thy fragile little bar!
And warn thee not to go!

frigid Boreas, the South Wind's
 breaths,
 stirred the seas to an appalling rage;
 that troubled marge no sail can run
 a happy course.

out, unhappy man!—the heavens
 deceive
 hush your bitter moans and shouts
 with roll
 undlers shaking o'er the brows
 air disturbèd face!

do not tell me that thy ardent breast
 passionate disorders so commands
 rash adventure on thee, but to break
 calmness of thy youth!

and unhappy, how the South Wind's
 rage
 its whirling mocks the fickle wings
 st and blast of satire, and the head
 remature and bold!

do not how its fiercest breath is stirred
 off the burning mountain, where below

Lie in their living death the boastful twain,
Encéladus and Typheus?

Be warned upon thy fortunes, and repair
Thy threatened ills; in time be wise
Nor let mishaps encroach too near, for all
Their sudden charge.

Why shouldst thou perish? ah, return,
Tiris, return! On land, yea, on the land
Let thy ship be the prison and the cave
Of the infuriate winds!

Afar, the vengeance of the sea, afar,
The raging ordnance of fierce Eolus
Upon the heads of hardy mariners
Who dare to brave his powers.

From off the shore let us behold the storm
And watch the angry heavens, where they
least

Are furious against the heads that least
Oppose their vaunted strength.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANCISCO DE FIGUEROA
(1536?-1620?)

SONNET

ANCISCO DE FIGUEROA was a native of
le Henares, returning there after
service in the army in Italy. He
th in Italian and Spanish and was the
establish blank verse in Castilian.
ns (incomplete) were first published
1 in 1625. A facsimile of the edition
was published by the Hispanic Society
ca (New York, 1903).

Where the sun forever hides his
face
noon ne'er whitens on thy gloomy
rows;
O Nature, avarous step-dame, scarce
flows
provision for the human race;
O destiny! were I to trace

(Since I have wandered from my natal
boughs)

And end in lone and melancholy drowse
My days of life amid thy snowbound place!

Where never would an amorous shepherd
turn

With rose and violet garlands for my
tomb

And 'mid his sighs memorial declare:—

“Thy hapless ending doth thy Filis learn,
O Tirsis, and two tears she sheds in
gloom

More precious than all Niobe's weep-
ing rare.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

EL DECERVANTES SAAVEDRA

(1547-1616)

SONNET ON GOLETTA

DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, the immortal of *Don Quixote* and *The Exemplary* was born at Alcalá de Henares, served my and lost his left hand at the battle ato. He was captured by Moorish and spent five years in captivity in

He was ransomed and returned to ure and poverty for the rest of his e died at Madrid. His verse is , but not distinguished when com- his work in prose.

ouls discharged of life's oppressive weight,
e virtue proved your passport to he skies,
re procured a more propitious fate
for your faith you bravely fell to rise.

When pious rage diffused through
 vein,
 On this ungrateful shore you shed
 blood;
 Each drop you lost was bought
 crowds of slain,
 Whose vital purple swelled the neigh-
 ing flood.

Though crushed by ruins and by odd
 claim
 That perfect glory, that immortal fa-
 Which like true heroes nobly you pu-
 On these you seized, even when de-
 deprived,
 For still your courage, even your
 survived;
 And sure 'tis conquest, thus
 subdued. —*P. Molle*

SONNET

When I was marked for suffering,
 forswore
 All knowledge of my doom; or else
 Love grows a cruel tyrant, hard to p-

e a chastisement exceeding sore
 le sin hath brought me. Hush! No
 more!
 ve is a god! All things he knows and
 sees,
 d gods are bland and mild! Who then
 decrees
 readful woe I bear and yet adore?

ould say, O Chloe, that 'twas thou,
 ould speak falsely since, being wholly
 good
 like Heaven itself, from thee no ill can
 come.
 is no hope; I must die shortly now,
 t knowing why, since, sure, no witch
 hath brewed
 he drug that might avert my martyr-
 dom.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

CANCIÓN

makes me languish and complain?—
 Oh, 'tis disdain!
 yet more fiercely tortures me?—
 'Tis jealousy.

How have I patience lost?—By abs
crossed.

Then hopes farewell, there's no relief;
I sink beneath oppressing grief;
Nor can a wretch, without despair,
Scorn, jealousy, and absence bear.

What in my breast, this anguish drov
Intruding love.

What could such mighty ills creat
Blind fortune's hate.

What cruel powers my fate approv
The powers above.

Then let me bear and cease to moan;
'Tis glorious thus to be undone;
When these invade, who dares oppose?
Heaven, love, and fortune are my foes.

Where shall I find a speedy cure?—D
is sure.

No milder means to set me free?—In
stancy.

Can nothing else my pains assuag
Distracting age.

What! die or change?—Lucinda lose?—
Oh, let me rather madness choose!

idge, ye gods, what we endure
death or madness is the cure!

—*P. Motteux.*

SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP

red friendship, Heaven's delight,
ich, tired with man's unequal mind,
to thy native skies thy flight,
ile scarce thy shadow's left behind!
thee, diffusive good below,
ce and her train of joys we trace;
alsehood, with dissembled show,
oft usurps thy sacred face.

ed genius, then resume thy seat!
oy imposture and deceit,
ich in thy dress confound the ball!
onious peace and truth renew,
the false friendship from the true,
nature must to Chaos fall.

—*P. Motteux.*

OM "THE JOURNEY AROUND
PARNASSUS"

are made of clay of dainty worth,
s, ductile, and of delicacy prime,

And fond of lingering at a neigh
 hearth;

For e'en the wisest poet of his time
 Is ruled by fond desires and delicate,
 Of fancies full and ignorance sublime;
 Wrapped in his whimsies, with affe
 great

For his own offspring, he is not design
 To reach a wealthy, but an honored st
 So let my patient readers hence
 mind—

As saith the vulgar impolite and coars
 That I'm a poet of the self-same kind
 With snowy hairs of swan, with voi
 hoarse

And jet-black crow, the rough bark o
 wit

To polish down Time vainly spends its f
 Upon the top of Fortune's wheel to si
 For one short moment hath not beer
 fate,

For when I'd mount, it fails to turn a v
 But yet to learn if one high thought
 great

Might not some happier occasion seize
 I travelled on with slow and tardy gai

aten loaf, with eight small scraps of
 ceese,
 l the stock my wallet did contain,
 for the road, and carried with great
 se.
 well," quoth I, "my humble home
 id plain!
 ell, Madrid, thy Prado, and thy
 rings
 ing nectar and ambrosial rain!
 ell, ye gay assemblies, pleasant
 ings
 er one aching bosom, and delight
 housand faint, aspiring underlings!
 ell, thou charming and deceitful site,
 erst two giants great were set ablaze
 nderbolt of Jove, in fiery might!
 ell, ye public theatres, whose praise
 on the ignorance I see becrown
 untless follies of unnumbered plays!"

—James Young Gibson.

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS
(1549-1591)

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE

SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS was born, Yepes y Álvarez, at Ontiveros. He joined the Carmelite Order in 1563, and soon became an energetic reformer of monastic life, and gained renown as a mystic and saintly churchman. He became known as the "Ecstatic Doctor" through the inspired nature of his writings. His poems are few, but among the greatest productions in all literature. See the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xxvii). He was canonized in 1726.

Upon an obscure night
Fevered with love in love's anxiety
(O hapless-happy plight!),
I went, none seeing me,
Forth from my house where all things
 be.



St. John of the Cross

ight, secure from sight,
by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(apless-happy plight!)
ight, and privily,
h from my house where all things
quiet be.

t night of wandering,
ecret, where by none might I be spied,
I see anything;
out a light or guide,
e that which in my heart burnt in my
side

t light did lead me on,
e surely than the shining of noontide,
ere well I knew that one
for my coming bide;
ere He abode, might none but He abide.

ight that didst lead thus,
ight more lovely than the dawn of
light,
ght that broughtest us,
er to lover's sight,
er with loved in marriage of delight!

Upon my flowery breast
 Wholly for Him, and save Himself for me
 There did I give sweet rest
 To my belovèd one;
 The fanning of the cedars breathed there

When the first moving air
 Blew from the tower and waved His hair
 aside,
 His hand, with gentle care,
 Did wound me in the side,
 And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,
 My cheek on Him who for my coming cared
 All ceased, and I was not,
 Leaving my cares and shame
 Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

—*Arthur Symonds*

O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O flame of living love,
 That dost eternally
 Pierce through my soul with so consuming
 heat,

Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,
And, slaying, dost from death to life
translate!

O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light
That those deep caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright,
Both heat and light to His beloved give!

With how benign intent
Rememberest thou my breast,
Where thou alone abidest secretly;
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me!

—*Arthur Symons.*

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA
(1550-1578)

THE IMAGE OF GOD

FRANCISCO DE ALDANA, was a soldier born at Tortosa. He perished in the disaster that overtook the Portuguese Dom Sebastian, in 1578. The body writings has been lost, although he was esteemed as an author of mystical poems some of which has survived.

O Lord! who seest from yon starry height
Centered in one the future and the
Fashioned in thine own image, see how
The world obscures in me what once
bright!

Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou
given

To cheer life's flowery April, fast decay
Yet, in the hoary winter of my day
Forever green shall be my trust in thee

Celestial King! oh let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on
high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it
there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

MY NATIVE LAND

Clear fount of light! my native land on
high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath,
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious
presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not,
death.

Beloved country! banished from thy shore
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs
thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections
Direct, and the sure promise cheer
way,
That, whither love aspires, thence
my dwelling be.
—*H. W. Longfellow*

MATEO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA

(About 1550)

SONNET

JO VÁZQUEZ DE LECA may be assumed
 to have been a Sevillian, although no
 facts of his life or dates are to be
 known. He was secretary to Philip II, and
 wrote several works on genealogical and moral
 questions.

were a foolish, though an amorous
 fellow,
 under—had you for a boat but waited
 death and the devil might have both
 been cheated
 history have been spared the pains to
 tell how
 your youth was drowned!—You might
 have gone
 y-footed to your mistress, and have
 kissed her

In nuptial joy,—but no!—for drive
 By an impatient passion's gush
 missed her

And died.—A pity that!—In the
 Seville

You've not a notion how we cheat the
 And run no risk of colds nor disa-
 ments;

True, love may graze us,—but the dream
 plan

Is a mistake, which neither com-
 ointments,

Nor wit, nor wisdom, can get over, and

—*John Bow*

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO
(Sixteenth Century)

ART AND NATURE

FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO was a native of Spain during the sixteenth century. Practically nothing is known as to the date of his birth or death or the events of his life. He is known to have visited Italy. His works, first printed in Palermo in 1617, are to be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (nos. 35 and 42).

Works of human artifice soon tire
The curious eye; the fountain's sparkling
Still
In gardens, when adorned by human
Skill,
Reach the feeble hand, the vain desire.
But, the free and wild magnificence
Nature in her lavish hours doth steal,
Admiration silent and intense,
Of him who hath a soul to feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless way
 The verdant reach of meadows far
 green,
 And the blue hills that bound the
 scene,
 These speak of grandeur, that
 decay,—
 Proclaims the Eternal Architect
 high,
 Who stamps on all his works his
 eternity.

—H. W. 'Longfe

THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary s
 Waved in the golden harvest; fro
 plain
 I saw the blade shoot upward, a
 grain
 Put forth the unripe ear and tender
 Then the glad upland smiled upon th
 And to the air the broad green
 unrolled,
 A peerless emerald in each silken
 And on each palm a pearl of mornin

us sprang up and ripened in brief
 space
 at beneath the reaper's sickle died,
 at smiled beauteous in the summer-
 side.
 at are we? a copy of that race,
 er harvest of a longer year!
 ! how many fall before the ripened
 ear!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

VICENTE ESPINEL

(1551-1624)

LETRILLA

VICENTE ESPINEL was born at Ronda, being sold into captivity by Moorish pirates he joined the Spanish army in . . . Later, he returned to Spain, took orders, obtained a post at the hospital at Ronda where his irregular conduct led to his dismissal. He was a famous musician of the school of Salamanca and added the fifth string to the guitar, to the disapproval of Lope de Vega. His death occurred at Madrid. He is famed as the author of the *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregón* (1591) after which Le Sage copied his more famous *Gil Blas*. Espinel's *Diversas Rimas* were published in 1591.

A thousand, thousand times I seek
My lovely maid;
But I am silent, still, afraid

if I speak
naid might frown, and then my heart
would break.

oft resolved to tell her all,
lare not—what a woe 'twould be
doubtful favor's smiles to fall
e harsh frown of certainty.
grace—her music cheers me now;
limpled roses on her cheek,
ear restrains my tongue, for how,
should I speak,
1, if she frowned, my troubled heart
would break?

rather I'll conceal my story
y full heart's most secret cell;
hough I feel a doubtful glory
pe the certainty of hell.
, 'tis true, the bliss of heaven—
1 my courage is but weak;
weakness may be well forgiven,
ould she speak
ords ungentle, O my heart would
reak.

—*John Bowring.*

FAINT HEART NEVER WON F
LADY

He who is both brave and bold
Wins the lady that he would;
But the courageless and cold
Never did and never could.

Modesty in women's game
Is a wide and shielding veil;
They are tutored to conceal
Passion's fiercely burning flame.
He who serves them brave and bold
He alone is understood;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er could win and never shoul

If you love a lady bright,
Seek, and you shall find a way;
All that love would say—to say,
If you watch the occasion right,
Cupid's ranks are brave and bold,
Every soldier firm and good;
But the courageless and cold
Ne'er have conquered—never co

—John Bowr

ANONYMOUS	261
<p style="text-align: center;">ANONYMOUS</p> <p>xteenth or Seventeenth Century)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED</p> <p>mous sonnet, in spite of the ascription of its authorship to Saint Teresa of the <i>Biblioteca de autores españoles</i>, declared to be anonymous. (M. R. Delbosc, <i>Revue Hispanique</i>, 1895, vol. has also been attributed, without sufficient reason, to Saint Ignatius de Loyola, Francis Xavier, and Pedro de los Reyes, the Latin hymn "<i>Deus ego te amo</i>" is similar in many ways. The latter hymn, known of Saint Francis Xavier, has been fully rendered into English by Alexander. The sonnet has also been translated by Dryden in his "O God, thou art the love of my love."</p> <p>It moved to love Thee, O my Lord, My longing for Thy Promised Land; By the fear of hell am I unmanned</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

To cease from my transgressing deed or
word.

'Tis Thou Thyself dost move me,—Thy
blood poured

Upon the cross from nailèd foot and
hand;

And all the wounds that did Thy body
brand;

And all Thy shame and bitter death's
award.

Yea, to Thy heart am I so deeply stirred
That I would love Thee were no heaven
on high,—

That I would fear, were hell a tale absurd!
Such my desire, all questioning grows vain;
Though hope deny me hope I still should
sigh,

And as my love is now, it should remain.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

DE ARGENSOLA	263
<p data-bbox="231 387 583 474">LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA (1559-1613)</p> <p data-bbox="354 514 455 534">SONNET</p> <p data-bbox="231 565 636 904">LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA, together his brother Bartolomé, is considered g the greater poets of the seventeenth ry. He made some attempts at the a, but it is not until the publication of s in 1634 that we have a text to warrant great reputation. The Argensolas were lian descent and followed the methods of alian poets, with a strong classical ten- ' which saved them from the abuses of orism, then at its height. Lupercio be- the Chronicler of Aragon and, following ount de Lemos to Naples, died there.</p> <p data-bbox="231 942 636 1025">er scatters the torn vines around, d the great floods their 'customed bounds break o'er;</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Drowning the plains their shoreless
waters pour,
Sweeping both bridge and bank in Spain's
whole bound.

Moncayo, as of old, lifts up his crowned
High forehead of the snows; the sun no
more
Than scarce appears with day's half-
portioned store,
When it is covered o'er with night profound.

The angry breath of tempests is abroad
Upon the seas and forests. Mankind
hastes
Into his ports and cabins wisely awed;
Whilst Fabio by the Tays lingering
wastes
His shamefaced tears, to mourn the sea-
sons' fraud,—
The fruits that wither ere the lip half
tastes.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO

(1560-1638)

SEGUIDILLA

JOSÉ DE VALDIVIELSO was a native of Toledo, and the author of the excellent *Autos Sacramentales*, and *Comedias Divinas*. His *Vida de San José* is also noteworthy; but he is especially esteemed for his devotional lyrics. There was an edition of his *Romancero espiritual* published at Madrid in 1880.

I who once was free,
Sold unto death you see;
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here!
With a honeyed smile,
Mother, a false friend
At the banquet's end
His hand within my dish the while,
Like a lamb betrayed me vile.

*Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !
I placed him at my side
And passed the dish to him;
I shared and did provide
The best unto the brim.
His bargain rare and grim,—
He sold Thy Son away,
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !
The garden flowers were wet
With the tears I shed thereon;
'Twas Holy Thursday, yet
With me had Judas gone;
He gave unto Thy Son
The kiss I'll not forget—
Trust not, Mother dear,
Hearts ungrateful here !*

—Thomas Walsh.



LUIS DE ARCOYE Y GÓNGORA

(1581-1627)

ALL NIGHT NIGHTINGALES

Luis de Arcoye y Góngora was born of good
 parents at Córdoba; he was educated at the
 University of Salamanca and received a license
 in law.

From a bust in the Hispanic Society of America

Luis de Góngora

and he thrived in ill health and died there
 as a poet was already estab-
 lished. His early poems are from his
 youth, but in his later years he adopted
 the style known as *Metaphysical* in Italy,
 known in England and *Prose* in France,
 and was influential in Spain the School of
 Poets. His poems may be
 found in the *Antología de autores españoles*,
 1581-1627, and in the

Antología de autores españoles
 with songs by the same poet.



DE ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA

(1561-1627)

ALL SWEET NIGHTINGALES

ARGOTE Y GÓNGORA was born of good Córdoba; he was educated at the University of Salamanca and received a benefice in 1577. In 1613 he removed to Madrid to become chaplain to the King. He returned to Córdoba in ill health and died there. His reputation as a poet was already established in 1600 at the publication of the *Romancero general*. His earlier poems are free from Italian influences, but in his later style he adopted mannerisms known as *Marinism* in Italy, *Marinism* in England and *Preciosité* in France, thereby establishing in Spain the School of *Marinism* which afflicted Spanish literature for several generations. His poems may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, vols. vi, xxix, xxxii, and xxxv.

*not all sweet nightingales
with songs the flowery vales;*

*But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the winds in the smiling dells;
Magic bells of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.*

Think not the voices in the air
Are from the wingéd Sirens fair,
Playing among the dewy trees
Chanting their morning mysteries;
Oh! if you listen, delighted there,
To their music scattered o'er the dales,
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

Oh! 'twas a lovely song—of art
To charm—of nature to touch the heart;
Sure 'twas some shepherd's pipe, which
 played
By passion fills the forest shade;
No! 'tis music's diviner part
Which o'er the yielding spirit prevails.
They are not all sweet nightingales, etc.

In the eye of love, which all things sees,
The fragrance-breathing jasmine trees—
And the golden flowers—and the sloping
 hill—
And the ever melancholy rill—

Are full of holiest sympathies,
And tell of love a thousand tales.
*They are not all sweet nightingales,
That fill with songs the cheerful vales;
But they are little silver bells,
Touched by the wind in the smiling dells,
Bells of gold in the secret grove,
Making music for her I love.*

—John Bowring.

ROMANCE

The loveliest girl in all our country-side,
To-day forsaken, yesterday a bride,
Seeing her love ride forth to join the wars,
With breaking heart and trembling lips
implores:

"My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me,
Oh let me walk alone where breaks the sea!

"You told me, Mother, what too well I know,
How grief is long, and joy is quick to go,
But you have given him my heart that he
Might hold it captive with love's bitter
key,—

My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me.

"My eyes are dim, that once were full
of grace,
And ever bright with gazing on his face
But now the tears come hot and never cease
Since he is gone in whom my heart found
peace,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me

"Then do not seek to stay my grief, nor
To blame a sin my heart must needs forgive
For though blame were spoken in my
part,
Yet speak it not, lest you should break my
heart.
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me

"Sweet Mother mine, who would not wish
to see
The glad years of my youth so quickly
Although his heart were flint, his breast
stone?
Yet here I stand, forsaken and alone,
My hope is dead, my tears are blinding me

"And still may night avoid my lonely
Now that my eyes are dull, my soul is dead

is gone for whom they vigil keep,
 g is night, I have no heart for sleep.
 e is dead, my tears are blinding me,
 he walk alone where breaks the sea!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

LET ME GO WARM

go warm and merry still;
 the world laugh, an' it will.

er muse on earthly things,—
 of thrones, the fate of kings,
 hose whose fame the world doth fill;
 muffins sit enthroned in trays,
 ange-punch in winter sways
 rry sceptre of my days;—
 et the world laugh, an' it will.

the royal purple wears,
 olden plate a thousand cares
 swallow as a gilded pill;
 as like these I turn my back,
 buddings in my roasting-jack
 he chimney hiss and crack;—
 et the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
 And January's sleets and snows
 Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
 With one to tell a merry tale
 O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
 I sit, and care not for the gale;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands
 For silver mines and golden sands;
 Whilst I beside some shadowy rill
 Just where its bubbling fountain swells
 Do sit and gather stones and shells,
 And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
 The stormy Hellespont swam over;
 I cross without the fear of ill
 The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
 The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
 Or barefoot wade through Yepes's tide
 And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the Fates so cruel prove,
 That Pyramus should die of love,
 And love should gentle Thisbe kill;

hisbe be an apple-tart,
 word I plunge into her heart
 both that bites the crust apart,—
 let the world laugh, an' it will.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

from the Aurora's bosom
 : has fallen—a crimson blossom;
 h, how glorious rests the hay
 ich the fallen blossom lay!

silence gently had unfurled
 antle over all below,
 owned with winter's frost and snow,
 swayed the sceptre of the world,
 the gloom descending slow,
 the monarch's frozen bosom
 : has fallen,—a crimson blossom.

ly flower the Virgin bore
 a fair) within her breast,
 ve to earth, yet still possessed
 rgin blossom as before;
 ay that colored drop caressed,—

Received upon its faithful bosom
That single flower,—a crimson blossom

The manger, unto which 'twas given,
Even amid wintry snows and cold,
Within its fostering arms to fold
The blushing flower that fell from heaven
Was as a canopy of gold,—
A downy couch,—where on its bosom
That flower had fallen,—that crimson b
som.

—H. W. Longfellow

LETRILLA

*Riches will serve for titles, too,
That's true—that's true!
And they love most who oftenest sigh,
That's a lie—that's a lie!*

That crowns give virtue—power gives
That follies well on proud ones sit;
That poor men's slips deserve a halter;
While honors crown the great defaulter
That 'nointed kings no wrong can do,
No right, such worms as I and you—
That's true—that's true!

ay a dull and sleepy warden
 guard a many-portal'd garden;
 ; woes which darken many a day
 moment's smile can charm away;
 ay you think that Celia's eye
 ks aught but trick and treachery,
's a lie—that's a lie!

wisdom's bought and virtue sold;
 that you can provide with gold
 court a garter or a star,
 valor fit for peace or war;
 purchase knowledge at the U-
 rsity for P. or Q.—
's true—that's true!

must be gagged who go to court,
 bless, beside, the gagger for 't;
 rankless must be scourged, and thank
 scourgers when they're men of rank;
 humble, poor man's form and hue
 rve both shame and suffering too—
's true—that's true!

wondrous favors to be done,
 glorious prizes to be won;

And downy pillows for our head,
And thornless roses for our bed;
From monarch's words—you'll trust and
try,
And risk your honor on the die—
That's a lie—that's a lie!

That he who in the courts of law
Defends his person or estate,
Should have a privilege to draw
Upon the mighty River Plate;
And spite of all that he can do,
He will be plucked and laughed at too—
That's true, that's true!

To sow of pure and honest seeds,
And gather nought but waste and weeds;
And to pretend our care and toil
Had well prepared the ungrateful soil;
And then on righteous heaven to cry,
As 'twere unjust—and ask it why?—
That's a lie, that's a lie!

—John Bowring.

EAR HONOR OF THE LIQUID
ELEMENT"

honor of the liquid element,
 et rivulet of shining silver sheen!
 se waters steal along the meadows
 green,
 entle step and murmur of content!
 she for whom I bear each fierce
 extreme,
 olds herself in thee,—then Love doth
 trace
 snow and crimson of that lovely face
 soft gentle movement of thy stream.

smoothly flow as now, and set not
 free
 crystal curb and undulating rain
 ch now thy current's headlong speed
 restrain;
 broken and confused the image rest
 ch rare charms on the deep-heaving
 breast
 who holds and sways the trident
 of the seas.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO

(1562-1635)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

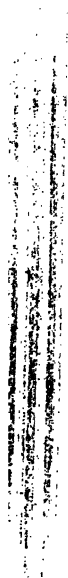
LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO, one of the greatest figures in Spanish literature, the "*monstruo*" of the critics, was born at Madrid, and after an irregular youth took part in the Invincible Armada, returning to receive priestly orders, but, also, to continue his dissolute courses. He is said to have written 1800 dramas of various kinds, establishing the style for all future writers for the Spanish theatre. His lyric talents are of the highest order, and his fluency makes him one of the most remarkable figures in the literature of the world. His *Obras sueltas* in twenty-one volumes appeared at Madrid in 1776. Menéndez y Pelayo died before completing the collection of his works which he was preparing for the Spanish Academy.

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan
song



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Lope Felis de Vega Carpio



Hast broken the slumber that encom-
passed me,
Who mad'st Thy crook from the accursed
tree
On which Thy powerful arms were stretched
so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
For Thou my shepherd, guard, and guide
shalt be;
I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd Thou who for Thy flock art
dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins, for Thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
Oh, wait! to Thee my weary soul is crying,
Wait for me: Yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt
waiting still for me!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

O NAVIS

Poor bark of Life, upon the billows hoarse
Assailed by storms of envy and deceit,
Across what cruel seas in passage fleet

My pen and sword alone direct thy course
 My pen is dull; my sword of little force
 Thy side lies open to the wild waves' roar
 As out from Favor's harbors we retire
 Pursued by hopes deceived and
 remorse.

Let heaven be star to guide thee! here be
 How vain the joys that foolish he
 desire!
 Here friendship dies and enmity k
 true;
 Here happy days have left thee long ago
 But seek not port, brave thou the t
 pest's ire;
 Until the end thy fated course pur
 —*Roderick Gil*

TOMORROW

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing
 Thou did'st seek after me, that T
 did'st wait
 Wet with unhealthy dews before
 gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter th

<p>LOPE DE VEGA</p>	<p>283</p>
<p> trange delusion, that I did not greet y blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost my ingratitude's unkindly frost killed the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet. oft my guardian angel gently cried, soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see w He persists to knock and wait for thee!" And oh, how often to that Voice of sorrow, sorrow we will open," I replied, And when the morrow came I an- swered still "Tomorrow." —<i>H. W. Longfellow.</i> </p>	
<p>AND MONOGRAPHS</p>	<p>IV</p>

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO D
 ARGENSOLA
 (1564-1631)

TO THE FATHER OF THE UNIV

BARTOLOMÉ LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA was
 younger of the Argensola brothers of A
 who resisted the influence of Gongoris
 who established their literary reputat
 1634 with the publication of *Rimas*.

Tell me, Thou common Father, te
 why,

(Since Thou art just and good)

Thou permit

Successful fraud, securely thron
 sit

While innocence, oppressed, stands
 ing by?

Why hast Thou nerved that strong a
 oppose

Thy righteous mandates with imp



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding addresses. The names are listed in a column on the left, and the addresses are listed in a column on the right. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The addresses are: 123 Main St, 456 Elm St, and 789 Oak St.

le the meek man who served and
reverenced Thee
the feet of Thine and virtues's toes?

said I, in despair) should vice con-
found

nature's harmony, and tower above
all the pomp, and pride, and power
of state?

I looked upwards— and I heard a
sound

s from an angel, smiling through
heaven's gate,
earth a spot for heaven-born souls to
love?"

—*John Bowring.*

TO MARY MAGDALEN

d, yet sinful one, and broken-
hearted!

owd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
der and in scorn!

weepest days of innocence departed;
weepest, and thy tears have power
move

ord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came
from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy and pure and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged briar should change, the bitter fir
Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the
swain
Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren
mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry dead tree.
The perished plant, set out by living
fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches
rise,
Forever, to the skies.

—William Cullen Bryant.

JUAN DE ARGUIJO

(1567-1623)

E TEMPEST AND THE CALM

DE ARGUIJO was a native of Seville
his abilities and character procured
high position in the Sevillian school of

His sonnets are to be found in the
of J. Colón y Colón (Seville, 1841).

n I saw the ruddy sun to turn
loudy trouble and to disappear;
ss his hidden face the lightning
drear
the darkness then began to burn.
on the furious south-wind came to
churn
ury and tormenting far and near;
where the shoulders of great Atlas
rear,
ous shook beneath the thunder
stern.

But soon the heavy veil is swept away
By rains, and clear again the moon
shines
With gladness full-renewed across
skies;
Marking the freshened splendors of
day,
I murmur—These perchance may be
signs
Wherein the image of my fortune
—*Thomas Wal*

DRO VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA
(1576-1609)

PASTORAL CHARMS

O VENEGAS DE SAAVEDRA was born at
car la Mayor, of a noble family be-
g to Seville. He died at Granada
s thirty-third year. His *Remedios de*
was first published, together with the
s of Francisco de Medrano, in Palermo,
It is an original poem written around
general scheme of Ovid's work of the
title.

happy he, his idle thoughts unreined,
here arrayed in calmness forth can go
song amid his peaceful oxen trained
d join his wearied flocks returning
slow,
ging the plough as evening's shadow
falls
daylight all its broken host recalls.

Who when the earliest light of Phoebus
warns

And earth awakes, is glad from out his bed
Beneath the farm-house eaves, nor laboring
scorns

To trim his vines and train the nodding
head

Of elms upon the hillsides tall and slight
Such as god Hymen takes for his delight.

Or through the heavy furrows wins his way
With ponderous team, and scatters the
glad grain

In token of the Golden Age and sway
Of oldtime Bacchus and Silvanus' reign;
Till grateful gifts to Ceres here disclose,
And on her sacred altars sheaves repose.

Upon the earliest day the floods are free
From icy bondage, there he lightly turns
To seek his Filomena lovingly

When the sun's waning light no longer
burns,
And heifers bleat, and doves' compelling
song
Is music to the ears attentive long.

ives the busy husbandman prepares
bees are out and soon the honey
lows;
n with covered face and arms he
lares
smoke and fire invade their treasure
lose,
s their gatherings of sunny hours,
y themselves have robbed the
ragrant flowers.

their ranged pastures graze the cows
locks upon the sloping hills afar;
their yards, and folds, and cattle-
ouse
eir accustomed stalls they gathered
re;
n their fragrant floods of milk arise
tar and the cheeses that we prize.

that never blasphemy profanes
falsehood, blows an ample breath
round;
is induce repose for all our pains,
silence weaves its woof of balm
rofound,

Here where Astrea in her heaven
flight
Left her last footprint ere she passed
sight.

What nobler love can honest bosoms
Than this sweet solitude and bland
tent?

Peace and no troubles for the weary m
Nor Fortune's fickleness nor blan
ment;

Where high above the accidents of Fa
Man lives and dies, without a fear or

—*Thomas Wal*

MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA
(1577-1625)

MADRIGAL

MARTÍN DE LA PLAZA was a native of
era. His education was obtained
University of Osuna, and he was or-
a priest in 1598. His poems may be
n *Flores de poetas ilustres de España*,
ro Espinosa.

green margin of the land
Guadalhorce winds his way
dy lay.
olden key, Sleep's gentle hand
osed her eyes so bright,—
es, two suns of light,—
ade his balmy dews
sy cheeks suffuse.
iver God in slumber saw her laid,
sed his dripping head
veeds o'erspread,

Clad in his wintry robes approach
 maid,
And with cold kiss, like Death,
Drank the rich perfume of the m
 breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss;
Her suns unclosed, their flame
Full and unclouded on the intruder
Amazed the bold intruder felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom
And, forced in blind confusion to re
Leapt in the water to escape the fire.

—*Robert Sou*





From "Pacheco's Album"

Rodrigo Caro

RODRIGO CARO

(1573-1647)

THE RUINS OF ITÁLICA

RODRIGO CARO was the son of distinguished family of Utrera. He was graduated at the University of Osuna in 1596, being later named steward of the Archbishop's estates, and became famous as a lawyer. He formed part of the literary circle of Francisco Pacheco in Seville and is supposed to be represented in the portrait marked as that of the unknown author. His *Antigüedades* of Seville appeared in 1612. He left some few sonnets besides a famous ode on *The Ruins of Itálica*. See edition of his works published by the *Real Academia de Bibliófilos Andaluces* (Seville, 1915). See also *Rodrigo Caro*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1915).

I

... this region desolate and drear,
solitary fields, this shapeless mound
once Itálica, the far-renowned;

For Scipio the mighty planted here
 His conquering colony, and now,
 thrown,
 Lie its once-dreaded walls of massive stone
 Sad relics, sad and vain
 Of those invincible men
 Who held the region then.
 Funereal memories alone remain
 Where forms of high example walked
 yore.
 Here lay the forum, there arose the fan
 The eye beholds their places, and no more
 Their proud gymnasium and their sum
 mous baths,
 Resolved to dust and cinders, strew
 paths;
 Their towers that looked defiance at the
 Fallen by their own vast weight, in
 ments lie.

2

This broken circus, where the rock-w
 climb,
 Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and
 The gods to whom its walls were pile
 high,

a tragic theatre, where Time
 his great fable, spreads a stage that
 nows
 grandeur's story and its dreary close.
 round this desert pit,
 not the applauding rows
 the great people sit?
 beasts are here, but where the com-
 atants?
 his bare arms, the strong athleta
 here?
 ve departed from this once gay haunt
 isy crowds, and silence holds the
 r.
 n this spot, Time gives us to behold
 tacle as stern as those of old.
 family I gaze, there seem to rise,
 all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

3

errible in war, the pride of Spain
 n, his country's father, here was born;
 fortunate, triumphant, to whose
 sign
 tted the far regions, where the morn

Rose from her cradle, and the shore
steeps

O'erlooked the conquered Gae
deeps.

Of mighty Adrian here,

Of Theodosius, saint,

Of Silius, Virgil's peer,

Were rocked the cradles, rich in g
quaint

With ivory carvings, here were
boughs

And sprays of jasmine gathered f
brows

From gardens now a marshy, thorny

Where rose the palace, reared for
yawn

Foul rifts to which the scudding
haste.

Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are go

And even the stones their name
graven on.

4

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, st

The long-dismantled streets, so tl
of old,

RODRIGO CARO	303
<p>broken marbles, arches in decay, d statues, toppled from their place and rolled ist when Nemesis, the avenger, came, buried in forgetfulness profound, owners and their fame. ; Troy, I deem must be, many a mouldering mound; thou, whose name alone belongs to thee, e, of old gods and kings the native ground; thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom laws redeemed not from the appointed doom— envy of earth's cities once wert thou— ary solitude and ashes now! Fate and Death respect ye not; they strike mighty city and the wise alike.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>why goes forth the wandering thought to frame</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

New themes of sorrow, sought in distant
lands?

Enough the example that before me stands;
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and
glimmering flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die;
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell
On those who near it dwell.

And under night's still sky,
As awe-struck peasants tell,
A melancholy voice is heard to cry:

"Itálica is fallen!" the echoes then
Mournfully shout "Itálica" again.

The leafy alleys of the forest round
Murmur "Itálica," and all around

A troop of mighty shadows at the sound
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call
"Itálica" from ruined tower and wall.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

ORPHEUS

Oblivion's misty prison ceased its moan
Before the Thracian youth; ceased too
the lyre
Its consonance; the tears and fond desire

Ceased in their gentle sweetness to intone.
Sisiphus, at hearing, rests his stone;

And Tantalus might have eased his
hunger dire

With that elusive apple, and no ire
Attend him from dread Radamanthus'
Throne.

But see, Eurydice is passing through
The deeps of Orcus, oh, behold her doom!
They turn, he to his moan, she to her
chains!

O Love, how good and ill are joined in you!
In one poor lover how could you presume
To give his voice such power,—his
eyes such pains?

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA
(1580-1633)

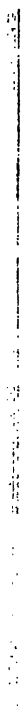
SONNET ON THE TOMB OF THE
PAINTER WHO WAS *EL GRECO*
OF TOLEDO

FRAY HORTENSIO FELIS DE PARAVICINO Y ARTEAGA was born at Madrid of a distinguished family. He studied with the Jesuits and graduated with honors at the University of Salamanca. At the age of nineteen he joined the Order of the *Trinitarios Calzados* and obtained the Doctorate of the University in 1601. In 1605 he preached the address of welcome to Philip II on his visit to Salamanca after which he was called to court and made preacher to the King, on whose death he was made preacher to Philip III. He was a famous *predicador*, following the style of Góngora; he was also a friend of *El Greco* and noted for his wit and fancy. His poetical works did not appear until after his death.



From the painting by "El Greco"

Fray Hortensio
(*F. de Paravicino y Arteaga*)



ntitled *Obras póstumas divinas* y
de Fray Felix de Arteaga (Madrid,

of Greco that can be confined
Piety lay; here buries, and here
eals;
y dispose him, gently, so he feels
steps stir the part he left behind!
e no silence upon earth shall bind
e men are born; though envy's
reast be steel's
st it; for no other star reveals
liant glow on our horizon blind.

gher life he wrought,—not mere
ppraise,—
er Apelles!—and the wonderment
ages shall invoke his stranger
ays!—
ve him birth; the brush with which
e draws,
o;—and a better land is bent
grant him rest eternal to his days!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DIVINE PASSION

Pierced are Thy feet, O Lord, pierced
Thy hands;

Thy head a shaggy grove of bitter th
Thou hangest on the shameful tre
scorn;

Thy woe my feeble sense half understa
You who love God and who would ligh
brands

Of righteous vengeance 'gainst
outrage lorn,

Look, these are things of wonder r
to warn

The hearts of Jew and Greek and Ro
lands!

'Tis you have caused this anguish, of w
you,

Dishonest, are a witness, judge and p
Your sin against this innocence in
war!

O mortal, to your ceaseless wrongs are
This silent victim—I would charge
heart

With malice that against its Go
bore. —Thomas Wal





ANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y
VILLEGAS
(1580-1645)

LLA: THE LORD OF DOLLARS

SCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS was born
lrid, the son of good family. His
on was received at Alcalá de Henares,
er a duel he fled to Italy and took
under the Duke of Osuna, in whose
he was involved in 1618. Returning
n, he found no favor with Olivares,
ccused of having lampooned that fa-

He was imprisoned for four years in
nastery of San Marcos of Leon. He
Villanueva, leaving a great reputation
omat, scholar, and poet. His poems
be found in the *Biblioteca de autores*
s (vol. 69). The *Sociedad de Biblió-*
daluces began the publication of his
e works at Seville in 1897.

ngs and priests and scholars
he mighty Lord of Dollars.

Mother, unto gold I yield me,
 He and I are ardent lovers;
 Pure affection now discovers
 How his sunny rays shall shield me!
 For a trifle more or less
 All his power will confess,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

In the Indies did they nurse him,
 While the world stood round admiring
 And in Spain was his expiring;
 And in Genoa did they hearse him;
 And the ugliest at his side
 Shines with all of beauty's pride;
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

He's a gallant, he's a winner,
 Black or white be his complexion;
 He is brave without correction
 As a Moor or Christian sinner.
 He makes cross and medal bright,
 And he smashes laws of right,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

e his proud ancestors
 ; blood-veins are patrician;
 ies make the position
 ient investors;
 y find themselves preferred
 duke or country herd,—
s and priests and scholars,
mighty Lord of Dollars!

anding who can question
 there yields unto his rank, a
 stillian Doña Blanca,
 llow the suggestion?—
 t crowns the lowest stool,
 hero turns the fool,—
s and priests and scholars,
mighty Lord of Dollars.

ields are noble bearings;
 blazonments unfurling
 is arms of royal sterling
 gh pretensions airing;
 ie credit of his miner
 behind the proud refiner,—
s and priests and scholars
mighty Lord of Dollars.

Contracts, bonds, and bills to render
 Like his counsels most excelling,
 Are esteemed within the dwelling
 Of the banker and the lender.
 So is prudence overthrown,
 And the judge complaisant grown,
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Such indeed his sovereign standing
 (With some discount in the order),
 Spite the tax, the cash-recorder
 Still his value fixed is branding.
 He keeps rank significant
 To the prince or man in want,—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

Never meets he dames ungracious
 To his smiles or his attention,
 How they glow but at the mention
 Of his promises capacious!
 And how bare-faced they become
 To the coin beneath his thumb!—
Over kings and priests and scholars
Rules the mighty Lord of Dollars.

in peaceful season
 n this his wisdom showeth)
 s standards, than when bloweth
 haughty blasts and breeze on;
 foreign lands at home,
 e'en in pauper's loam,—
s and priests and scholars
mighty Lord of Dollars.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ROME IN HER RUINS

these scenes, O Pilgrim, seek'st
 ou Rome!
 s thy search—the pomp of Rome is
 ed;
 t Aventine is glory's tomb;
 ills, hershrines, but relics of the dead.

, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
 en mourns where once it towered
 blime;
 ouldering medal now far less dis-
 ays
 iumphant won by Latium, than by
 ime.

Tiber alone survives—the passing w
That bathed her towers now murmu
her grave,

Wailing with plaintive sound her
fanés.

Rome! of thine ancient grandeur
past

That seemed for years eternal fram
last,

Nought but the wave, a fugitiv
mains.

—*Felicia D. Hem*

SONNET: DEATH-WARNING

I saw the ramparts of my native land
One time so strong, now droppi
decay,

Their strength destroyed by this
age's way

That has worn out and rotted wha
grand.

I went into the fields; there I
see

The sun drink up the waters
thawed;

on the hills the moaning cattle
 awed,
 series robbed the light of day for
 e.

to my house; I saw how spotted,
 ing things made that old home
 eir prize;
 withered walking-staff had come
 bend.
 ie age had won; my sword was
 tted;
 here was nothing on which to set
 y eyes
 t was not a reminder of the end.

—*John Masefield.*

FRANCISCO DE BORJA

(1581-1658)

CANCIÓN

FRANCISCO DE BORJA, Prince of Esqu
was partly of Italian origin. His ve
simple and natural with an occasional
into the Gongoristic style. His poe
to be found in the *Biblioteca de*
españoles.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye
your way
From the flowerets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing;
When ye might sleep in calmness and
Why hurry thus in wearying restless

Whither is she going?—whither is she;
Sweetest maid of sweetest maidens,
our village-pride,—

mer than the daybreak,—lighter than
 the day,—
 her is she going?
 e is gone to the greenest meadow's side,
 re the sweet flowers are growing.
 gathers and she scatters sweet flowerets
 on her way;
 ! how the flowerets are blowing.
 the Day of Saint John,—the Evangel-
 ist's Day,—
 her is she going?

—*John Bowring.*

JUAN DE TASSIS

(1582-1622)

TO A CLOISTRESS

JUAN DE TASSIS, Count of Villam, was born at Lisbon. In 1611 he was e from court for gambling. He retur Spain in 1617, where he satirised the Lerma and other court favorites. gentleman-in-waiting to Isabel of B wife of Philip IV, he was assassinate said, by order of the King, who had disc him to be a lover of the Queen. Hi are to be found in the *Biblioteca de españoles* (vol. xlii). See also *El C Villamediana*, by Emilio Cotarelo y (Madrid, 1886).

Thou who hast fled from life's enc
bowers
In youth's gay spring, in b
glowing morn,

ing thy bright array, thy path of
flowers,
r the rude convent-garb and couch
of thorn;

1 that escaping from a world of cares,
st found thy haven in devotion's fane,
o the port the fearful bark repairs,
o shun the midnight perils of the main;

the glad hymn, the strain of rapture
pour
hile on thy soul the beams of glory
rise!
if the pilot hail the welcome shore
ith shouts of triumph swelling to the
skies,
ow should'st thou the exulting paeon
raise
heaven's bright harbor opens to thy
gaze!

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS

(1589-1669)

SPRING-TIME

ESTEBAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS was born in Matute, where he practised law and was executed by the Inquisition, being exiled to Santa María de Ribarredonda in 1659. His works reveal him as an opponent of the scholasticists and as a classical scholar. His *Ensayo* edited by Vicente de los Ríos, appeared in Madrid in 1774 and again in 1797.

'Tis sweet in the green spring
 To gaze upon the wakening
 around;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
 Winds whisper, waters prattle, from
 ground
 A thousand odors rise,
 Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand
 dyes.

lowy and clear and cool,
 the pine and poplar keep their quiet
 nook;
 ever fresh and full,
 vines at their feet the thirst-inviting
 brook;
 the soft herbage seems
 made for a place of banquets and of
 dreams.

thou, who alone art fair,
 and whom alone I love, art far away.
 May thy smile be there,
 makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
 be not if the train
 leaves and flowers and zephyrs go again.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE

have seen a nightingale
 on a sprig of thyme bewail
 leaving the dear nest which was
 hers alone, borne off, alas!
 by a laborer. I heard,
 of this outrage, the poor bird

Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind which on its wings
To the Guardian of the sky
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break,
One while in a sad, sweet note
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round
Now she skimmed along the ground
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say 'twixt grief and wrath
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood,"—
And I heard the rustic still
Answer,—"That I never will."—

—*Thomas Roscoe*

SAPPHIC ODE

scious dweller of the woodland green,
 on ever of the April flowers,
 ig breath of mother Venus's heart,
 O gentle zephyr!—

ost know the sorrows of my love,—
 it dost bear afar my sad lament,—
 and frankly say to her I love
 That here I perish!

o once my bitter yearnings knew,
 o once my bitter yearnings wept,
 she love me, but, alas, I fear,
 I fear her anger!

e gods with their paternal breasts,
 heavens with all their hearts benign
 w themselves, what time thy glad-
 e wing
 The snows uncover;

e dark clouds' burden, at the break
 along the lofty mountain chain,
 hy shoulders, nor their bitter hail
 Shatters thy pinions!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS

(Early Seventeenth Century)

TO A BEAUTIFUL BUT HEARTLESS
COQUETTE

FRANCISCO DE TERRAZAS was born in Mexico early in the seventeenth century, the son of one of the generals of Hernán Cortés in his campaign in Mexico. Francisco de Terrazas is therefore the first native-born poet of Spanish-America.

Renounce those threads of twisted gold
that close

In glinting ringlets round my captive will,
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt
envied still,
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.

ace and wisdom, which as symbols
 nd
 wledge springing from the Source
 vine,
 ler to the far angelic sphere;
 us renounced the gifts of Nature's
 nd,
 , that which remains to thee is thine;
 ingrateful, cruel, vain, austere!
 —*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA

(Early Seventeenth Century)

OPEN THE DOOR

FRANCISCO DE OCAÑA was a Castilian poet who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He adhered to the methods of the old Spanish poets and left a number of songs, mostly devotional in character.

O porter, ope the door for me!
I'm shivering in the cold and rain;
Take pity on the stranger's pain!
I and this poor old man have come
Tired wanderers from a foreign shore,
And here we stray without a home;
His weariness o'erwhelms me more
Than my own woe. Oh, ope your door
To shelter us from cold and rain!—
Take pity on the stranger's pain!

ght is dark, and dull and cold;
 is open on the road;
 eary midnight bell hath tolled,
 t a straggler walks abroad;
 ight but solitude behold,
 by driving hail and rain,—
 ity on the stranger's pain!

l, be generous, friend! thy door
 open for the love of heaven;
 but two—but two—no more,—
 ay poor old husband, driven
 uge here; and we implore
 er. Shall we ask in vain?—
 ity on the stranger's pain!

ve us welcome; thou wilt be
 led by God's grace, which can
 unexpected joys; though he
 e an old, defenceless man,
 d has recompense for thee;
 ay'st a noble guerdon gain;—
 ity on the stranger's pain.

not tarry longer,—ope!
 hilled with cold,—so ope, I pray!

Ope to the wanderers now, and hope
They well thy kindness may repay;
Time and eternity give scope
For recompense. The wind and rain,
Beat on,—relieve the stranger's pain!

—*Anonymous.*



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

Pedro Calderón de la Barca

JOSE CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA
(1600-1681)

THE DREAM CALLED LIFE

From *La Vida es Sueño*

CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA, the supreme of the Spanish stage, was born at Madrid. He became the favorite dramatist of Philip IV, who created him Knight of Santiago in 1626. He took part in the hostilities in Portugal in 1640, and became a priest in 1642, which did not, however, interfere with his writing for the theatre until his death at Madrid in 1681. Numerous translations of his plays have appeared in English, showing his superior dramatic gifts, even if his inventiveness does not equal that of Lope de Vega. See his *Life* (Cadiz, 1845); *Calderón und seine Dramen* by Gunther (Freiburg, 1888); and *His Life and Genius*, by R. C. Trenchard (New York, 1856).

in it was in which I found myself.

And you that hail me now, then hailed me
king,

In a brave palace that was all my own,
Within, and all without it, mine; until,
Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,
Methought I towered so big and swelled
so wide

That of myself I burst the glittering bubble
Which my ambition had about me blown
And all again was darkness. Such a dream
As this, in which I may be walking now,
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows
Who make believe to listen; but anon
Kings, princes, captains, warriors, plumed
and steel,

Ay, even with all your airy theatre,
May flit into the air you seem to rend
With acclamations, leaving me to wake
In the dark tower; or dreaming that I wake
From this that waking is; or this and that
Both waking and both dreaming; such
doubt

Confounds and clouds our mortal life about
But whether wake or dreaming, this
know

How dreamwise human glories come and go

Whose momentary tenure not to break,
 Walking as one who knows he soon may
 wake,
 To fairly carry the full cup, so well
 Disordered insolence and passion quell,
 That there be nothing after to upbraid
 Dreamer or doer in the part he played;
 Whether tomorrow's dawn shall break the
 spell,
 Or the last trumpet of the Eternal Day,
 When dreaming, with the night, shall pass
 away.

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

FROM "LIFE IS A DREAM"

We live, while we see the sun,
 Where life and dreams are as one;
 And living has taught me this,
 Man dreams the life that is his,
 Until his living is done.
 The king dreams he is king, and he lives
 In the deceit of a king,
 Commanding and governing;
 And all the praise he receives
 Is written in wind, and leaves

A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fe
The fears that his riches breed;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,
Dreams he that rails on his foes;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pa
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life? a tale that is told;
What is life? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dr

—Arthur Syme

THE CROSS

which heaven has willed to dower
 that true fruit whence we live,
 at other death did give;
 w Eden loveliest flower;
 of light, that in worst hour
 e worst flood signal true
 he world, of mercy threw;
 slant, yielding sweetest wine;
 r David harp divine;
 r Moses tables new;
 r am I, therefore I
 upon thy mercies make;
 alone for sinners' sake
 on thee endured to die.

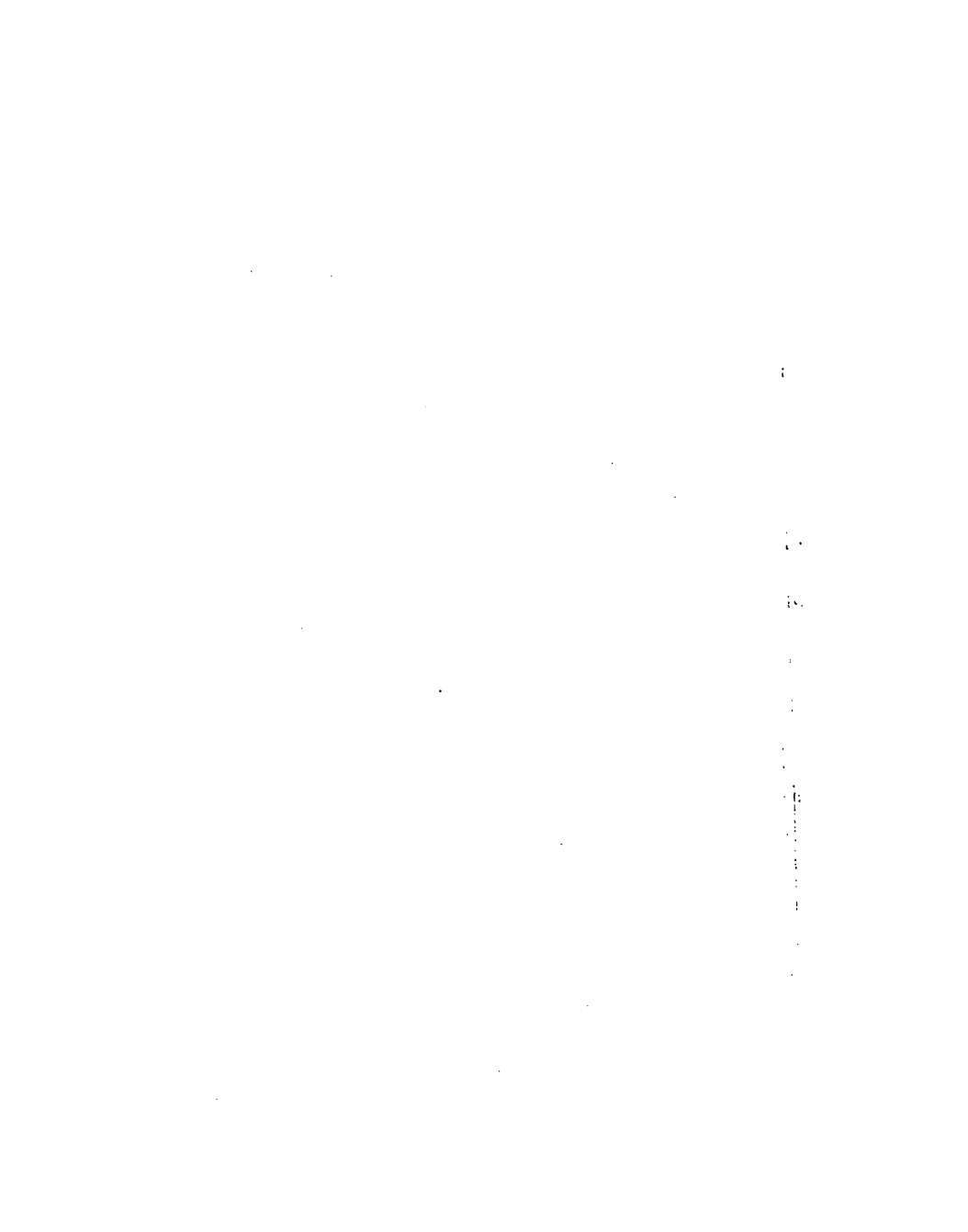
—*R. C. Trench.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

n the lion's mouth,
 mystical, divine,
 e sweet and strong combine;
 rock for Israel's drouth;
 e-house of golden grain
 Joseph laid in store,
 rethren's famine sore

Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece;
Well, from bitter turned to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given
Showered in white dew from heaven,
Marvelous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine;
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine;—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin,
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*R. C. Tren*





From an old Painting

Baltasar Gracián y Morales

ASAR GRACIÁN Y MORALES
(1601-1658)

SUMMER

AR GRACIÁN Y MORALES was a native
onte near Calatayud. He became a
and obtained great renown as a
her. In his poetry he follows and
Góngora in extravagance of style.

n the celestial theatre
seman of the day is seen to spur
refulgent Bull, in his brave hold
; for darts his rays of burning gold.
uteous spectacle of stars—a crowd
y dames, his tricks applaud aloud;
o enjoy the splendor of the fight,
on heaven's high balcony of light.
is strange metamorphosis, with
rs
est of fire, red-throated Phoebus
s,

Like a proud cock amongst the hens divine
Hatched out of Leda's egg, the Twins that
shine,
Hens of the heavenly field.

—*J. H. Wiffen.*

STER VIOLANTE DO CEO

(1601-1693)

LE TO BETHLEHEM WE ARE
GOING"

VIOLANTE DO CEO was born, lived and
Lisbon where, in 1630, she made her
n as a Dominican sister. Her works
e found in *Rimas varias* (Rouen,
d in the *Parnaso Lusitano de divinos*
os versos (Lisbon, 1733).

to Bethlehem we are going,
e, Blas, to cheer the road,
e why this lovely Infant
d His divine abode?—
n that world to bring to this
, which, of all earthly blisses,
brightest, purest bliss."

efore from His throne exalted,
He on His earth to dwell—

All His pomp an humble manger,
 All His court a narrow cell?—
 "From that world to bring to this
 Peace, which, of all earthly blisses
 Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord eternal,
 Mortal pilgrim deign to be,
 He who fashioned for His glory
 Boundless immortality?—
 "From that world to bring to this
 Peace, which, of all earthly blisses
 Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well then! let us haste to Bethleh
 Thither let us haste and rest;
 For of all heaven's gifts the sweet
 Sure is peace,—the sweetest, best.
 —*John Bow*

THE NIGHT OF MARVELS

In such a marvelous night, so fair
 And full of wonder strange and ne
 Ye shepherds of the vale, declare
 Who saw the greatest wonder? V

I saw the trembling fire look wan.
 I saw the sun shed tears of blood
 I saw a God become a man.
 I saw a man become a God.

rous marvels! at the thought,
 bosom's awe and reverence move;
 o such prodigies has wrought?
 t gave such wonders birth? 'Twas
 ove!

called from heaven that flame
 divine,
 h streams in glory from above;
 de it o'er earth's bosom shine,
 bless us with its brightness? Love!

de the glorious sun arrest
 course, and o'er heaven's concave
 move
 ,—the saddest, loneliest
 e celestial orbs? 'Twas love!

ised the human race so high,
 to the starry seats above,
 or our mortal progeny,
 un becomes a God? 'Twas love!

Who humbled from the seats of light
Their Lord, all human woes to prove;
Led the great source of day—to night;
And made of God a man? 'Twas love

Yes, love has wrought, and love alone,
The victories all,—beneath,—above,—
And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
The all-triumphant song of love.

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
And told the wondrous tales aloud,—
The trembling fire that looked so wan,
The weeping sun behind the cloud.
A God—a God! becomes a man!
A mortal man becomes a God!

—*John Bowring.*

JANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO

(1611-1667)

ASCENDING A HILL LEADING
TO A CONVENT

JANCISCO MANUEL DE MELO, an historian
et, was born of an illustrious family at

His works may be found in *Obras*
s (Lyons, 1665).

not with lingering foot, O pilgrim,
here,
ce the deep shadows of the moun-
tain-side;
ce thy step, thy heart unknown to
fear,
brighter worlds this thorny path will
guide.

shall thy foot approach the calm
abode
ear the mansions of supreme delight;

Pause not, but tread this consecrated road
'Tis the dark basis of the heavenly height.

Behold to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the
hill!

Pure gales inviting softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou
linger still?

Oh, enter there, where, freed from human
strife,

Hope is reality and time is life.

—*Felicia D. Hemans.*

ISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE
SAN FELIX

(Middle of Sixteenth Century)

AMOR MYSTICUS

ISTER MARCELA DE CARPIO DE SAN FELIX,
nun of the Trinitarian Order, was the
daughter of the great poet Lope de Vega
Carpio. She is a famous figure among the re-
ligious mystical writers of the period follow-
ing that of Saint Teresa of Ávila. Her prin-
cipal poem is *Soliloquios de un alma a Dios*.

Let them say to my Lover
That here I lie!
The thing of His pleasure,—
His slave am I.

Say that I seek Him
Only for love,
And welcome are tortures
My passion to prove.

Love giving gifts
Is suspicious and cold;
I have all, my Belovéd
When Thee I hold.

Hope and devotion
The good may gain;
I am but worthy
Of passion and pain.

So noble a Lord
None serves in vain,
For the pay of my love
Is my love's sweet pain.

I love Thee, to love Thee,—
No more I desire;
By faith is nourished
My love's strong fire.

I kiss Thy hands
When I feel their blows;
In the place of caresses
Thou givest me woes.

But in Thy chastising
Is joy and peace.

O Master and Love,
Let Thy blows not cease.

Thy beauty, Belovéd,
With scorn is rife,
But I know that Thou lovest me
Better than life.

And because Thou lovest me,
Lover of mine,
Death can but make me
Utterly Thine.

I die with longing
Thy face to see;
Oh! sweet is the anguish
Of death to me!

—*John Hay.*

GASPAR DE JAEN: "GASPARILLO"
(Middle of Seventeenth Century)

DIALOGUE

*(Between the Asistente of Seville and
River Guadalquivir, the latter being very sick
at the time.)*

GASPAR DE JAEN, "GASPARILLO," was a singular satirical bitterness who flourished in Seville about the middle of the seventeenth century. The date and place of his birth and of his death are unknown, but he is supposed to have been of mulatto blood, and to have been possessed of a real mania of hatred against the officials of the government at Seville. See *Gasparillo*, by Santiago Montoto (Seville, 1913).

ASISTENTE:

Know, Guadalquivir, I am master

GUADALQUIVIR:

I know it, Señor; what is your desire?

ASISTENTE:

That you suspend your floods and go no
higher;

Meseems you are excessive in career!

GUADALQUIVIR:

Your challenge is impertinent and queer,
For see you not, I am another's squire?

ASISTENTE:

So then you disobey me?—

GUADALQUIVIR:

Foolish, sire,

How can I stem my floods your course to
steer?

ASISTENTE:

In Count of Olivares' name, then cease;
He is your offspring and my chief su-
preme,—

And you shall have a decoration
high!

GUADALQUIVIR:

What, one of Manzanares' fripperies!—

I want it not, nor fear its hollow
gleam!

Confer it, please, on Tagarete nigh,
Which being but a stream of poor
supply

Would stoop its shoulders unto any
crime,

And take your decoration as sublime!

—*Thomas Walsh.*



*From the painting in the Convent of S. Jerónimo,
Mexico City*

Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz

FR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ
(1651-1691)

THE LOST LOVE

JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ was born, in Asbaje, at San Miguel de Nepantla. From childhood she showed ability and some of her poems are the product of the years prior to her entrance into the convent in 1667. She died of the plague in Mexico City. For her poetry see the edition by Juan Gamacho (Madrid, 1725), and for her biography, *de Asbaje* by Amado Nervo (Madrid,

then shall I, my glory,
thy light in radiance shining,
essence illusory,
giving me sweet release from grief and
sorrow?

When shall I see thine eyes, ench
rapture,
And yield thee mine, as tender capti

When will thy voice awaken
Mine ears with thrilling accents from
sadness,
And I, enthralled, o'ertaken
By the floods of its ineffable gladnes
Be swept away in ecstasy, and after
The marvel wanes, hasten to thee
laughter?

When will thy light effulgent
Reclothe with roseate glamour all my l
And when shall I, indulgent,
The anguish of my sighs exhaled and f
No more bemoan the pangs of my
sorrow?

When thou shalt come, and glorif
morrow!

Come then, my soul's dear treasure,
Since fast through weariness my
fading,
And absence without measure;

then, lest, heeding not my soft
 persuading,
 wound my love; e'en yet, despite
 mine anger,
 tears of hope I will refresh my languor!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

CAPRICE

thankless flees me, I with love pursue,
 loving follows me, I thankless flee;
 on who spurns my love I bend the
 knee,
 on who seeks me, cold I bid him rue;
 as diamond him I yearning woo,
 if a diamond when he yearns for me;
 lays my love I would victorious see,
 slaying him who wills me blisses true.
 For this one is to lose desire,
 for that one, my virgin pride to tame;
 her hand I face a prospect dire,
 on every path I tread, the goal the same:
 adored by him of whom I tire,
 or by him who scorns me brought to
 shame.

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

ARRAIGNMENT OF THE MEN

1
Males perverse, schooled to condemn
Women by your witless laws,
Though forsooth you are prime cause
Of that which you blame in them:

2
If with unexampled care
You solicit their disdain,
Will your fair words ease their pain,
When you ruthless set the snare?

3
Their resistance you impugn,
Then maintain with gravity
That it was mere levity
Made you dare to importune.

4
What more elevating sight
Than of man with logic crass,
Who with hot breath fogs the glass,
Then laments it is not bright!

7
Scorn and favor, favor, scorn,
What you will, result the same,
Treat you ill, and earn your blame,
Love you well, be left forlorn.

INÉS DE LA CRUZ	361
<p>Scant regard will she possess Who with caution wends her way,— Is held thankless for her “nay,” And as wanton for her “yes.”</p> <p>.</p> <p>What must be the rare caprice Of the quarry you engage: If she flees, she wakes your rage, If she yields, her charms surcease.</p> <p>.</p> <p>Who shall bear the heavier blame, When remorse the twain enthralls, She, who for the asking, falls, He who, asking, brings to shame?</p> <p>Whose the guilt, where to begin, Though both yield to passion's sway, She who weakly sins for pay, He who, strong, yet pays for sin?</p> <p>Then why stare ye, if we prove That the guilt lies at your gate? Either love those you create, Or create those you can love.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

16

To solicitation truce,—

Then, sire, with some show of right

You may mock the hapless plight

Or the creatures of your use!

—*Peter H. Goldsmith.*

TO HER PORTRAIT

This that you see, the false presentment
planned

With finest art and all the colored show

And reasonings of shade, doth but disclose

The poor deceits by earthly senses fanned

Here where in constant flattery expand

Excuses for the stains that old age know

Pretexts against the years' advancing
snows,

The footprints of old seasons to withstand

'Tis but vain artifice of scheming minds;

'Tis but a flower fading on the winds;

'Tis but a useless protest against Fate;

'Tis but stupidity without a thought,

A lifeless shadow, if we meditate;

'Tis death, 'tis dust, 'tis shadow, yea, 'tis
nought.

—*Roderick Gill.*

STER GREGORIA FRANCISCA
(1653-1736)

ENVYING A LITTLE BIRD

R GREGORIA FRANCISCA was born, Gregoria Francisca Queynoghe, at Sanlúcar de Barrameda, the daughter of wealthy parents, Spanish, half Flemish. At an early age she entered the convent and in 1669 became a professed nun of the Order of Carmelites, named by Saint Teresa in Seville. She rose to eminence in her Order and left some of her mystical poetry to be found in the *exemplar, etc. de la V. Madre Gregoria Francisca de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, by Diego de Torres Villaroel (Salamanca). Her *Poesías* were published by A. de Latour (Paris). See also *Discurso sobre Sor Gregoria Francisca* by Santiago Montoto (Seville,

ing a little bird
ight to heaven my heart is stirred,

So hardy is the wing he finds
 To breast the bluster of the winds,
 So lightly pulsing doth he fare,
 Enamored of the sunset there—
 And swaying ever higher, higher,
 He mounts unto the realms of fire!
 Would I were with thee in thy flight,
 Fair plaything of the breeze tonight,
 And from thy heart such impulse know
 As spreads thy steadfast pinions so!
 I follow with a lover's sighs
 Impatient, where thou cleav'st the sky
 Feeling my body's prison bars
 Withhold my spirit from the stars.
 For of the Sun supreme am I
 A love-delirious butterfly;
 By tender dawns I sip,—but claim
 The blossom of His noontide flame.
 O little bird, my dismal cell
 Reflects His sunlit splendors well—
 His glorious beauties are for me
 But shadowed in my misery!
 In envy of thy boundless flight
 But one desire can requite
 My heart,—a salamander's soul
 To brave His flames without control!—

ght is joyous, little bird.
 I in prison am interred;
 ing thee my soul is raised
 ne skies thou seek'st amazed;
 and a captive bound
 mid my darkness found;
 that some mighty power would rend
 ains and my harsh durance end!
 ; a flight would then be mine,
 I this shackle-weight resign!
 hat warm impulse of the skies
 ag against thine own would rise!
 hy heart yon crimson tryst
 set glory hath sufficed;
 irit glad and free of care
 o its golden lattice fare;
 who, knowing, love and pine
 m that is the Sphere Divine,
 fs my only wings can make,
 ghts alone on sighings take!
 immensity of light
 nto annulling blight;
 vast clearness of His sphere
 ble senses disappear.
 lliance bids my wings expand
 id flight unto His hand,—

But, oh, my nature's heavy bond
Denies me freedom for beyond!
Do thou, fair bird, on tireless wing
Beyond the heavenly archway spring,
And breasting higher, higher, bear
This message of my fond despair;
Unto that Light and Sun to show
How love doth wound me here below;
Within the inaccessible sky
To say how of my love I die,
Since through my light of faith alone
His radiant beauteousness is known;
To say, the more His splendor shows
The more my dismal blindness grows;
And yet I glory in the dark
His steps in passing by me mark;
To say I wait the joyous hour
When He shall break the mortal power
That holds me prisoned here so long,
And loose me for the wingéd throng,
To say His rays through chink and bar
But only added torments are;—
That all the more His lights display
The more my wounds and burns by day
That all the noons are full of Him,
Filling joy's goblets to the brim,—

all my soul is in decline,
 ding thus His glory shine!
 bird, if thou of love
 the sweet pain didst prove,
 take upon my woes
 nourn o'er what my breasts disclose.
 to my sweet Lord on high,
 He may grant me liberty,
 ending thy fair wings the while
 I may seek His distant isle,
 from this prison dire be gone,
 this captivity whereon
 any a tear and groan I shed
 my dark and exiled bed;
 e gazing on thy happy flight
 ize my bitter plight,—
 ove the more impatient glows
 ighter its far object shows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ IGLESIAS DE LA CASA
(1748-1791)

SONG

José IGLESIAS DE LA CASA was a native of Salamanca who became a priest, and indulged in satires of local abuses, and purely lyrical compositions. His *Po* were published in Paris in 1821.

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest-walks can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame,

And tell him how I love him
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand.
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE

(1750-1791)

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE

TOMÁS DE IRIARTE was born at Orotava on the Island of Teneriffe. His death occurred at Madrid, where he had achieved great distinction with his *La música* in 1779 and his *Fábulas literarias* in 1782. See *Iriarte y su época* by E. Cotarelo y Mori (Madrid, 1897).

This little fable heard,
It good or ill may be;
But it has just occurred
Thus accidentally.

Passing my abode,
Some fields adjoining me
A big ass on his road
Came accidentally.

And laid upon the spot,
A Flute he chanced to see,
Some shepherd had forgot
There accidentally.

The animal in front
To scan it nigh came he,
And snuffing loud as wont,
Blew accidentally.

The air it chanced around
The pipe went passing free
And thus the Flute a sound
Gave accidentally.

"O then," exclaimed the Ass,
"I know to play it fine;
And who for bad shall class
This music asinine?"

Without the rules of art,
Even asses, we agree,
May once succeed in part,
Thus accidentally.

—*James Kennedy.*

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ

(1754-1817)

ODA

JUAN MELÉNDEZ VALDÉZ was born at R
del Fresno, became a professor at Salam
and was patronized by Jovellanos. He
considered the leader of the Salama
Gallic school; in the War of Independen
sided with the French, fleeing later to F
where he died in dishonor. His *Poesías*
published at Madrid in 1785; and his
written by Quintana, may be found wit
poems, in the edition of 1820. His p
are also to be found in the *Bibliote*
autores españoles (vol. xix).

When first a gentle kiss
Upon Nisé I pressed,
Paradise-grain and cassia
Her lovely breath confessed.
And on her smiling lips
Such luscious sweets I found

As never knew the hills
Or bees of Hybla's ground.
To purify its balm
With love's essential dews,
A thousand and a thousand times
Each day her lips I choose;
Until the sum and total
Of all our score amount
To kisses more than Venus
Did from Adonis count.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE
MORATÍN
(1760-1826)

ODE: THE DAY AT HOME

LEANDRO FERNÁNDEZ DE MORATÍN, a son of the poet Nicolas Fernández de Moratín, was born at Madrid. He became involved in the revolutionary movements of his time, and spent his later years at Bordeaux in the circle of Goya. His dramas won complete success for the French school inaugurated by Luzan. His *Obras* were published at Madrid in 1830, and poems by his father and himself may be found in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xi).

Was there ever such a mess!
Just when I stay at home,
To find that such a press
Of visitors must come!
Boy,—go bar the door;
My neighbor now prepares



From the painting by Goya

Leandro Fernández de Moratín



With all her tribe and more
To climb my private stairs!
What then?—You cannot close—
The guests are now too near?
Doña Tecla and all those
Girls of hers I hear!
A coach has stopped below,
I hear it at the door.
'Tis Don Venancio
Who comes—that famous bore!
Then too comes in Don Luke
With stately twists and bows;
Don Mauro with his hook
Out for mitres for his brows;
Don Génaro, Don Zoile
And Doña Basilissas
And all their nurseries vile
Of masters and of misses!
What stupid compliments,
What speeches they are aping!
Be Mount Torozos bent
To shield me in escaping!
And now they settle down
(And seats are not enough!)
To nibble cakes and drown
Their thirst with sticky stuff.

The Devil!—I, who lead
A solitary life,
A bachelor, indeed,
Without a child or wife;
I who of wedded bliss
Resigned the calm delight,—
Must I give way to this
Invading insect blight?
And must I too submit
To this uproar and gabble,
And here in patience sit
Amid this endless rabble!—
But see, they all arise
And leave me in a hurry!—
Each fan, each bonnet flies;
And hats and hoop skirts scurry!—
Acknowledgments and thanks
For this your cordial visit—
Obliged—but should your ranks
Return,—I'll dodge and miss it!—
So they have peeped their measure,—
And they have had a chance—
Now if it be their pleasure
Let them go out and dance!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA

(1772-1856)

TO SPAIN—AFTER THE REVOLU-
TION OF MARCH

MANUEL JOSÉ QUINTANA was born at Madrid. He became in declared opposition to French domination in Spain. On the restoration of Ferdinand VII to power, he was imprisoned for six years, dying poor after holding many offices under the Liberal Government. He and his friend Gallego protested, however, to all the French rules in opposition, and he produced odes of great value on patriotic subjects. His best edition of the works of Cervantes is that of Madrid, 1897. He is represented in the *Biblioteca de autores españoles* (vol. xix).

...nation, tell me, in the older day
...aimed its destiny across the world,
...gh all the climes extending its broad
way

From east to west with golden pomp unfurled?

Where from the sunset the Atlantic sweeps
Its glorious fortunes—there was mighty Spain!—

America and Asia's confines kept
And Africa's upon its boundary main.

The hardy sail upon its fickle course
In vain would 'scape the reaches of power;

All earth for mineral riches was its source
All ocean was its pearls' and corals' bow
Nor where the tempests raged the most
Met they on any but a Spanish coast.

Now to the depths of shame reduced,
Abandoned to the alien eye of scorn,
Like some poor slave unto the market us
To the vile whip and shackle borne!—

What desolation, God!—The plague
spires

Its deadly breath of poison on the air
And Hunger scarce with feeble arms aspiring
For a poor morsel there!

Thrice did the temple gates of Janus open
And on Mars' trumpet was a mighty blast

at oh see, where even without a
 e of hope
 ary gods have passed,
 ie sea and land have left us cast!
 ut thy spreading realms what hast
 seen,
 —but bitter mourning spread,
 id misery between
 s of slavery full harvested?
 sail rends, the hulk is smashed,
 en goes the bark upon its way;
 y wave a torment it is lashed;
 no more their garlands old dis-

of hope nor of content appears;
 rd floats no more upon the air.
 ger's song is broken by his tears;
 ner's voice is hushed by weight
 e,
 l of death comes ever on his heart,
 f death in silence; there apart
 : where the destroying shoals
 re.
 : fell moment! Reaching forth
 and
 t threatening the west, exclaims:

"Behold, thou now art mine, O Western
Land!"

His brow with barbarous lightning flames,
As from the cloud the summer tempest
brings

The horror spreading bolt's appalling wings.
His warriors afar

Fill the great winds with pæans of their war;
The anvils groan, the hammers fall,
The forges blaze. O shame, and dost thou
dream

To make their swords their toil, and that is
all?

See'st thou not where within their fiery
gleams

'Tis chains and bars and shackles they
prepare

To bind the arms that lie so limp and bare?
Yea, let Spain tremble at the sound,

And let her outraged ire
From the volcano of her bosom bound,
High justice for its fire,

And 'gainst her despots turn,
Where in their dread they hide,

And let the echoes learn
And all the banks of Tagus wide

the great sound of rage outcried,—
 vengeance!"—Where, sacred river, where
 tyrants who with pride and wrong
 had our weal so long?
 thy glories are no more, while ours
 we repair;
 thou so fierce and proud
 of Castile and thy Castilians there
 thy ruddy waves in seaward pour,
 sing aloud:—"The tyrants are no
 more!"
 O triumph! and glory! O celestial time!
 that my tongue might speak our
 country's name
 the very winds sublime!
 why would I—but not on harp of gold—
 sing acclaim; not in the prison hold
 the inspired breast
 so weak and cold,
 breathless lips oppress.
 O lyre of Orpheus' lyre untomb,
 O bright sun and the uplifting wind
 O radiant, rocky Fuenfria's bloom!
 be my flight consigned
 to singing that shall rouse the plain
 to wake Castilians to the sound again

Of glory and of war combined!
 War, awful name and now sublime!
 The refuge and the sacred shield in tire
 To stay the savage Attila's advance
 With fiery steed and lance!—
 War! War! O Spaniards, on the sho
 Of Guadalquivir, see arise once more
 Thy Ferdinand the Third's impo
 brows!
 See great Gonzalo o'er Granada rear!
 Behold the Cid with sword in mad care
 And o'er the Pyrenees the form appea
 Of brave Bernardo, old Jimena's son!
 See how their stormy wraiths are inters
 How valor breathes from out their ho
 tombs
 Where "War" upon the mighty ec
 booms!
 And then! Canst thou with face seren
 Behold the fertile plains
 Where endless greed would glean
 Our heritage and gains,
 And to destruction cast? Awake,
 O hero-race, the moment is at hand
 When victory thou must take—
 Our glory owning thine more grand,—

Thy name a higher place than ours to
take!—

It was no little day they raised
Nor vain—the altar of our fathers grand;
Swear then to keep its praise;
Swear,—“Rather death than tyrants in the
land!”—

Yea, I do swear it, Venerable Shades,
And with the vow mine arm is stronger
grown.

Give me the lance, tie on my helm and
blades,

And to my vengeance bid me swift be gone!
Let him despairing bow his coward head
To dust and shame! Perchance the
mighty flood

Of devastation on its course shall spread
And bear me on? What matter? One
can shed

But once his mortal blood!

Shall I not go to meet

Our mighty ones upon the field of old?

“Hail, warrior forefathers!” there to greet
Their mighty “Hail.” Where hero-Spain
Amid the horror and the carnage cold
Lifts up her bleeding head again,

And turns anew from her unhappy reign,
A Victress, her reconquered lands to
sign

With golden sceptre and device divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ MARÍA BLANCO
(1775-1841)

NIGHT

MARÍA BLANCO was born of English s at Seville where he became Canon of athedral. Succumbing to religious , he resigned his ecclesiastical post tired to England where he joined nearly religious organization in search of of mind. Cardinal Newman bears ony to the excellence of his moral ter. He wrote both in Spanish and 1, but he lives in literature chiefly h his beautiful sonnet in English d *Night*. See Menéndez y Pelayo's *a de los heterodoxos en España*, III, ; and *The Life of Rev. J. B. White* n, 1845).

rious Night! when our first parent
knew

Thee, from report divine, and hear
 name,
 Did he not tremble for this l
 frame,—
 This glorious canopy of light and blu
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent d
 Bathed in the rays of the great se
 flame,
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven
 And lo! creation widened in man's vi

 Who could have thought such dar
 lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun! or who
 find,
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stoo
 vealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou m
 us blind!
 Why do we then shun death with an
 strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefor
 life?

—*Anonymous*

written in English by Blanco

ANDRÉS BELLO

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ANDRÉS BELLO
(1781-1865)

DIALOGUE

ANDRÉS BELLO, a Venezuelan poet and patriot was long considered the most important figure in South American letters. His *Obras completas* appeared at Santiago de Chile in 1881-1885; see also the work of M. L. Amunátegui (Santiago de Chile, 1882).

TIRCIS

How I should love thee, Cloris, but—

CLORIS

But why?—

TIRCIS

And wouldst thou have me tell thee?—

CLORIS

And why not?

TIRCIS

It might annoy thee.—

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

CLORIS

What, annoyed! Not I!—

TIRCIS

Then I shall tell thee—

CLORIS

Quick—reveal the plot!—

TIRCIS

Fain would I love thee, Cloris, but I knew—

CLORIS

What knewst thou, Tircis?—

TIRCIS

That on Sunday last

Thou didst vow to love another lad that
passed—

And never change—

CLORIS

My vows I will renew!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*THE AGRICULTURE OF THE TORRID
ZONE

Hail to thee, fertile zone,—

Where the enamored sun in daily round

Enfolds thee, where beneath thy kisses
shows

t each various climate grows,
 it forth from out thy ground!—
 ng thou bindst her garlands of the
 rs

est corn; thou giv'st the grape
 the sopping cask; no form nor
 aape

ple, red or yellow flower appears
 wn to thy soft bowers;

lors of thy thousand flowers
 nd's delight afford;

thy pasture sward
 untless flocks go grazing from the
 ain,

only boundary the horizon sets,
 he surging mountains, where
 ; the snows into the inaccessible air
 old their parapets.

givest, too, the beauty of the cane
 honey sweet is stored
 eaves the beehive in disdain;
 in thy coral urns bring'st forth the
 an

soon in chocolate in the cup is
 ured;
 blaze of scarlet are thy nopals seen

Such as the Tyrian sea-shell never knew;
Thy plant of indigo such hues afford
As ne'er from out the sapphire's heart
looked through.

Thine is the wine the piercéed agave stores
To glad Anáhuac's joyous sons; and thine
The fragrant leaf whose gentle steaming
pours

With solace when their hearts aweary pine.
Thy jasmines clothe the Arab brush,
Whose perfumes rare the savage rage
refine

And cool the Bacchic flush;
And for the children of thy land
The stately palm-tree's fronds are far
displayed

And the ambrosial pineapple's shade.
The yucca-tree holds forth its snowy
breads;

And ruddy glow the broad potato beds;
The cotton bush to greet the lightest airs
Its rose of gold and snowy fleece prepares.

.
Within thy hands the passiflower blooms
In branches of far-showing green;

nd thy sarmentum's twining fronds afford
lectarean globes and striped flowers'
perfumes.

'or thee the maize, the haughty lord
Of all thy ripened harvests, high is seen;
'or thee the rich banana's heavy tree
Displays its sweetest store— —
The proud banana, richest treasury
That Providence in bounteousness could
pour

With gracious hand on Ecuador!
It asks no human culture for its aid,
Ere its first fruits are displayed,
Nor with the pruning-knife nor plough it
shares

The honorable harvest that it bears.
Not even the slightest care it needs
Of pious hands about it shed,
And to its ripeness so it speeds
That hardly is it harvested,
Ere a new crop is ripened in its stead.

.

Oh, youngest of the nations, lift your brow
Crowned with new laurels in the marveling
West!

Give honor to the fields, the simple life
 endow,
 And hold the plains and modest farmer
 blest!

So that among you evermore shall reign
 Fair Liberty enshrined,
 Ambition modified, and Law composed,
 Thy people's paths immortal there to find
 Not fickle nor in vain!—

So emulous Time shall see disclosed
 New generations and new names of might,
 Blazing in highest light
 Beside your heroes old!

"These are my sons! Behold!"—
 (You shall declare amain)—

"Sons of the fathers who did climb
 The Andes' peaks in years ago,—
 Of those who great Boyaca's sands upon,—
 In Maipu and in Junín sublime,—
 On Apurima's glorious plain,
 Did triumph o'er the lion of old Spain!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA
(1787-1862)

ANACREONTIC

ISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA is principally known as a dramatist and statesman. Among the first to introduce romantic Spanish literature. An edition of his *tragedies* was published at Paris in 1847.

thunder burst,
pour out and drink the wine!
You never saw'st a thunderbolt
strike the tender vine.

Quivius himself
To Bacchus tribute pays,
He spares the vineyard flourishing
Where his lava sways.

Italy in vain
Hero sought or sage;

Mine eyes but dusty ruins found,
Mouldering with age.

Of Rome the image scarce
Remains to be portrayed;
A tomb is Herculaneum,
Pompeii is a shade.

But I found Falernum,
His nectar rich remained,
And in memory of Horace
A bottleful I drained.

—*James Kennedy.*

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA

(1791-1865)

THE LIGHTHOUSE ON MALTA

DE SAAVEDRA, Duke de Rivas, was a
 of Cordoba, whose work marks the
 h of romanticism in Spain. He spent
 ars in exile in France, England, and
 after his participation in the War of
 ndence. He returned to hold high
 of state in Spain and died at Madrid.
 principally known as a dramatist; his
 were published at Madrid in 1894-

night enswathes the mighty world;
 urricane and cloud confuse
 piling shadows measureless
 y, the sea, the land;
 ou, invisible, lift'st up thy head,
 ng thy faithful crown of light,
 ome old king of Chaos in the glow
 shines for peace and life.

In vain the sea hurls up its peaks
And shrinks to nought beneath thy feet
Seeking amid its seething foam
The refuge of the port.
Thou with thy tongue of flame declare
"Here, stand we!"—voiceless, to the pi
who
With pious eyes upon thee hails thy ligh
As his divinity.—
Or night is calm, against its royal robe
The gentle zephyr rustling on its gold a
stars
Whereon the moon rolls forth!
Then thou, in filmy vapor clothed,
Showest thy mighty beauty forth,
And lift'st thy diadem among the stars.
The sea lies tranquil, and the hiding ro
And treacherous shoals beneath th
shifting gleam
Call to the passing ships;
But thou, whose splendor overcomes
All else,—but thou upon thy stun
throne,—
Thou art the star to warn them of
snare.
Thus Reason's torch amid the raging flar

n or of Flattery's soft whine,
 e straight gaze of the soul!
 m the airy refuge of thy reign
 O rescue me from angry Fate,
 t thy peaceful hospitality
 troubled soul!
 l often with my cares I've come
 or sweet oblivion in thine arms,
 efore thee, lifting up mine eyes
 splendent brows!
 n, ah! from off the raging seas
 ed again to thee! With all in
 ice long
 use and sons,—
 the fugitives, the poor, the
 ged,
 : asylum here afar where thou
 lk with light of welcoming!
 the guiding star to nightly sails
 : me from afar the news of wrongs
 writ of tears;
 it mine eyes beheld thee shine
 my breast upheaved with hopes
 y omens!
 ium's inhospitable shores
 xoming tossed by sea and wind,

From out the shoals I first beheld
That signaling divine;
The mariners too beholding it on high
Forgetting all their cares and frigid
vows
Amid the stormy darkness, mur-
fond:
"Malta! Malta! We are there!"—
Thou wast the aureole that enshrines
A holy image that the pilgrim seeks
Afar for healing comfort!—
Never shall I forget thee, nevermore.
Thy splendor now would I alone
change,—
Thou unforgettable bright king of night
Beneficent pure flame—
For that fair light and those reflected
stars
That shine reflected in the morning
From off the gold Archangel on the crest
Of Cordoba's sweet tower!—

—Thomas Watson

UEL BRETÓN DE LOS
HERREROS
(1796-1873)

SATIRICAL *LETRILLA*

BRETÓN DE LOS HERREROS was a
author of the romantic period of the
stage. His *Poesías* appeared at
1883. See also *Bretón de los Her-*
the Marqués de Molins (Madrid,

Don Juan has a feast at home
otten as if at Rome;
ill for funerals me invite,
e with the annoyance quite;
it so!
with a thousand coy excuses
the song that set she chooses,
bout her that environ,
ike an owl, call her a siren;
it so!
d bees, without reposing,

Work their sweet combs, with skill composing;

Alas! for an idle drone they strive,
Who soon will come to destroy the hive;
Well, be it so!

Man to his like moves furious war,
As if he were too numerous far;
Alone the medical squadrons wait
The world itself to depopulate;
Well, be it so!

There are of usurers heaps in Spain,
Of catchpoles, hucksterers, heaps again,
And of vintners too, yet people still
Talk about robbers in the hill;
Well, be it so!

In vain may the poor, O Conde, try
Thy door, for the dog makes sole reply;
And yet to spend thou hast extollers,
Over a ball two thousand dollars;
Well, be it so!

Enough to-day, my pen, this preaching;
A better time we wait for teaching;
If vices in vain I try to brand,
And find I only write on sand,
Well, be it so!

—James Kennedy.





José María de Heredia

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA
(1803-1839)

ODE TO NIAGARA

MARÍA HEREDIA was born at Santiago de Chile whence he was exiled in 1823 for participation in political conspiracies. He went to the United States and, later, took up the practice of law in Mexico. He died in 1839. There was an edition of his poems published at New York in 1875. A later edition of his poems is that of E. J. Manis, 1893).

Give me my lyre! My bosom
of inspiration. Oh, how long
I have been left in darkness, since this
darkness covered my brow! Niagara!
Oh thy rushing waters dost restore
The only gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant!
 The terrors of thy voice, and cast as
 Those wide-involving shadows, th
 eyes

May see the fearful beauty of thy fa
 I am not all unworthy of thy sight,
 For from my very boyhood have I l
 Shunning the meaner track of co
 minds,

To look on Nature in her loftier mo
 At the fierce rushing of the hurrican
 At the near bursting of the thunderl
 I have been touched with joy; and wh
 sea

Lashed by the wind hath rocked my
 and showed

Its yawning caves beneath me, I have
 Its dangers and the wrath of element
 But never yet the madness of the sea
 Hath moved me as thy grandeur
 me now.

Thou slowest on in quiet, till thy wa
 Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy c
 then

Shoots onward like the irresistible co
 Of Destiny. Ah, terribly they rage

The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My
 brain
 Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
 Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
 Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
 Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumer-
 able
 Meet there and madden,—waves innumer-
 able
 Urge on and overtake the waves before,
 And disappear in thunder and in foam.
 They reach, they leap,—the abyss
 Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
 A thousand rainbows arch them, and the
 woods
 Are deafened with the roar. The violent
 shock
 Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
 A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and
 heaves
 The mighty pyramid of circling mist
 To heaven. The solitary hunter near
 Pauses with terror in the forest shades.
 What seeks thy restless eye? Why are
 not here,
 About the jaws of this abyss, the palms—

Ah, the delicious palms—that on the
plains

Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,
And in the breathings of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted
blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle and frail rose may
grow

In gardens, and give out their fragrance
there,

Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine
it is

To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to
rise

Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they
partake

Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy
name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;

herefore doth my spirit seek thy face
 th's majestic solitudes. Even here
 eart doth open all itself to thee.
 s immensity of loneliness
 thy hand upon me. To my ear
 ternal thunder of the cataract brings
 oice, and I am humbled as I hear.
 l torrent, that with wonder and with
 ear
 overwhelm the soul of him that looks
 thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
 ce hast thou thy beginning? Who
 applies,
 fter age, thy unexhausted springs?
 power hath ordered, that when all
 y weight
 nds into the deep, the swollen waves
 ot and roll to overwhelm the earth?
 ord has opened his omnipotent hand,
 ed thy face with clouds, and given
 oice
 / down-rushing waters; he hath girt
 errible forehead with his radiant bow.
 hy never-resting waters run
 bethink me how the tide of Time
 s by eternity. So pass, of man,—

Pass, like a noonday dream—the blossom-
ing days,
And he awakes to sorrow. I, alas!—
Feel that my youth is withered, and my
brow
Ploughed early with the lines of grief and
care.
Never have I so deeply felt as now
The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
How can the impassioned, the unfrozen
heart
Be happy without love? I would that one
Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
In love with me, now shared my lonely
walk
On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet
to see
Her sweet face touched with paleness, and
become
More beautiful from fear, and overspread
With a faint smile, while clinging to my
side.
Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for
me
There is no country and there is no love.

dread Niagara, my latest voice!
 few years, and the cold earth shall
 use
 he bones of him who sings thee now
 eelingly. Would that this, my hum-
 e verse,
 be, like thee, immortal! I, mean-
 hile,
 ully passing to the appointed rest,
 raise my radiant forehead in the
 uds
 en to the echoes of my fame.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HURRICANE

of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
 v thy breath in the burning sky!
 wait, with a thrill in every vein,
 e coming of the hurricane!
 o! on the wind of the heavy gales
 gh the boundless arch of the heaven
 e sails;
 and slow, and terribly strong,
 ighty shadow is borne along,
 he dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed
dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot a
phere,

Looks up at its gloomy folds with fea
They darken fast; and the golden bla
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid ha
And he sends through the shade a fu
ray—

A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of de
The clouds above and the earth bene
To its covert glides the silent bird
While the hurricane's distant voi
heard

Uplifted among the mountains round
And the forests hear and answer
sound.

He is come! He is come! Do ye not b
His ample robes on the wind unrolled
Giant of the air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the wh
gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are b
To clasp the zone of the firmament,

and fold at length in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible
space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air.
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-
cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that
start

From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that?—'Tis the rain that
breaks

In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground
And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah, well-known woods, and mountains, and
skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my
eyes.

Seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through
space,

A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heavens, and buries all
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

—*William Cullen Bryant*

FELIPE PARDO
(1806-1886)

OUR SOVEREIGN KING

Felipe Pardo was a Peruvian dramatist, all of whose work may be found in the *Poesias y escritos en prosa de Don Felipe Pardo* (Paris, 1869).

A bit of topsy-turvy artifice
Goes wandering like a monarch through
our streets,
A whiskey-soaked, be-daggered king that
meets
To riot for whatever cause there is;
A wayward autocrat, whose services
To earth seem but the deadly plagues he
heats;
A potentate of such ignoble feats
As nailed the Saviour to that cross of His.
A sultan whom no bond of law restrains,
From whose injustice there is no appeal;

A king anoint with Satan's sulphur stains,
A red and white and black-faced Czar,
whose heel

America, our continent, profanes,—
And called "The Sovereign People"—
for his pains.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

IV EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH
(1806-1880)

TO CALDERÓN

Eugenio Hartzenbusch was a romantic
ist known principally as the author of
Antes de Teruel. His *Poesías* may be
in the *Colección de escritores castellanos*,
(Madrid, 1887).

who, in accent of disdain profound,
ling man in all his littleness,
ed: "Life is a shade, a dream, no
ss
l the fantasy in living found!"
shone thy luminous star o'er Spanish
ound,
refulgent of our Stage, confess,
y doubt of genius e'er oppress
ind of its own inspiration's bound?
Tiber unto Manzanares, lo,
Rhine to Andes, universal shrines

And homage to your masterpieces, show
Thy name to such eternity has grown,
That it should teach thee to amend
lines:

"All is a dream, *except my fame alone*

—*Thomas Wal*



José de Espronceda

JOSE DE ESPRONCEDA

(1808-1842)

THE BEGGAR

ESPRONCEDA was born at Pajares
ga, and educated at Madrid, whence,
engaged in political conspiracies, he
ged to flee, going to Lisbon and thence

He returned in 1833 as a journal-
playwright and represented Almería
Cortes. He died at Madrid. Many
sidered him the leading Spanish poet
nineteenth century, but it seems as
he current of criticism had set against
ater years. In his revolutionary and
otestations he bore certain resem-
o Lord Byron, but it is not altogether
ll him an imitator of the British poet.
s poéticas appeared at Madrid in 1884.

Espronceda, su tiempo, su vida y sus
E. Rodríguez Solís (Madrid, 1883).

*Id is mine; I am free as air;
hers work that I may eat;*

*All shall melt at my piteous prayer:—
“An alms, for God’s sake, I entreat.”*

The cabin, the palace,
Are my resort;
If the threat of the thunder
Shall break from the mountain,
Or the torrent’s quick fountain
Shall drive me under,
Within their shelter
The shepherds make place,
Lovingly asking me
Food to grace;
Or by the rich hearthstone
I take my ease
Fanned by the odors
Of burning trees;
With the luscious banquet
And cushioned store,
Upon the couch
Of some proud *señor*.

And I say to myself:—
“Let the breezes blow
And the tempest rage

DE ESPRONCEDA	423
<p>ld without: anches crack high winds go, er with nothing to trouble about. <i>is mine; I am free as air! "</i></p> <p>patrons, I ask s I daily pray; ant and noble ay, e their favors ; and small. e them be, o task them ks for fee. sire e alms, eir duty palms. th is sinful ; see; r state erty, a miser</p>	
D MONOGRAPHS	IV

Who would deny
An alms, and a beggar
Blest am I.

For I am poor and they grieve to note
How I groan beneath my pain;
They never see that their wealth is a mine
Where I my treasures gain.
The world is mine; I am free as air!

A rebel and a discontent
Amid my rags am I;
To satirise their ease I'm sent
And with a sour-set eye
I boldly stare at the potentate
Who dares to pass me in his state.

The lovely maid
Of a thousand scents
In her joy arrayed
With her love-locks blent—
'Tis she I follow
Till she turns around,
And my evil smells
Her sense astound.
At the feasts and spreads
My voice is heard

they bow their heads
 y merest word.
 ' joy and revel
 ne to stay,
 e sight of my rags
 my voice's brags
 ' music dies away.
 ing how near
 l pain and joy;
 y without tear
 ain *sans* glad alloy.
world is mine; I am free as air!

ne no morrow
 yesterdai;
 get the sorrow
 the welladay.
 e's nought to trouble
 eary me here,—
 . palace tomorrow
 hospital's cheer.
 : a stranger
 oughs of care;
 thers seek glory
 ches rare!
 ne concern

Is to pass today;
 Let the laws prevail
 Where the monarchs sway!
 For I am a beggar
 And a poor man proud;
 'Tis through fear of me
 There are alms allowed.

A soft asylum
 Where'er it be,
 And a hospital bed
 Will be ready for me;
 And a cosy ditch
 Where my bones shall lie
 Will cover me over
 When I die.

*The world is mine; I am free as air;
 Let others work that I may eat!
 All hearts must melt at my piteous prayer:—
 "An alms, for God's sake, I entreat!"*
 —Thomas Walsh.

CANCIÓN OF THE PIRATE

The breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
 Ten guns on each side mounted seen,

s not cut the sea, but fly,
 iftly sailing brigantine;
 e bark, the "Dreaded" named,
 surpassing boldness famed,
 ry sea well-known and shore,
 ide to side their boundaries o'er.
 on in streaks the waves illumines
 se groans the wind the rigging
 hrough;
 le motion raised assumes
 sea a silvery shade with blue;
 singing gaily on the poop
 ate Captain, in a group,
 rope here, there Asia lies,
 amboul in the front arise.

n, my swift one! nothing fear;
 calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force,
 ake thee yield in thy career
 urn thee from thy course.
 the English cruisers fleet
 ave full twenty prizes made;
 their flags beneath my feet
 ndred nations laid.
asure is my gallant bark,
nly God is liberty;

*My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.*

"There blindly kings fierce wars maintain,

For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain
Whate'er the seas infold.

Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,
And made to feel my right.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;*

*My law is might, the wind my mark,)
My country is the sea.*

"Look when a ship our signals ring,
Full sail to fly how quick she's veered
For of the sea I am the king,

My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
Whate'er the wealth we take supplied
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.

Weak translation:

"Mi ley la fuerza y el viento"

*sure is my gallant bark,
nly God is liberty;
is might, the wind my mark,
ountry is the sea.*

condemned to die !—I laugh;
if my fates are kindly sped,
omer from his own ship's staff
aps I'll hang instead.
I fall, why what is life?
ost I gave it then as due,
rom slavery's yoke in strife
ver! I withdrew.

*sure is my gallant bark;
nly God is liberty;
is might, the wind my mark,
ountry is the sea.*

usic is the Northwind's roar;
noise when round the cable runs,
llowings of the Black Sea's shore,
rolling of my guns.
the thunders loudly sound,
furious the tempests rave,
y rest in sleep profound,
cked upon the wave.

*My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea."*
—James Kenne

	431
<p>CEPCIÓN</p> <p>OD</p> <p>LDÉZ (<i>Plácido</i>) and a mulatto ; reared in the his name. He erty, and with ged to obtain, career until he . a negro con- e recited the his execution. at Palma de</p> <p>Lord supreme! I fly. alumni, fame redeem!</p>	
A P H S	IV

Thou King of Kings, my fathers' God
mine,

Thou only art my sure and strong de
The polar snows, the tropic fires inte
The shaded sea, the air, the lig
thine;

The life of leaves, the water's cha
tide,

All things are thine, and by thy will

Thou art all power; all life from the
forth,

And fails or flows obedient to thy br
Without thee all is nought; in endless
All nature sinks forlorn and nothing
Yet even the Void obeys thee; and
nought

By thy dread word the living ma
wrought.

Merciful God! How should I thee de
Let thy eternal wisdom search my so
Bowed down to earth by falsehood'
control,

Her stainless wings not now the ai
cleave.

th thine hosts of truth and set her
 !
 u, O Lord, the oppressor's victory!

it, Lord, by that most free out-
 ring
 e own precious blood for every
 her
 ost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
 : grief, so loving, so adoring,
 thed in sorrow followed thee afar,
 : thy death like a declining star.

his lot thy love ordains to me,
 to foes most cruel and unjust,
 id leave my poor and senseless dust
 f and sport of their weak enmity;
 ou, and then thy purposes fulfill;
 my life, work thou thy perfect will.

—*Anonymous.*

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE
AVELLANEDA

(1814-1873)

TO HIM

GERTRUDIS GÓMEZ DE AVELLANEDA was born at Camagüey, Cuba. Early in life she returned to Spain, where in 1841 she published her first poems. She was twice married, dying in Madrid. She holds a high place among the novelists and dramatists of modern Spain. Her early influences were of the French school, but in her later work she reveals more Spanish influences. Her *Obras literarias* appeared at Madrid in 1869.

No bonds withhold,—for all that held
 is broken;

So heaven ordained,—and blessed I
 name!

The bitter chalice I have drained in to
And now is peace with nothing more
claim.

oved thee—but no more—not even in
fancy;
Never, if I have erred, the truth be said;
For all the dreary years in necromancy
I throw forgetfulness,—my heart is fed.

Thou hast made riot there with breast
unsparing,
I truck down my pride beneath thy blows
insane,
; never turned my lips reproaches bear-
ing
To bring a charge against thy tyrant
reign.

weighty faults, a scourge in venging
hour
Thou fill'dst thy mission here—Ah, knowst
it not?—
; thine was all the irresistible power
Which left my forces conquered and
forgot.

As God I sought,—unto His name be
glory!—
For all is over; I regain my breath.

Angel of Vengeance! Man, it was
 story;
 I see and fear thee not, nor see
 death!

Thy sceptre fallen and thy sword
 rusted,

Alas!—is this the liberty I gain?—
 I made a world of thee, in thee I trust
 Now life around me is an empty page
 Be happy thou! If thou should
 discover

This poor adieu that I address to thee
 Know that the breast wherein thou
 wert lover

Holds pardon for thee and sweet c

—*Thomas W.*



From a print in the Hispanic Society of America

José Zorilla

JOSÉ ZORILLA

(1817-1893)

THE SPRINGLET

ZORILLA was born at Valladolid. Early he achieved reputation as a poet of lyrical gifts. He emigrated to Mexico, returned after the execution of Maximilian, was granted a small pension, and died in comparative poverty at Madrid. He is one of the most popular dramatists of the Spanish stage. His *Obras dramáticas y líricas* appeared at Madrid in 1895. An edition of his *Poesías escogidas* was published by the Academia de la Lengua (Madrid, 1904).

Fast on, the springlet flows,
 Licking up its dark brown bed;
 More and more its crystal grows
 As its course is sped.
 It stirs the grasses, moistens the sand,
 Plays a thousand tricks a day;

Wave on wave its face is fanned
 With laughter light and gay.
 Couch of down it lends the vale;
 Cool its fan the birch-trees find
 Reeds its quiet pathway trail
 To rest and shade resigned.
 Bursts it on the open sky!
 What was all its running for,
 If beneath the cliff it die
 Engulfed forevermore?

—*Thomas Wal*

THE BULL AND THE PICADOR

Pawing the earth, and snorting in
 rage
 The Bull is tossing up the torrid sa
 The while the horseman's eye s
 and bland
 Seeks out a point for his red lance to g
 Steadied to take the charge, the fig
 wage,
 The picador holds his impatient sta
 His face, for all its blackness, v
 fanned
 To anger as the bull obstructs the sta

s; the Spaniard jeers at him;
s his hornéd front; he tears the
l,
eat breaths and straining every
;
nter urges him to prove his
h;
charges, fails, and bellows grim,
lder bleeding, the great crowd in
h!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TOLEDO

ie jousts and tourneys,
ie Moorish songs,
ark battlements with throngs
Moslem blades;
out their lattices,
ces and glades,
no fair sultana
the old *pavana*
's garden shades.

ie golden chambers
ces of kings;

Nor hidden halls of pleasurings
Of Orient devise;
Nor are there dark-eyed women
On the velvet couches lain,
Where the Faithful may obtain
Their hint of Paradise.

No more the eastern songbirds
In their cages made of gold
Fill the air as once of old
With the color of their songs;
While within his bath reclining,
Half-asleep, with odors shining,
Dreams of love their lord enfold.

No more an age of pleasure
Like the Moorish days gone by;
Age no rival can supply,
Two alike could hardly be;
But beneath the Gothic spire
Of the Christian temple hangs
A great bell whose mighty clangs
Speak of God in verity.

There's today a temple standing
On its hundred Gothic piles;

Crosses, altars in its aisles,
And a creed of holiness;
There's a people bending low,
Lifting unto God its prayer
In the light that's burning there
For the faith their hearts confess!

There's a God the winds have heard
Mid the foldings of the blast;
The earth trembles at His word,
And the future mocks the past.
The mere cipher of His name
On the sinful hearts of men,
Was adored of old the same
Through the Arab darkness then.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR
(1817-1891)

TWO MIRRORS

RAMÓN DE CAMPOAMOR was born at . . .
He prepared to join the clergy, but c
his mind, becoming a physician and
devoting himself exclusively to poet
politics. He died at Madrid, wh
Obras completas were published in 19

Into my mirror's glass I gaze
At forty years of age,
And find myself so worn with day
I break the glass in rage.

And then I turn my gaze and pee
Across my mirrored soul;
And see within my conscience clea
My woes beyond control.

The loss of faith, of love, of youth
I see my mortal curse!—



*From the painting by Sala in the Hispanic Society of
America*

Ramón de Campoamor

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

ny mirror—evil truth;
ny conscience—worse!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

I COULD ONLY WRITE

I

ñor Cura, write a line for me—
v for whom; and so you needn't
ll.

w, because of that dark night when
,
encountered you together.—Well!

s but—I did not find it strange;
the night,—a chance for everyone.
e the pen and paper. Thanks.
rrange

lf while I begin—"My dear
amón"—

?—You have it down in black and
hite?—

ot if you object!—Yes, yes, I
ow!—

sad I am"—Does that not put it
ght?—

It does. *"How sad I am without
now!"*

*"There is an anguish gnawing in
heart"—*

How do you know the sorrow th
feel?—

To an old man a maiden's secrets part
And show as though a crystal did re

*"What is this world without you?—Va
tears!"*

And at your side?—An earthly Paradi

Be sure the writing there so clear appe

'Twill reach, good señor Cura, to
eyes!

*"The kiss I gave you when you
away"—*

But come, who then has told you all
know?—

When one arrives, or leaves or make
stay,

Together—no offence—'tis always s

*"And if your love delays you from my s
You do not know the sorrow it will cos*

—no more?—No, Señor Cura,
write,
pain my very life will soon be lost!

e—and know you not you mock at
heaven?—

yes, alas, Señor,—this life of mine!—
not write it.—Man be unforgiven,—
ould only write, myself and sign!—

2

Cura, Señor Cura,—vainly
all your efforts to oblige me prove,
in writing you will not state plainly
what I feel and all the power of love!

God's sake, write him that my very
spirit
hardly in my mortal body keep,
every day new sorrows I inherit,
I can nothing do but sigh and
weep!—

My poor lips, whereon his breath
around roses
hardly can hardly open more;

That they forget to smile, so pain oppo
The joy my heart was cherishin
yore;

That my poor eyes, that once he four
tender,
Are clouded over with such weigh
pain,

That as they find no other eyes to rend
Their loving glance they always
again;

That of the many griefs with whi
languish,
His absence is the very worst of all
That in my ears there sounds the ceas
anguish
Of echoes that his voice in vain rec

And such my state because of him,
blighting
My soul is falling into grief's declin
My God!—the things my pen woul
inditing,
If I could only write, myself,
sign!

EPILOGUE

's fine!—Leave it to love!—Now the
addressing,
'o *Don Ramón*”—Ah, me, how such a
call
s me the uselessness of my professing
know my Greek, and Latin, after all!
—*Thomas Walsh.*

TRADITIONS

ked a cross upon a lonely spot
e day when in the country I took air;
ser told me—“A base robber shot
d killed a soldier there.”

æ tradition!—once again I passed
e site upon that lonely plain;
her stranger told me, as the last—
robber here was by a soldier slain.”
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ EUSEBIO CARO
(1817-1853)

ON THE LIPS OF THE LAST OF
INCAS

José Eusebio Caro was a native of the Republic of New Granada, now Colombia, who, together with a fellow-poet José Joaquín Ortiz, founded the first literary journal of the country *La Estrella Nacional* in 1836. He was a man of lofty political ideals and a man of advanced thought and practice.

Today arriving on Pichincha's slope,
The deadly cannon of the whites I flee
Like the sun a wanderer, like the
 aflame,
Like the sun free.

O Sun, my Father, hearken! Mar
 throne
Lies in the dust; Thy altar's sanctity

d; exalting thee alone I pray,
ut free.

my Father, hearken! A slave
ore
ions of the world I'll not agree
the mark. To slay myself I come,
hough free.

Thou wilt perceive me, when afar
st begin to sink into the sea,
Thy hymns on the volcano's top,
and free.

ow though, alas! when once again
own throughout the east will shining

en splendor on my tomb will fall,
ib though free.

ny tomb the condor will descend
eaven, the condor, bird of liberty,
ilding there its nest, will hatch its
ing,
vn and free

—*Alfred Coester.*

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGA

(1818-1848)

CANCIÓN OF SPRING

PABLO PIFERRER Y FÁBREGAS was born [unclear] died at Barcelona. He devoted a large [unclear] of his life to the cultivation of musical [unclear] appreciation among the Catalonians. He [unclear] lished a volume of *Poesías*.

Here the springtime comes again,—
 Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
 Spreading o'er the hill and plain
 Her green mantle—Hope is found!
 There is sighing of the breeze,—
 Wake the bagpipe—dance around—
 And the cloud that swiftly flees
 Shows the blue vault—Hope is found
 From its blossom laughs the flower,—
 Wake the bagpipe—dance around—

murmur of its power
 he streamlet—Hope is found!
 't trill is on the air,—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 he swallow, there
 es winging—Hope is found!
 t, little sweetheart mine,—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 ealing through the vine,
 r promise—Hope is found!
 ver all the land—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 ath our hearts expand,
 t rises—Hope is found!
 rld is budding green,—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 udding leaves between,
 re growing—Hope is found!
 odor, color grow—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 as of love to show
 stirring—Hope is found!
 ightsome spring will die,—
 he bagpipe—dance around—
 r the meadows nigh
 her mantle—Hope is found!

Dear old days of innocence—
Hush the bagpipe—dance no more—
Lost, they never re-commence,—
Lost are mine—and Hope is o'er!—
—*Roderick G*

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE

(1821-1886)

A VIRGIN'S SMILE

RAFAEL MARÍA DE MENDIVE, a native of Cuba, published in 1847 a volume entitled *Pasión* which secured him a lasting hold upon the imagination at home and abroad. He traveled extensively, returned to Cuba, and founded a paper called *Revista de Habana* which did important service to letters. He was exiled from the island in 1868, taking refuge in New York, where he remained until the general amnesty granted him to return. He was greatly admired by the poet Longfellow.

Softer than the early breeze,
 Sweeter than the faint perfume of flowers,
 O my friend! through thine angel hours
 I pass the thoughts of love;
 Softer than the tender thought
 Of the morning's gentle face,

On thy lips of maiden grace
Plays thy virgin smile.

Like a bird's thy rapture is,
Angel eyes thine eyes enlighten,
On thy gracious forehead brighten
Flashes from above;
Flower-like thy breathings are,
Free thy dreams from sinful strife,
And the sunlight of thy life
Is thy virgin smile.

Loose thou never, gentle child,
Thy spring garland from thy brow.
Through life's flowery fields, as now
Wander careless still
Sweetly sing and gaily run,
Drinking in the morning air,
Free and happy everywhere,
With thy virgin smile!

Love and pleasure are but pains,
Bitter grief and miseries,
Withered leaves, which every breeze
Tosses at its will;
Live thou purely with thy joy,

With thy wonder and thy peace,
blessing life till life shall cease,
With thy virgin smile.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE BROOK

gh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and
tree!
omp of the meadow! Mirror of the
morn!
he soul of April, unto whom are born
: rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
ough where'er thy devious current
strays
he lap of earth with gold and silver
teems,
o me thy clear proceeding brighter
seems
in golden sands, that charm each
shepherd's gaze.
v without guile thy bosom, all trans-
parent
s the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
pebbles count!

How, without malice murmuring,
thy current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone b
Thou shun'st the haunts of r
dwell in limpid fount!

—*H. W. Longf*

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

(1823-1889)

CANTABRIA

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA, a poet of the Basque
s, won popularity through his pic-
the life of his own people and his
s. His *Libro de los cantares* appeared
d in 1852.

at groves from hardy days,
eping rivers, fountains clear,
s from high mountain ways,
le valleys green and dear;
s white and turrets black,
; that ever heave and tumble,
and joy in every track,
y dew on foreheads humble,—
; what inspires my song,
; is my Cantabria fair!—
lose me, seek me long
ixt Higer and Finisterre.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NIGHTFALL

The moon is soft arising
Behind its lattice far,
Serene the air surprising
As where holy spirits are.
Calm is the sea untroubled,
And calm the azure skies.
Lord,—when at peace of evening
Our soul to seek Thee flies
To tell to Thee our sorrows,—
Oh, what despairing morrows,
If nought to us replies!—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO

(1824-1882)

THE EMPTY CRADLE

JOSÉ SELGAS Y CARRASCO was a native of
 orca who was prominent in Madrid as a
 urnalist and editor. He enjoyed a great
 utation during his lifetime. His *Obras*
 re published at Madrid in 1882-1894.

The angels bending
 To kiss her brow,
 Sang unending—
 "Come with us now."

The child replying,
 The angels drew
 To her cradle lying:—
 "I'll go with you."

The angel faces
 'Mid wings of gold,

Took her embraces
Within their hold.

And with the breaking
Of pallid day,
The crib forsaking,
They flew away.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA

(1827-1887)

SPAIN AND AMERICA

RICARDO CARRASQUILLA was born of an Andalusian family at Quibdó, Chocó, Colombia. He in life made his home at Bogotá, where he was closely identified with the development of Colombian culture.

Her race, her language, laws and creed
 Spain on America bestowed;
 And soon the younger country showed
 she was of a ripened breed.

Liberty her one desire,
 And soon the battle volleys roared,
 When great Bolívar drew the sword
 rose triumphant o'er the fire.

wherefore, valiant from the start,
 When Spain beheld her power decay?—

Because herself hath taught the way
Of conquest to the victor's heart.

She gave her speech, she gave her blood,
And all her old traditions gave;
In her we glory with the brave;
In her our needs are understood.

—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL DEL PALACIO

(1832-1906)

SECRET LOVE

MANUEL DEL PALACIO was born at Lérida in Spain and received his education at Granada. He became a very prominent figure in the literary world of Madrid where he published many poems in verse and prose.

My confession of my changeless love
 Behind the close-drawn lattice in the night
 Must hear:
 Noon, befriending hearts bereft of cheer,
 I tell my longing as she gleams above:
 She is cooed to me by that wild dove
 Whose haunts I visit when the eve is near:
 I turn my madrigals glad-voiced and clear
 To their ecstasy the hill and grove.

To you alone my secret reaches never,
Howe'er my heartbeat strives to tell
tale

Unbidden, ardent in a dear endeavor.
Perchance for all time shall its mes-
fail,

As falls unheard where Ocean throbs for
The rill's faint call that tinkles down
vale.

—*Joseph I. C. Clark*

RICARDO PALMA
(1833-1920)

SUN AND DUST

DO PALMA is a native of Peru, who, expelled from his country, produced in 1853 is a volume of poems entitled *Armonías de un desterrado*. It was peculiarly successful on account of the number of *can-* *des* which anticipated the author's best among the traditions and history of

This may be found in his *Papeletas rítmicas*. His remarkable wit does not minimize the historical value of the material which he deals.

Swift whirlwind rises to the sky
Heavy cloud of dust, confused and dun;
Bears with its wings the glowing disc
Of far-shining sun.

Laughs with mockery,—“Go upon your
course!”

I have made dim your beams of topaz
bright,
King of the sphere, I have brought low
your pride,
I have obscured your light!

The sun makes answer: "Soon the wind
will fall
You will become base mire, despised and
dumb,
While I light up the heavens and the
earth,—
Today,—and days to come!"
So stupid envy, insolent and false,
The laurel crown of genius fain would
blight.
It is foul dust: intelligence, the sun—
Immortal is its light.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RAFAEL POMBO

(1833-1912)

OUR MADONNA AT HOME

POMBO, son of a family of mixed Spanish blood, was born at Bogotá, a. He took part in the political disturbances of 1854 and later came on diplomatic service to the United States. Here his fame as a poet of romantic love came to its height. He returned to Bogotá where he spent his final years in honor. *Our Madonna* was written originally in English and is much admired by William Cullen Bryant.

Thou portray that face whose
 Holy spell
 Sheds its peace o'er all the loved at
 Home?
 Mine so long in other lands to roam
 Thy smile only I remember well.

Hers at whose shrine, when sickness or
fell

In childhood, suppliant thou
kneel, my mother,

And I saw both smile, weep, emb
each other,

And which the sweeter was I could
tell.

When memory now in manhood w
recall

Her features who with thee doth s
my heart,

Her half-forgotten face seems lik
thine;

And both are still to me the source of

That's best in me of poesy and art,—

Nor either mother could my
resign.

AT NIAGARA

Again I see thee!—once again I know

Mine oldtime witchery as in years gone

Titan of grace, white, fascinating, vast

Sultan of torrents, calm in matchless po

nally the same, Niagara!
nal in thine ecstasy, awake
y tremendous sway,—unwearying
of thyself, as man untired
azing upon thee.—How couldst thou
tire?

ty, alive forever, acts and lives
rity and cannot fail!—O thou,
perfect daughter without human
touch

is high Fiat, that perpetuates
laws inviolable in their course,—
l sister of the skies, the light, the air!—
t unexpelled of Eden that we lost,
beauty is creation's constant work,
scending even its high Creator's
breath.

, something tells us, here is God!
ar of rapture, and of balm that sprang
mes of old; today beholding thee
e wake within our breast the seeds
divine;

ardent soul to Nature's wonder
swells;
warming love of family grips the heart
nal and indissoluble; thus

As to the sea the drop released
 earth,—
 Thus for the mother's breast the
 inclines,—
 Dumb in our intimate delight we turn
 To this communion with eternity.
 Can God grow weary?—Ah, in things
 cloy
 There is a deadly, fatal principle,
 Inertia, the germ of death at war
 With God, the gangrene of a soul apart
 From His restoring floods—But when
 mind,
 Descendst thou?—O Niagara, recall,
 And in thy image let me see, the boas
 Of souls victorious, behold sublime
 The hero in his martyrdom, and gaze
 Upon the genius calm amid his power.
 Delight me, soothe me, O museum vast
 Of cataracts, O foundry of the clouds!
 O sea, without a depth despite thy wave
 White colonnade some great Alcides re
 From out Olympus, here between the two
 Mediterranean oceans of the world!
 Live on, eccentric giant, to delight
 In solitary, immemorial mood

madness of the gods! Unchained fling
forth

the ocean floods along the sloping gorge,
lost in rapture, drunken with the joys
mine own strength, mind not that man
has marked

Titan play among the solitudes,—
more than where the ant lifts up its
head

join itself with thee—What difference?
earth cannot contain thee, in a burst
surgest on unto thine ocean couch!

in the globe's confines ultimate, men
come

visit thee, to raise themselves on high
in contemplation of thy matchless
charms.

thousand tongues along thy banks
acclaim

thee the grandeur of their God, the boast
nature's purest triumph over all.

India came and paid his tribute here,
giving Niagara in his soul, in dread
of himself than thee, for all thy
floods!

The Anglo-Saxon cyclops quick to pro
 Unto the world that he is lord of thee
 Spans thy great gorges with his airy br
 Embracing thee as with an iron hand,
 In sign that man (the insect of the ho
 The dizzying hour!) proclaims his
 abroad!

'Tis heaven herself laid down beneath
 feet

These angel pillows colored for the sph
 And for one bridge, hers are a thou
 round,-

To art of man opposing that of heaven
 Hangs tremulous here, as though the
 of peace

Amid the heavy breathings about dea
 Her tranquil bow amidst the wild aby

Sufficing glory is thy ceaseless spring
 Of beauties, thou art shrine perpetual
 Of man's deep wonder. What can
 thee,

Save but to add my little name to thir
 I am the trifling shadow at the gates,
 A day to hover silent, a light breath
 In silence moving through thine icy m

the surge volcanic of thy breast
 earth, thy trembling cradle, hears the
 wind

in through its stony hollows in reply,—
 know not, for my heart is hushed, nor
 tirs

in my soul the ardent flame of song.
 What is this to thee, who, changelessly
 dost thy majesty and pomp,—while I
 years of exile stand and weariness
 all? Today I gaze on thee with eyes
 blindness, Amphitheatre divine!—

in 'mid thy gusts and mists eternal
 trifles

whirlpools rage. In me there
 tirs

combat; nay, thy presence, rather than
 soft beauty wakes my wonderment,
 thy prostration,—yea, and chills my
 soul!

milky lake asleep beneath my feet,
 curdling waves of emerald that cloak
 a mantle's fold thy rocky bed
 the floods are gasping—all unknowing
 there

destinies are urging; the dread pool

And maelstrom that awaits them where in
power

As of an angry sea they writhe and lift
Their heads, like some lethargic boa, rolled
In his majestic, noiseless coils and poised
Magnetic for his dart; and so it is
With me; such is the mortuary sea
Of my existence, where the hidden plan
Sweeps in the whirlpool, gulping, drowning
me.

Whence, O Heredia, thy dread? I look
And find it not. Not so unhappy thou
Hadst thou known real fear. Thy hopes
Grew pale and trembled here unto their
death.

Here over all rules desperation; here
She lifts her craggy altars; from these deeps
And Tartarous regions soars the mighty call
Of demon voices to infernal bliss!
No, Nature never overwhelms the soul
With dread; her very worst is but a boon.
Her very tomb is but a couch of rest.
She is a child, forever innocent
And candorous; a gentle nurse whom
heaven

ness gave to man.—

To man, the asp,
 aster (O Heredia, how well
 ewst!) whose contact is affright to

that poisons soul and body both;
 ernal of our brothers' lives,
 as of our own; disturber born
 ' Paradise that Nature yields,
 y scene with ordered peace that
 igs

d the memory of heaven,
 ted destiny! Mankind, the link
 the angel and the fiend, the foe
 no would ascend the heavenly stair
 the high model of Divinity!—
 bortion!—Here is Nature, here!
 the sight of this vast, thunderous
 am,—

endid comet of the waterways—
 not seek its arms, like that light

mbles o'er its radiant gates,—nor
 d
 ights nor feelings!—

Thou art so supreme,

Niagara, so irresistible
 Thy witchery and majesty combined,
 That hapless man, amid his little day,
 Can but adore thee; God grant happy death
 To him who vainly turns to thee to ease
 His overpowering woes!—

O mother mine,
 Sweet martyr soul, thy pardon! 'Tis
 today
 At home, that once was happy, we make
 feast
 In honor of thy name. I now implore
 On high thy pardon. 'Tis no fault
 thine

That I should owe to thee my hapless life
 Today once more canst save me; once again
 Through thy unfailing tenderness, thy sacrifice
 Revived anew, makes offering anew
 Of freshened vigor—

Here, through custom old,
 Come first the wedded from their nuptial
 shrine;
 Here is their second nave and altar-place
 Of love; here are their seats beyond this
 world
 Within the Love-God's arms of clemency.

y He bless them, casting on the surge
 are white jasmine blossom of their
 reaths!—

rest! chaste visioning! Unto the
 und

a thy parent rocks thee, rest!
 il shall be thy lullaby, O rest!

across thy garlands come the voice
 great requiem he chants for thee.

y soul take my blessing upon thee,—

t as benediction in thy heart;

l because thou lov'st; more blesséd
 ll

thou no more art woman, when thou
 e'st,

sappear'st and fallest to repose---

oul grows weary o'er thy silent
 ave!—

ccomplished—all with perfectness,

l decrees; today the absent turns

y again to thee; again as one

nd together,—thou within thy tomb,

ad, they say!—And I perchance,

ore dead

thou—surviving mine own heart!—

ace! Peace!

Let not my woes disturb thee in thy rest
 Yet easier would it be, Niagara,
 To speak across the tumult of thy falls

Thy waters seem like the beginning of
 That leaps from out the hand of
 Divine,

Inaugurating its eternal course
 Throughout the ether deeps! Thou
 like heaven

That bends upon the earth amid thy clouds
 Half-veiling here the majesty of God.

Forever new and brilliant in thy sweep
 Forever fertile, and magnificent,
 The vital spring of mother Nature's
 breasts

Shining with healthful savors,—thou dost
 show

Thy grandeur in thy fall, and raisest high
 From thine abyss the hymn of praise
 life.

But oh! to me life is a sarcasm now;
 My world has finished, and my soul
 dead;

In my desire to sing speaks but the rim
 Of hate, or *De profundis* as of death.

lighten weary days,
 gara, my steps I hither press;
 n indifferent shoulders to thy ways,
 ows immersed amid thine icy sprays,
 dering back to thee—forgetfulness.

—Thomas Walsh.

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

(1834-1903)

THE DELUGE

GASPAR NÚÑEZ DE ARCE was born at Valladolid. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he served in the Liberal cabinets. Retiring through ill health some years before his death, he devoted himself to poetic and dramatic literature, obtaining great success in Spain and Spanish America. His *Gritos del combate* appeared in 1875; *Un idilio* in 1879. There has been no complete collection published of his works.

MISERERE

It is midnight; the great dwelling
Reared at Philip Second's will
The world's wonderment to fill—
All his mighty story telling,
Lies in haughty shadows, spelling



Gaspar Esteban Núñez de Arce



istory painfully
nished majesty,
ce some giant writhing
ie mountain, the last tithing
ruined glories see.

Guadarramas waking
winds have left their caves.
on the architraves
rine and ceaseless breaking.
ars above are shaking
d and sullen flame,
mes in sorrow's name
e echo-starting bell
ibrious would tell
convent prays the same.
e church morose and sombre
in its vast repose,
silence close
b the ages cumber;
resset lamps in umber
ertain gleam afar
figures now that are
ancing, half retreating,
like the ghocst-forms meeting
l's or old man's slumber.
rom the royal fosses

Stirs a rumor strange and clear,
And an awesome form of fear
Lifts above the dust and crosses.
Charles the Fifth, the Cæsar, tosses
Back the clamping funeral stone,
And with face all fleshless grown,
Rises horrid from the mosses.
Striking hard his bony forehead,
As from lethargy so deep
He would shake his mind from sleep
And disperse his nightmare horrid.
And he stared upon the florid
Burial place so still and lone
Where there towered his funeral stone.
Forth he from the tomb advanced
And took his stand and never glanced
Where his ragged shroud was shown.
"Hark ye!—" cried his warlike voice
In the tone the whole world knew
When the ancient ages threw
At his feet its trembling choice;—
"Throw back your sepulchre's dark wa
Ye glories of Imperial days,
Ye heroes of immortal rays,
Ye flames of old-time glory,
And from your places mortuary,

forth—'tis Cæsar's voice that
calls!"—

answering the haughty word
very depths with rumor stirred,
from their marbles surged.
res half unpurged;
the graves opened wide;
in a line dead kings began
e before him, each one wan
soiled with years, though every man
wore his crown of pride.
e, solemn, and remote
e Philip Second, from his wars
ged, yet unbeaten, by his scars;
on beside him grim did float;
then the King, the all devout,
umbleness beyond a doubt,
saw great Spain, the victim, torn
some great-granite mountain, scorn
rthquakes, blotted out.
came the monarch of the blight,
e reign did shame employ
ar grandeur to destroy,
shaking still with fever's might—
he dread conspiracy
the eye might still remark

'Twixt that monarch of the dark
And his wasted monarchy!—
With a terrible confusion
Silently they herd along,
Kings now dead who once were strong!—
Teeming with the grave's profusion.
And the vanished embers start
Gleaming in those brows' dead part,
Throwing uncertain lights upon
Eyepits where the eyes are gone,
And empty skulls that grieve the heart.
And following their monarchs after,
In answer to the mighty call
As though the very hours fall
On Judgement Day, from floor to rafter,
Thronging come Spain's ancient glories,
Through the cloistered corridors,
Princes, Lords and Grand Señores,
Prelates, friars, warriors,
Favorites and counselors,
Theologues and Inquisitors.
Then with Charles's mandate shaking
From the scepter that he bore,
To the organ tottered o'er
A poor skeleton all quaking;
Bony hands the keyboard waking

torrent of accord
giant music poured
and requiems making.
voices all in one,
a dead a holy chant,
urine hierophant
God and Maker ran.
broken echoes, won
a victims of the tomb,
and stirred the startled gloom,
such a fervor rose
seemed the very close
old whose days were done.
re as the mighty stream
er that is dry;
e source can now espy;
parched the channels gleam!
God, our little power
anguished in an hour—
!
curséd the device,
over land and sea,
reads the word of life so free
as ideas wings of price,
ted words that all suffice
ind to death our Sovereignty.—

Miserere!

Curséd be the wire that starts
All lands and peoples into one,
By which to prayers and hopes are sp
All the world's pulsating hearts.
Nought in silence can be done;
No injustice lurks or darts—

Miserere!

Now no more each people thrives
In solitary state alone;
To chains of iron they have grown
The bonds where human nature strive
No more are isolation's gyves
On liberty's strong muscles thrown—

Miserere!

A bitter and a brutal blow
Delivered with unsparing hand
Upon the shoulders of our band
Of priest and king, they did bestow.
And nought there is that we can know
To heal the wound their rage has fann

Miserere!

And see, alas, how human pride
Upon the heavens is placing hands!
In arrogance the haughty lands
Would even Thee, the Lord, deride!

their voice blaspheming guide
 e nor to contentment's strands—

:/

in hostile turmoil caught,
 heir dismal pit of woe
 r world perish, ere it know
 itself its wrong was fraught.
 ng they ceaseless brought
 th to us—they die also!—

:/

thou great and mighty river
 rries onward to the main,
 our channels dust-heaps vain,
 once did rushing streams deliver!
 the impious rule forever—
 l have an endless reign—

:/”

ddenly the organ ceased
 ty rumble, and the light
 ftly off the throng of blight,
 to darkness was released.
 a vast and solemn feast
 i and tears the silence grew
 n the eyeless skulls poured through
 of weeping never ceased.
 ile the light was fading out

Mysterious and vague, and all
The rumors died along the wall,
And the great vision shrank to doubt
With daylight breaking from without
The white procession paled away
And through the scattering mists of dawn
Came a far locomotive's shout.

—*Thomas W.*

STAVO ADOLFO BÉCQUER

(1836-1870)

HEY CLOSED HER EYES"

ADOLFO BÉCQUER was born at
As a student of painting, he began
y-stricken career at Madrid, where,
unhappy marriage, he died.

bras (Madrid, 1871) reveal a writer,
luenced greatly by Hoffmann and
ossessed one of the most original tal-
Spanish literature. He is sometimes
ed the founder of the modern Spanish
f poetry. His works have passed
many editions.

They closed her eyes
That were still open;
They hid her face
With a white linen,
And, some sobbing
Others in silence,

From the sad bedroom
All came away.

The nightlight in a dish
Burned on the floor;
It threw on the wall
The bed's shadow,
And in that shadow
One saw sometime
Drawn in sharp line
The body's shape.

The dawn appeared.
At its first whiteness
With its thousand noises
The town awoke.
Before that contrast
Of light and darkness,
Of life and strangeness
I thought a moment.
*My God, how lonely
The dead are!*

On the shoulders of men
To church they bore her,
And in a chapel
They left her bier.

There they surrounded
Her pale body
With yellow candles
And black stuffs.

At the last stroke
Of the ringing for the Souls,
An old crone finished
Her last prayers.
She crossed the narrow nave,
The doors moaned,
And the holy place
Remained deserted.

From a clock one heard
The measured ticking,
And from a candle
The guttering.
All things there
Were so dark and mournful,
So cold and rigid,
That I thought a moment:
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

From the high belfry
The tongue of iron

Clanged, giving out
A last farewell.
Crape on their clothes,
Her friends and kindred
Passed in a line
In homage to her.

In the last vault
Dark and narrow,
The pickaxe opened
A niche at one end;
They laid her away there.
Soon they bricked the place up,
And with a gesture
Bade grief farewell.

Pickaxe on shoulder
The gravedigger,
Singing between his teeth,
Passed out of sight.
The night came down,
It was all silent.
Alone in the darkness
I thought a moment,—
My God, how lonely
The dead are!

In the dark nights
Of bitter winter,
When the wind makes
The rafter creak,
When the violent rain
Lashes the windows,
Lonely I remember
That poor girl.

There falls the rain
With its noise eternal,
There the northwind
Fights with the rain.
Stretched in the hollow
Of the damp bricks,
Perhaps her bones
Freeze with the cold.

Does the dust return to dust?
Does the soul fly to heaven?
Or is all vile matter,
Rottenness, filthiness?
I know not, but
There is something—something—
Something which gives me
Loathing, terror,—

To leave the dead
So alone, so wretched.

—*John Masefield*

THE WAITING HARP

There in the dusky alcove of the room
Perchance forgotten by its owner now
Silent beneath its covering of dust,

The harp was seen.

How many a song was slumbering
On its strings,

As in some bird-breast sleeping on
The boughs,

Waiting the snowy hand whose master
Shall waken it!

Alas, methought—how often genius
And drowns thus within the bottom
Of the depth,

Hoping to hear a voice, like Lazarus
To say its message,—“Soul, arise and walk!”

—*Thomas Warton*

SONG

“I am a passion; I am a flame;
I am a symbol of loves that go,

at desire which transcends shame—
you seek?"

"Not you: no!"

ow is pale, my hair is gold;
make your dreams come true.
es of tenderness I hold—
I you call?"

"No: not you!"

a mystery; I am a dream;
esting phantom of light and gloom;
a shadow; not what I seem,—
not love you!"

"Oh, come, come!"

—*Muna Lee.*

RIMAS

ty atoms of the air
armed and stirring everywhere;
r with golden light suffused:
th grown bright with dawn unused;
n waves of carolings
nd of kisses, sweep of wings;
mine eyes,—what happens there?—
passing-by of Love the fair!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

ROSALÍA DE CASTRO

(1837-1883)

THE CARILLON

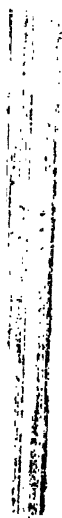
ROSALÍA DE CASTRO was born at Santiago de Compostela. She is one of the greatest protagonists of regionalism in Spanish literature, and her intimate studies of the Galician province early brought her into literary prominence. Her *Cantares gallegos* appeared in 1863; her *En las orillas del Sar*, in 1884.

I love them—and I hearken
As the winds their notes prolong,
Like the murmur of a fountain,
Like a lambkin's distant song.

Like the birds serenely winging
On their way across the skies,
At the break of daylight soaring
To salute it with their cries.



Rosalía de Castro



r voices saying ever
the plain and mountain peak
ning that is frank and candid,
a soothing charm would speak.

their voices cease forever,
t a sorrow for the air!
a silence in the belfries!
the dead—how strangely bare!
—*Garrett Strange.*

OLEGARIO VICTOR ANDRADE

(1838-1883)

ATLÁNTIDA

Olegario Victor Andrade, who is generally considered the greatest poet of Argentina, after some experience in politics, became editor of *La Tribuna*, the government organ of President Roca. His poems, mostly written within a period of about five years, display unusual patriotic fire and inspiration. His *Atlántida* won the national prize of Argentina in 1881.

The passing centuries the secret kept.
 But Plato saw it dimly when beside
 The Ægean Sea, he gazed upon the shadows
 Falling softly on Hymettus' peak,
 And spake mysterious words with restless
 waves
 That groaned beneath his feet. He knew
 the name
 Of this last child of Time, destined to be

uture's bride, where dwells eternal
ring;
alled it fair Atlantis.
od thought best to give the mighty
sk
atin men, the race that tamed the
orld,
ught its greatest battles.

when the hour was struck, Columbus
came
a ship that bore the fate of Man,
estward made his way.
ild tumultuous Ocean hurled against
iny Latin ship the black north
wind,
whirlwinds roaring fiercely rode
astride
ghtning's blood-red steed.
rd the vessel moved, and broke the
seal
stery; and fair Atlantis woke
; to find her in a dreamer's arms!

n the victor over thrones and
crowns,

The restless spirit of the ancient race
Had found fulfilment of its noblest dream,—
Abundant space and light in distant
zones!

With armor newly forged, nor dragging
now

The blood-stained winding-sheet of a dead
past,

Nor weighted down by blackest memories,
Once more it ventured forth in eager quest
Of liberty and glory.

Before it lay a vast, unconquered world.
Here, resting on the sea, 'neath tropic
skies,

And bathed in the white light of rising
dawn,

The Antilles lift their heads, like scattered
birds

That utter plaintive cries,
And dry their snowy wings that they may
fly

To other, distant shores.

Here rises Mexico above two seas,
A granite tower that even yet would seem

the Spanish fleet as it draws near
 the Aztec gulf;
 or there Colombia, lulled to sleep
 deep roar of Tequendama's fall,
 its bosom hides unfailing wealth.

happy zone! Oh fair, enchanted
 land,
 child of the creative sun
 cradle home of animated life,
 the place of the great Bolivar,—hail!
 Venezuela, all is great:
 shining stars that light thee from above;
 valor and thy noble heroism,
 with volcanic force and deafening
 crash
 forth on San Mateo's lofty peak!

retched below the Andes' mighty
 chain,
 as who weeps above an open grave,
 as Rome doth lie.
 And was broken in the bloody strife,
 in obscurity its face was sunk.
 O Peru doth live!
 O virile race

Defeat doth spell a new, a nobler life.
And when propitious toil, which heals all
wounds,
Shall come to thee at last,
And when the sun of justice shines again
After long days of weeping and of shame,
The ripening grain shall paint with flowers
of gold
The crimson cloak that o'er thy shoulder
floats.

Bolivia, namesake of the giant born
At Mount Avila's foot,
Hath kept his lively wit and valiant
heart,
With which to face the storm and stress of
life.
It dreams of war today; but also dreams
Of greater things, when 'stead of useless
guns,
The engines made of steel
Shall boldly bridge the vales and scale the
hills.

And Chile, strong in war and strong in
toil,

avenging arms upon the wall,
 i that victory by brutal strength
 id empty if it be not right.
 guay, although too fond of strife,
 t caress of progress ever seeks;
 hich feels the Atlantic's noisy
 s,
 ater freedom were a greater state;
 the blessed land,
 : of glory, which the Plata bathes
 ch the Andean range alone doth
 und!

arise, for 'tis our native land,
 our native land, which ever sought
 ideals. Our youthful race was
 led
 ie cradle by immortal hymns,
 it calls, to share its opulence,
 who worship sacred liberty,
 handmaid of science, progress,

 try turns its back on savage war,
 s away the fratricidal sword,
 nay bind upon its haughty brow
 of yellow wheat,

Lighter to wear than any golden crown. . .
The sun of ultimate redemption shines
On our beloved land, which strides ahead
To meet the future, and with noble mien
Offers the Plata's overflowing cup
To all the hungry nations. . . .

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

JOSÉ ROSAS MORENO

(1838-1883)

THE SPIDER'S WEB

ROSAS MORENO was born and died in

He was known for his dramas, as
for his lyrical poetry of a simple
kind. His fables have been much
read.

ous spider chose
icate blossom of a garden rose
n to plant and bind
he framed to take the insect kind.
en his task was done
f the cunning lines his art had spun,
, "I take my stand
y my work, and watch what I have
nned.
x, if heaven should bless
ors with but moderate success,
hall pass this way,

Nor gnat, but they shall fall an easy prey."
 He spoke, when from the sky
 A strong wind swooped, and whirling,
 hurried by,
 And far before the blast
 Rose, leaf and web and plans and hopes
 were cast.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT

A serpent watched an eagle gain
 On soaring winds, a mountain height
 And envied him, and crawled with pain
 To where he saw the bird alight.
 So fickle fortune oftentimes
 Befriends the cunning and the base,
 And many a groveling reptile climbs
 Up to the eagle's lofty place.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY

"Good-morrow, friend," so spoke, upon a
 day
 A caterpillar to a butterfly.

The wingéd creature looked another way,
 And made this proud reply:
 "No friend of worms am I."
 The insulted caterpillar heard
 And answered thus the taunting word.
 "And what wert thou, I pray,
 Ere God bestowed on thee that brave
 array?
 Why treat the caterpillar tribe with scorn?
 Art thou then nobly born?
 What art thou, madam, at the best?
 A caterpillar elegantly dressed."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA

(1839- ?)

IN THE NIGHT

JOAQUÍN ARCADIO PAGAZA, Bishop of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was a poet of the classic school. Many of his Castilian sonnets are much admired, although he is chiefly remembered as the translator into Spanish of the famous Latin poem *Rusticatio mexicana* by the Jesuit Rafael Landivar (1731-1793), a work sharing, with Balbuena's *Grandeza mexicana*, the merit of fixing the classical style of letters in Hispanic America.

It seems like noon, so bright the lustre
shed

On the damp forest by the moon's white
glow.

The breeze scarce moves yon oak tree to
and fro,

That mid a thousand others rears its head.

Zempoala, on an azure bed,
 evening star rests just above the snow,
 dimly in the fields the brooklet's flow
 s like a silver ribbon far outspread.

heavens shine; the hoophoe's note of
 pain
 ds on the mountain, and the echoes
 end
 ail across the broad plains plaintively.
 is, come follow me, for I would fain
 / this night; shut up the cot, my
 riend;
 the hillside I will wait for thee.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

TWILIGHT

y the sun descends at fall of night,
 rests on clouds of amber, rose and red;
 nist upon the distant mountains shed
 s to a rain of gold and silver light.

evening star shines tremulous and
 right

Through wreaths of vapor, and the clouds
o'erhead
Are mirrored in the lake, where soft
spread,
And break the blue of heaven's
height.

Bright grows the whole horizon in the
Like a devouring fire; a golden hue
Spreads o'er the sky, the trees, the plants
that shine.

The bird is singing near its hidden nest
Its latest song, amid the falling dew,
Enraptured by the sunset's charm divine

—*Alice Stone Blackwell*

ANTONIO SELLÉN

(1840-1888)

THE BROKEN BRANCH

ANTONIO SELLÉN, younger brother of the
 a patriot and poet Francisco Sellén,
 born at Santiago de Cuba. He became
 eminent in the periodical literature of the
 a revolutionary period, publishing with
 brother, *Estudios políticos* (1882), and
 at his residence in New York *Cuatro*
versos de Lord Byron (New York, 1877).

branch that broken from the tree
 at the mercy of the wave—
 swift your flight, how rapidly,
 sweeps you to your grave!—

ment in the angry pool
 u struggle with its might in vain—
 l the fury of its rule
 w useless to complain!—

What matters it to me should tide
Arise and gulp me down below—
A withered branch and lone, beside
A world of which I nothing know?

When sharp winds blow in hurricane
The branches leafless sad and bare,
And lorn they strive against the strain
What poor dried bough proves st
there?

The branch that severs from the tree
From which it took its parent birth
Is a soul that in its misery
Is lost to love and life on earth.

—*Garret Stran*

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA

(1848-1903)

JULIET

DIEGO VICENTE TEJERA was born and died in
 He passed some years in the United
 endeavoring to organize a socialist
 to figure in the Revolution of 1895.
Amo de violetas appeared in 1878.

ther kiss, then, Juliette, farewell!—
 other, nay, another thousand more!—" "
 olds him back with her adoring spell;
 eless of all, her ardent kisses pour.
 ret transports what mere words can
 tell!—
 hour of love with all its promised
 store!—
 igh the still chamber how the quick
 sighs spell
 e ecstasies their hearts have thirsted
 for!

Delight! — forgetfulness! — The dawning
breaks

Across the casement panes. The lover
flies

Before the coming of the ancient day,
Down the high balcony where lightly
shakes

His ladder,—where the swallows' punctual
cries,

And swift and polished wings begin to
play.—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

TO THEE

And art thou dead?—No, Death oblivion
brings,

And still I dream of thee!

Death, gentle Mother, a dark ruin flings,

Yet still thy face I see!

But if thou haply hast not died as yet—

To-morrow—shalt thou live?

Oh, if to-day—there is no morrow set

When Death the end can give.

Never! Though destiny untimely wrought,

Shalt thou his rigor know;

Thou wert my all of glory,—now my
thought

Shall be my love to show!

Throughout the lonely world by night and
day

Shalt thou with me remain;

Nor any hour I breathe, O Mother, may

Death unto thee attain!

And longer still with me shalt live until

In God I seek thee far;

Until thy rays of heavenly bliss fulfil

And light our double star.

Despite the moans my broken accents
raise—

“Where art thou, Mother, now?—”

Despite the tear that ceaseless comes and
stays,—

O Mother, dead art thou?—

To adoration of my inmost breast

Thy memoried form shall glow.

The world may lay the mothers to Death's
rest,

But not their children, no!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTEN-
STRAUCH

(1851-)

OUR POET'S BREED

LUIS MONTOTO Y RAUTENSTRAUCH was born at Seville, where he has always been prominently identified with all civic activities. His works embody the brilliant life of the Andalusian capital. His publications include *Noches de luna, Sevilla, La sevillana*, and most popular of all *Toros en Sevilla, Toros*. He is a member of the Spanish Academy.

"Now whither go ye?"—Would that we
did know—

But who can trace the leaves at midnight
torn

From off the storm-swept branches as they
go

Upon the mighty tempest's path of scorn?

where abide ye?"—In the refuse
heap,
walls and rafters rotting in the
dust,—
sated only by the tears we weep—
s bitter with our need and broken
trust.

ye no father?"—Yea, he dreamt of
fame
scorned the thrifty hoardings of the
heart,—
om the midnight fever overcame
it, his brows with laurel crowned,
apart.

seek ye now?"—His legacy de-
creed,
dreamer's treasure buried in the sod;
the children of the poet's breed—
se us not an alms, for love of God!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE DAY'S ACCOUNT

closes fast my gloomy door,
hour when I must make account

Of how the world has paid me for
My toilsome day, and what amount

Ingratitudes, and mean disdain,
And friendship's smirking likelihood
And promises no deeds sustain,
And many ills, and scanty good,

And all the bitter pangs that start,
And tears that are so prone to court
But O what blessing in my heart!
I carry home no grim remorse!

—Roderick G

THE INGRATE

The traveller on his torrid way
Will quench his thirst at any spring
Whose cooling waters chance to stray
Beside his road of wandering.

Then on upon his way he goes
Without another thought or glance
Upon the fountain that bestows
Its all of joy and sustenance.

with the ingrate's heart;
 ce he can his need obtain
 s journey lightly start
 er turn his cheek again.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

E BULLS IN SEVILLE

I

Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 shouts and flutter white
 grammes they are selling
 erts of the fight.
 Seville! Bulls in Seville!
 touching glass to glass,
 trons of the cafés
 weekly journals pass.
 Seville! is the whisper
 nsel in her best;
 Seville! Bulls in Seville!
rande dame with the rest.
 Seville! is the rumor
 ace and the slum;
 man and woman murmur
 ioisy feasts have come.
 rilliant sun of Maytime
 entle airs of spring,

The aroma of the flowers
 And the orange breaths that fling,
 O'er the gracious Guadalquivir
 Where the crystal waters shine
 And the shadows from the Tower
 On the surface rest benign.
 Then the joyous festivation
 Of the lofty bells is heard,
 And Giralda, the most lovely,
 Speaks the loudest, highest word
 And it seems as if the message
 "Bulls in Seville" is refrain
 Of the very winds ablowing
 Through the length and breadth of Spain.

2

Dandy dons his little jacket,
 Ties his double sash around,
 Whispering "Now for the Bull-ring!"
 Breathless hurries to the ground.
 With her light shawl of Manilla
 Mariquita makes her fair;
 Puts a spray or two of flowers
 To give scent and deck her hair,
 And she murmurs,—“To the Bull-ring!”

carries from her door,
 crowded streets and plazas,
 gladness brimming o'er.
 thy's throng is hasting
 the quarter on its way;
 east a bursting brasier
 gladness of the day.
 Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"
 air is brushed and dried.
 Bull-ring! To the Bull-ring!"—
 sorrows put aside!

3

lining blue of heaven
 lightest cloud is seen;
 with every dower is filling
 world with joys serene.
 great arena glitters
 crowds awaiting there,
 mighty bee-hive buzzing
 port that would prepare.
 women in the boxes
 air shining shawls of white;
 raven hair a gleaming
 nations red and bright.

Here are all Triana's neighbors,
And from Macarena too;
Many from San Roqué's parish,
And Calzada's not a few.
Here within the shade, awaiting
As in faculty of state,
All the bachelors and doctors
Of the bull-ring up-to-date.
All the bachelors and doctors
Who hold professorial seat
On the street where the Sierpes
And the proud Campaña meet.
Friends are they to the bull-fighters;
They the fates to-day can spell;
When the others shout, they're hissing;
When the others hiss, they yell.
And the peddlars hurry calling,
"Water of Tomares, buy!"—
"Almond cakes of cinnamon!"—
"Hazel-nuts and seeds, who'll try!"
The President gives salutation;
The gates of entry fling ajar;
See, the cavaliers are coming,
With their coats that shine afar!
Lightly spur the *alguaciles*,
Formal license to obtain,

urn where their companions
start with all their train.
ir with noise is ringing,
ntrance march is heard,
bull-fighters are sighted
the gateway at the word.
be thy mother, brave one!"—
ta, hail!" "Giralda hail!"—
see thee, Manuelo!"—
long may you prevail!"—
all the gallant cohort
matadors behold,
with their silken mantles
r garments wrought in gold.
two, their distance keeping,
leros then advance
little capes distinguished
eople at a glance.
on their Baviecas
e picadors along,
ir monkey-like retainers
r badges in a throng.
mules are driven after,
i all their fringe and bells;
yellow in their ribbons,—
their sorry duty tells.

Then the sounding of the trumpets,
 Warns that the great bull arrives;
 Bellowing the mighty monster
 Down the sandy circle drives.
 Lighter than the snake or lizard
 Through the ranks of lads he goes,
 While the crowd is growing frantic,—
 "Let them catch him!" shouts arose.
 "Good for that *verónica*, bully!"—
 "Bravo, that *navarra's* fine!"
 "Hurra for the Rondeña method.—
 Sturdy foot and fearless sign!—"
 Picadorès! Picadorès!
 To your work, the bull is hot!
 Good defence! But hold you steady!
 He has not discharged his shot!
 "On the sand a fighter's lying!"—
 "Is he injured?"—"Not at all!"
 Picadorès! Picadorès!
 "There's another!—God, we call!"—
 "Señor President, I offer
 Toasts for you and all the band!
 Toasts for all the strangers present!
 Toasts for all from Seville grand!
 Toasts for those who die in Cuba,
 Fighting there the war for Spain!

r all the lovely ladies!
 gentlemen again!"—
 matador arises,
 bull at last grown still;
 tixt the horns and forehead
 oint designed to kill.
 e, two *naturalés*
 cho that's for grace,
 g,—“Here's to your worships!”
 blade unto its place.
 ull in anguish rocking,
 e victor shouts around,
 with the burst of music
 clapping hands that sound.
 e public in its frenzy
 th hat and parasol,
 stick and cloak and jacket,
 atador's control.—
 ther bull, another,
 ses, other cries!
 nds a fresher blood-stain,
 nches other sighs!
 fternoon is closing
 ollow night is near;
 y of day is over,
 olaza dark and drear.

Whither goest? To the Bull-ring!—
Gaily Hope doth make reply.
Whence art coming?—From the Bull-ring!
Sad reality doth sigh.
To the Bull-ring! From the Bull-ring!—
Thus it is we live and die!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ELVADOR DÍAZ MIRÓN

(1853-)

TO PITY

DÍAZ MIRÓN is a Mexican poet of
 , showing force and originality in
 nd expression. Rubén Darío paid
 his greatness in his *Azul*. His
 owledged work is entitled *Lascas*
 (1906).

to me in pride of gentle beauty.
 various forms hath pride! It
 ows to view
 ong lion, rough mane and mighty
 uring,
 the dove, soft note and changeful
 e.

ly power comes with you to my
 w;
 ns upon the cavern's darksome
 ,

And enters in and spreads there like a
music,
Like a sweet fragrance, like a shining
light.

You give to sadness, like a good magician,
A happy truce; moved sweetly by your
graces,

I bless the wound because of its pure
balsam;

I love the desert for its green oasis!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

SNOW-FLAKE

To soothe my pain because thou canst not
love me,

Gazing upon me with an angel's air,
Thou dost immerse thy fingers, cool and
pallid,

In the dark mane of my tempestuous hair.

'Tis vain, O woman! Thou dost not con-
sole me.

We are a world apart, in naught the same.
If thou art snow, then why dost thou not
freeze me?

melt thee not, if I am flame?
d, so spiritual and transparent,
resses my submissive head,
snow-cap crowning the volcano,
urning lava-depths beneath it
d!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES

(1854-1914)

THE FAIREST ONE

ENRIQUE HERNÁNDEZ MÍYARES was a Cuban poet who contributed extensively to the *Revista Cubana* and whose sonnet, *La más hermosa*, has been greatly admired.

Keep on, O knight! with lance uplifted
ride,

To punish every wrong by righteous deed

For constancy at last shall gain its meed

And justice ever with the law abide.

Mambrino's broken helmet don with pride

Advance undaunted on thy glorious steed

To Sancho Panza's cautions pay no heed

In destiny and thy right arm confide!

At Fortune's coy reserve display no fear;

For should the Cavalier of the White

Moon

1 arms 'gainst thine in combat dare
appear,
ough by adverse fate thou art o'er-
thrown,—

Dulcinea even in death's hour swear
t she will always be the only fair!

—*Alfred Coester.*

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN

(1853-)

TO AN ANDALUSIAN FAN

J. RODRÍGUEZ LA ÓRDEN was born at Seville where for many years he has acted as editor of the journal *El Baluarte*. Under the pseudonym of "Carrasquilla" he has achieved success in poetry, criticism, and in the theatre. His works include *El puñado*, and *Cuentos y trozos literarios*.

I wish I were the little man
 So deftly painted on your fan,
 That when you smile, you'd press its tip
 To school the laughter of your lips;
 And I the secret kiss might hear
 And mock at them who think it queer
 That you with pictured rivals try us
 And give the fan what you deny us.

—Thomas Walsh

JESÚS E. VALENZUELA

(1856-1911)

A SONG OF HANDS

E. VALENZUELA was born at Guanacevi State of Durango, Mexico. He passed of his life in Mexico City where he d the *Revista Moderna*, in the pages of most of his poems made their first ance.

—like soft blossoming buds—
hildren that search for the breast,
calm sea of love's gaze
lled and sweetly caressed!
ands of Jesus the Christ,
ory ineffably bright;
like soft blossoming buds,
is bathed in milk and in light.

ands, nimble and fair,
the piano that stray
vague dream of life, or the void—

A dream from some realm far away!
The winged expression are ye
Of a sigh, or some cry on the air,
Floating in infinite space,
Fairy hands, nimble and fair.

Hands of an ivory white,
In the shade of the mantle obscure
Brightening prayer with their gleams
Gentle and starlike and pure!
Through their whiteness have passed all the
woes
That ever humanity knew,
With the rosary's beads, one by one—
O hands of the ivory's hue!

Hands full of charity's grace,
Which to the hungry by night
Carry forth comfort and food,
Bread of hope's joy, of truth's light!
Noble, mysterious hands,
Of kindness unending, sincere!
Brothers are we, one and all,
Hands full of charity dear!

O pale, perished hands of the dead
For love or as martyrs who died!

One lily are ye,
that were clasped or spread wide;
all of questions, desires,
visions and yearnings unsaid—
the heavens outstretched,
perished hands of the dead!

With the sword in their grasp,
by warfare a sceptre have won,
the whole world with the flood
of blood that o'errun!
The common folk, armed
in quarrels or battles have birth—
With the sword in their grasp,
hands of the great of the earth! . . .

That are bleeding and hard,
lough up the stern, arid soil,
we feel the flight of the hours,
heavy and cruel the toil;
The workshop that sweat,
set up the type in all lands,
that meet death in the mines—
rough, and blood-spotted hands!

That are wonted to toil,
hands of the brave and the free!

When on the heights, in the depths,
Vibrates o'er land and o'er sea,
Stirring the world from its roots,
The anger of justice on fire—
Hands that are wonted to toil,
You shall that day hold the lyre!
—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*



*From the painting by Sorolla in the Hispanic Society
of America*

Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo

LINO MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO

(1856-1912)

ROME

O MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO was the
aryscholar of modern Spain. Much
se work may be considered pure
well as history and philosophy. His
manistic bent comes out clearly in
al work, which may be found in
solas y tragedias (Madrid, 1883).

h devouring fingers spareth
ught,—
opulous realm, nor consecrated
vs;
w an alien flock to pasture draws
ie shade where once the Tribunes
ight;
e, behind triumphant chariots
ight,

Go kings in chains to swell the victor's
cause;
Nor the Clitumnian oxen—'mid the
pause
Move toward the altar pompously en-
wrought.

Like cloud or shadow or swift-fleeting bark,
Laws, armies, glories, all, are swept away;
Alone a cross above the ruins, see!
Tell me, O cross, what destiny you mark?—
Of old Rome's greatness shall the future
say,
'Twas human glory, or God's majesty?
—*Roderick Gill.*

MANUEL JOSÉ OTHÓN

(1858-1906)

THE RIVER

José OTHÓN was a Mexican poet for his studies of nature in poems for the most part in sonnets. The best known of these is the *stica de Walpurgis*.

iceful waves, ye waters, frolic free;
 your liquid songs, ye eddies bright;
 ou, loquacious bubblings, day and
 ight,
 nverse with the wind and leaves
 ight!
 deep cut, ye jets, gush sportively.
 end yourselves to foamy tatters
 hite,
 lash on boulders curved and rocks
 pright,
 a's pearls and diamonds rich to see!

I am your sire, the River. Lo, my hair
Is moonbeams pale: of yon cerulean
Mine eyes are mirrors, as I sweep a
Of molten spray is my forehead fair;
Transparent mosses for my beard have
The laughter of the Naiads' is my :
—*Alice Stone Blackwell*

JULIO GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

(1859-1895)

OUT OF DOORS

GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA, the Mexican
of the modernist movement in
etry, endeavored to amalgamate
t and Spanish form and so produce
oetry with the qualities of intel-
ic. He was one of the founders of
Azul and is generally considered
reatest of Mexican poets.

enia pleaded—"See how white
'—

it not so white as She!"—Was
oly.

is of the heavens!"—said Sirius

so Paradisiac as hers!"—I told
r.

The swallow twittered in the boughs,
 To nightingale amid the flowers,
 Singing in a glad carouse
 As I listened through the hours.
 "What a pair of tuneless voices
 When compared to notes of hers!
 Nor is there a star rejoices
 With the glow her soft glance stirs,
 Simply telling me—I love thee.
 Take away, O God, the light,
 The scents, the birds, the stars above me!
 Take away all beauty bright,
 But leave her to my sight!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

WHITE

What thing than the lily unstained is more
 white?
 More pure than the mystic wax taper
 bright?
 More chaste than the orange-flower
 tender and fair?
 Than the light mist more virginal—holier
 too

in the stone where the eucharist stands,
 ever new,
 in the Lord's House of Prayer?

the flight of white doves all the air now
 is cloven;
 white robe, from strands of the morning
 mist woven,
 unwraps in the distance the feudal
 round tower.
 trembling acacia, most graceful of
 trees,
 winds up in the orchard and waves in the
 breeze
 her soft, snowy flower.

you not on the mountain the white of
 the snow?
 white tower stands high o'er the village
 below;
 the gentle sheep gambol and play, pass-
 ing by.
 flocks pure and unspotted now cover the
 lake;
 the straight lily sways as the breezes
 awake;

The volcano's huge vase is uplifted
high.

Let us enter the church: shines the eucha
there;

And of snow seems to be the old past
white hair;

In an alb of fine linen his frail form
clad.

A hundred fair maidens there sit robed
white;

They offer bouquets of spring flowers, fr
and bright,

The blossoms of April, pure, fragr
and glad.

Let us go to the choir; to the novi
prayer

Propitiously listens the Virgin so fair;
The white marble Christ on the cruc
dies;

And there without stain the wax tapers
rise white;

And of lace is the curtain so thin and
light,

Which the day-dawn already shines
through from the skies.

Let us go down to the field. Foaming
white,
stream seems a tumult of feathers in
flight,
as its waters run, foaming and singing in
glee.

Its airy mantilla of mist cool and pale
mountain is wrapped; the swift bark's
lateen sail,
slides out and is lost to our sight on the
sea.

A lovely young woman now springs from
her bed,
her goddess-like shoulders fresh water
to shed,
on her fair, polished arms and her
beautiful neck.
Now, singing and smiling, she girds on her
gown;
Bright, tremulous drops, from her hair
shaken down,
her comb of Arabian ivory deck.

O marble! O snows! O vast, wond
whiteness!

Your chaste beauty everywhere shed
pure brightness,

O shy, timid vestal, to chastity vow
In the statue of beauty eternal are you;
From your soft robe is purity born,
new;

You give angels wings, and give mort
shroud.

You cover the child to whom life is
new,

Crown the brows of the maiden w
promise is true,

Clothe the page in rich raiment
shines like a star.

How white are your mantles of ermin
queens!

The cradle how white, where the
mother leans!

How white, my belovéd, how spo
you are!

In proud dreams of love, I behold
delight

owers of a church rising white in my
sight,
a home, hid in lilies, that opens to
me;
bridal veil hung on your forehead so
fair,
a filmy cloud, floating down slow
through the air,
it rests on your shoulders, a marvel to
see!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

IN THE DEPTHS OF NIGHT

ed! O Lord!—how are the seas of
thought
ight with waves of direst tempest
torn!—
irit is in darkness terror-caught
: Peter's, on Tiberiades borne!

aves are cleaving so my little bark
t to its last destruction it seems nigh;
who didst shed Thy light on blindness
dark,
let it now unto my faith reply!

Rise, rise, O Star of Jesus, on the world
That lightly mocks the weakness of
arms!

My soul is chilled; our earthly hopes
furled;
Our eyes are closing 'mid the dre
alarms!

Appear across the blackness of the night!
Our spirits call Thee!—here alone
wait!—

And coming swiftly let Thy garment wh
Appease the waves where there w
tumult late!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

. RODRÍGUEZ DE TÍO

(1859-)

MIST

RÍGUEZ DE TÍO is a distinguished
 in the history and literature of the
 she was born in Puerto Rico, but
 many years of her life in Ha-
 several volumes of poems have
 at appreciation.

membrances of vanished days
 le away on such a velvet wing
 s and groves, o'er plains and
 ntain ways,
 ief and sorrow to my heart you
 g!

c without the shadow of your
 ,
 ack in silence and without a
 n,

As the birds cross the unregarding air
Till none may tell the whence or whither
flown.

Come back amid the pallor of the moon
That silvers all the azure rifts at sea,
Or in the deadly mist that in a swoon
Engulfs afar the green palm's royal
tree.

Bring back the murmur of the doves that
made
Their little nests so neighborly to mine;
The vibrant airs—the fragrances that
played
Around the peaks that saw my cradle
shine.

Sing in my ear the melodies of old,
So sweet and joyous to my inmost
heart;
O faint remembrances two breasts should
hold,
Two breasts that Destiny was loath to
part!

matter if a sigh steals through the
ream

shows the withered vine in flower
gain?—

remembrances in singing seem,
mulous lyre, to speak my endless
ain!

—*Rodcrick Gill.*

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO
(1861-)

THE CYPRESS

ENRÍQUE MENÉNDEZ Y PELAYO, the brother of Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, was born in Santander. He wrote many successful novels and comedies. For his poems, see *Desde la huerta* (1890) and *Cancionero de la vida inquieta* (1915).

There is a cypress in the neighborly
grove

As black as is the image of my pain;
Whose topmost branches in the moonlight
attain

Such aspect as some ghostly world would
prove.

Then vagrant fancy ceaselessly would
move,

Transforming all the woodland scene
again;

was yesterday a lawn, now sand-
wastes reign;
was a wood, today a road would
rove.

stands, resisting every change!—
, in agony from life's dire wound,
on its heights and all my moan is
ushed;
g that,—memory or hope!—there
ange
ow within my life's own garden
round
things that man nor wind hath ever
rushed!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIÁN DEL CASAL

(1863-1893)

TO MY MOTHER

JULIÁN DEL CASAL was born in Habana, Cuba. He early became imbued with the ideas of the French decadent poets. He loved Greece as well as Paris, but never visited either. His early death closed a career marred by ill-health and pessimism. His works are *Hojas al viento* (1890), *Nieve* (1891), and *Bustos y rimas* (1893).

More than a mother as a saint to me
 You were in truth. You gave me birth
 and died,
 But Oh! my mother when you left my side
 God kissed an angel in eternity.
 Today when in my dreams methinks I see
 Your smiling face, I gaze on you with pride
 And sigh, sweet mother, as I oft have
 sighed,
 While tears I shed when I remember thee



Julián del Casal



2.

١٠

d we never, never meet again
'twould be, but I shall always

re in my heart, and not complain;
hing tells me that you lie asleep
ny suff'ring would have caused
n—
ny weeping would have made
p.

—*Jorge Godoy.*

ES—SONNET *A LA POMPA-
DOUR*

are bronzes, crystals, porcelains,
s aglow like jewelled treasures,
gs of florid, golden argosies,
rs brilliant with Venetian stains.
are damosels of ancient reigns,
d world's troubadour sweet
monies,
ed that bounds to Arabic caprice,
an ballad with its tear refrains,
-carved piano-keys aflood,
unding horn within the forest
le,

The soft aroma from the censer f
 The couch of ivory, gold, and sandal-
 Where virgin loveliness at last is lai
 A broken flower of innocence
 tombd.

—*Roderick C*

CONFIDENCES

Why weepest thou, my sweetheart pa
 Why bendest down thy lovely head
 A dread idea doth assail
 My mind and turn my heart to lea

Tell me: have they not loved thee w
 Never!—Come, tell the truth to me
 Ah, then; one lover only I can tell
 Was faithful.—Who?—My misery.

—*Thomas Wa*

THE PEARL

Hovering o'er a lovely pearl
 That the depths of earth were guardi
 As an offering divine

the hands of the Eternal,
 two birds of rapine set
 their eyes upon its gleaming,
 with plumage all of gold,
 with plumage black as jet.

that the pearl was bursting
 shell within the slime,
 made ready with their beaks
 to sect its broken pieces,—
 two birds of rapine set
 their eyes upon its gleaming,
 with plumage all of gold,
 with plumage black as jet.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS

(1863-)

THE AEOLIAN HARP

RAMÓN DOMINGO PERÉS is a native of Havana but settled at Barcelona, where he has revealed his fine sense of critical values in *Musgo* (Barcelona, 1903). He has also written many poems.

Deep in my dreamland garden sways
 A harp aeolian none remembers more;—
 Who cares, or listens what it says
 In music that is o'er?

No fingers wake it; 'tis by chance
 Alone its notes unechoed wake;
 Think you the flower of beauty's glance
 Through its dim tones could break?

h none to hearken, all alone
s breathings fugitive it keeps;
en the wind strikes a listless tone
either sings—or weeps.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OLAVO BILAC

(1865-1919)

FROM *CAÇADOR DE ESMERALDAS*

OLAVO BILAC was born at Rio de Janeiro. He devoted his entire life to the practice of letters in his native country, his earliest writings appearing in the *Gaceta de Noticias*. He also became famous as an orator. Among his works are *Cronicas e Novelas*, *Criticas*, *Conferencias literarias*, *Poesias infantiles*, *Cuentos patrios*, *A Patria Brasileira*. His greatest poem is entitled *Caçador de Esmeraldas*.

Over his dying head the shadowed veil of
heaven

Pales and grows thin, its nocturn darkness
riven

By the argent lance of the moon a-sail on
high.

His eyes, renewed with radiance, seek in
the lighted space,

he wraith of a smile hovers and passes
 over his face;
 ernan Dias opens his arms to earth and
 sky.

1 a green heaven the stars break into
 flames of green;
 1 the green forest glade green flowers
 dance between
 emerald trunks, as oreads dancing on
 grassy floors;
 ighting flashing green all the still heaven
 fills,
 he sullen flood of the river breaks into
 emerald rills;
 reen from out green skies a rain of
 emeralds pours.

ow as a man from death raised by the
 hands of a lover,
 esurrected, he rises; his dying eyes recover
 ight for the vision that tells again of his
 seven-year seeking;
 ife in his veins flows new; his eager senses
 rejoice,

And to his hearing comes the sound of a
clarion Voice,
Clear in the hush of the night, from that
bright glory speaking:

"Diel! As in thine hands the stones that
thou hast sought
Dissolve as a dream fades, in dust returned
to nought;
What matter? Sleep in peace! Sleep,
for thy toil is ended!
Link after link, over plain and on rugged
mountain slope
As a belt of emeralds strewn, as a shining
pledge of hope,
Green in the desert sands, the towns of thy
heart are extended.

"Their hands in Fortune's hands, linked to
what whim of hers,
Marched from the camp each dawn thy
band of wanderers;
North and south sought they, through
plain and forest maze,
Shelter and surcease of care. Now on
each wild hillside,

'he walls of a homestead stand erect with a
victor's pride,
nd the beacon light of a hearth on the
desert sheds its rays.

In all thy wandering, adventure compass-
less,
'hou, like the sun, wert a very fount of
fruitfulness;
behind each weary step lay a highway for
man's tread;
'ictory hailed thy name by every charted
stream;
nd as thou wanderedst on, dreaming
thy selfish dream,
as stirred by the step of a god, the desert
blossomèd.

'Die! From each drop of sweat, from the
fount of each burning tear,
'ertile, a newer life shall spring in a newer
year;
'ruitful shall be thy thirst, thy vigil and
thy fast.
Under the kiss of the sun, harvests shall
ripening lie,

Under the kiss of love thy race s
multiply,
And the land whereon thou liest s
burgeon. Then at last

"In the voice of the plough thou sl
sing, in the bell's daily song
In the tumult of crowded streets, in
midst of the laughing throng,
In hymns of blessed peace, in the clam
of man's endeavour;
Through veiling mists of time shall rise
bright renown,
Thou ravisher of the desert, thou plar
of many a town!
In the heart of thy fatherland thy na
shall live forever."

The fateful voice is stilled. All the ea
hushes:
The fair high-sailing moon her silver fing
pushes
Through the sleeping leaves of the for
majesties;
In the maternal arms of Earth, conte
enwrapped,

OLAVO BILAC	577
<p> the eternal peace of the starry spaces apped, ver free from questing, Fernan Dias lies. </p> <p style="text-align: right;"> <i>—Lilian E. Elliott.</i> </p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

(1865-)

DOMESTIC SCENES

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO is a native of Galicia who for many years has been attached to the University of Salamanca, where for some time he acted as Rector. His works on literature and philosophy are numerous, and he has published several books of travel.

I

When shades of night have come
And all my house is sleeping,
The silent peace of home
Its arms about them keeping,
And the only sound I hear
Is my children's measured breathing,—
Then my dream sees life appear
Toward a larger meaning wreathing;

ir breathing seems a prayer
 their voice of dream repeating,
 air consciousness is bare
 God the Father meeting.
) Dream, thou art the sign
 e that knows no ending,
 tainless life divine
 resent life attending!

2

upon me with such eyes, my son;
 ot have thee read my secret clear,
 d I so deceive my little one
 ison through thy fragile veins
 ld sear.

never, may thy father's gloom
 thee from the joy and glow of

—
 of joy does voice presume?—
 wish thee joy,
 his earth
 1 mirth
 t be saint or fool;—
 —God save thee, boy!—
 t—I know not of the school.

3

Go, stir the brazier coals, my child;
The fire is growing cold.
How brief today the sun has smiled!
To think the orb that you behold
One day shall cinder turn,
And God's great brow, the heavens,
Its ashes like an urn.

—*Thomas We*

JOSÉ ASUNCIÓN SILVA

(1865-1896)

A POEM

ASUNCIÓN SILVA, one of the founders
modernist school of Spanish poetry,
n at Bogotá, Colombia. He modeled
f his reforms on the practice of Edgar
Poe, and displayed unusual genius
out his short and unhappy life, which
led by his own hand. His works were
ed in Paris by Baldomero Sanín Cano

ed one time to perpetrate a song,
f the new kind, pulsing, free and
ong.

ced subjects tragic and grotesque,
ing all the rhythms unto my desk;

And then the skittish metres gathered
 round
 Joining in shadowy swing and leap and
 bound

Metres sonorous, metres potent, grave,
 Some with the shock of arms, some, bird
 songs brave;

From East and West, from South as well as
 North,
 Metres and stanzas bowing hurried forth.

Chafing their golden bridles, loose of rein,
 Approach the Tercets, as if coursers vain.

And opening up amid the gallant ring,
 Purple and gold, arrived the Sonnet king.

And all began to sing—Among the rabble
 There rose the spirit of a charming gabble

One pointed strophe wakened my desire
 With the clear tinkling of a little spire;

So above all, I chose it for the bride
 Adding my crystal, silver rhymes beside.

And thus I told a tale, with subtle grace,
A tragical, fantastic, never base,—

Though sad enough, a story straight and
terse—
Of a fair lady loved and in her hearse;

And to sustain the mournful note I added
Soft lips with *ex professo* kisses padded:

I decked the phrase with gold, and music
rare
Of lute and mandolin was sounded there.

I drew the light of distances profound
With solemn mists and melancholies bound;

And 'mid the dim obscure, as in a feast
Of mortals, dancers to the dance released;

Clothed them in words that cloud like
heavy veils,
With midnight masks of satin, velvet
trails;—

And in the background intertwining,
wound
The mystical and fleshly, as if bound.

Then in my author's pride, I added there
Heliotrope scent and light of jacinth
rare—

And brought the poem to a critic grand,
Who sent it back—"I fail to understand."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE

One night,
One night all full of murmurs, of perfumes
and the brush of wings,
Within whose mellow nuptial glooms there
shone fantastic fireflies,
Meekly at my side, slender, hushed and
pale,
As though with infinite presentiment of
woe
Your very depths of being were troubled,—
By the path of flowers that led across the
plain,

the treading,
 rounded moon
 the heaven's blue and infinite pro-
 and was shedding whiteness.

the shadow
 , delicate;
 shadow,
 I by the white moonlight's ray
 the solemn sands
 path, were joined together,
 together,
 together,
 together in a great single shadow,
 together in a great single shadow,
 together in a great single shadow.—

the night
 all my soul
 with infinite woes and agonies of
 the,
 from you, by time, by the tomb
 the estrangement,
 the infinite gloom
 the which our voices fail to pierce,

Silent and lonely,
Along that road I journeyed—

And the dogs were heard barking at the
moon,
At the pale-faced moon,
And the croaking
Of the frogs—

I was pierced with cold, such cold as on
your bed
Came over your cheeks, your breasts, your
adorable hands,
Between the snowy whiteness
Of your mortuary sheets;
It was the cold of the sepulchre, the chill of
death,
The frost of nothingness.—
And my shadow
Sketched by the white moonlight's ray,
Went on alone,
Went on alone,
Went on alone over the solitary wastes;
And your shadow, slender and light,
Languid, delicate,

that soft night of your springtime
 ath,
 hat night filled with murmurs, with
 rfumes and the brush of wings,
 ear and walked with me,
 ear and walked with me,
 ear and walked with me—Oh,
 adows interlaced!—
 dows of the bodies joining in shadow
 the souls!—
 adows running each to each in the
 hts of woes and tears!—

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE SERENADE

et is deserted, the night is cold,
 on glides veiled amid cloud-banks
 n;
 tice above is tightly closed,
 e notes ring clearly one by one
 is fingers light and strong,
 the voice that sings tells tender
 ngs,
 player strikes on his sweet guitar
 gile strings.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
A cloud has covered the moon from sight
The lattice above is tightly closed,
And the notes are growing more soft at
light.

Perhaps the sound of the serenade
Seeks the soul of the girl who loves and
waits,

As the swallows seek eaves to build the
nests

When they come in spring with the
gentle mates.

The street is deserted, the night is cold,
The moon shines out from the clouds aloft
The lattice above is opened now
And the notes are growing more low, more
soft.

The singer with fingers light and strong
Clings to the ancient window's bar,
And a moan is breathed from the fragile
strings
Of the sweet guitar.

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

LUIS MUÑOZ RIVERA

(1865-1916)

TO HER

UÑOS RIVERA was a native of Puerto
ho became prominent at the time that
ecame part of the United States. He
tor of *La Democracia* and served as
sioner of Puerto Rico to the United
Government. His poems, under the
Tropicales, were published in New
1902.

n my lyre I touch the strings apart
arch of melody serene and rare,
mory comes stealing o'er my heart
gentle thoughts in thousands gather
here.

age floats before me in a glance
lden wonder hovering at my eyes;
osphere delirious would entrance
oul with perfumes out of Paradise.

The sparkle of her glances sets aflame
The hearth-place of the inmost of my
soul;
It glows with inspiration; strings acclaim;
The chant begins and swells beyond
control.

Then as the radiant vision dies away,
As melts afar some white cloud full of
dew,
My verses through my mind begin to play,
And on the page my pen would catch a
few.

—*Roderick Gill.*

FABIO FIALLO

(1865-)

NOSTALGIA

FIALLO is a native of San Domingo,
 leaders of the *modernista* move-
 known widely for his writings in
 verse.

were and the good St. Peter
 ne to God on high—
 is fellow of a crusader,
 r maid, and I.

r prayed that he might ever
 : on earth he fought:
 ichael gave his own picked legion
 soon he sought.

sobbed out a stammering prayer
 n to her lover's sight,
 became the kiss of dawn by day,
 the moon by night.

My turn next; and God said blandly,
"Already I know your will;
You desire the harp of My singer David
—My pride leapt up—but still—

"Oh, no, Lord; another thing!
To be a tree on the tropic shore
Watered by my own Ozama,
And there, deep-rooted, to live o
more!"

—*Muna La*



Rubén Darío

RUBÉN DARÍO	595
<p data-bbox="302 395 493 422">RUBÉN DARÍO</p> <p data-bbox="338 440 457 467">(1867-1916)</p> <p data-bbox="302 486 493 513">TO ROOSEVELT</p> <p data-bbox="231 532 628 795"> RUBÉN DARÍO, the leading modernist poet in Spanish, was born at León, Nicaragua. He devoted his early life to journalism in various parts of South America. Later he took up residence at Madrid where he greatly influenced the writers of his generation. His principal publications are <i>Azul</i> (1888), <i>Profanas</i>, and <i>Cantos de vida y esperanza</i> (1905), <i>El canto errante</i> (1907). Darío returned to León shortly before his death. </p> <p data-bbox="400 857 412 876">I</p> <p data-bbox="231 908 628 1024"> only with the Bible or with Walt Whitman's verse, you, the mighty hunter, are reached by other men. </p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

You're primitive and modern, you're simple
and complex,—

A veritable Nimrod with aught of Wash-
ington.

You are the United States;

You are the future foe

Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,
That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in
Spanish still

You are a fine example of a strong and
haughty race;

You're learned and you're clever; to Tol-
stoy you're opposed;

And whether taming horses or slaying
savage beasts,

You seem an Alexander and Nebuchadnezzar too.

(As madmen today are wont to say,
You're a great professor of energy.)

You seem to be persuaded

That life is but combustion,

That progress is eruption,

And where you send the bullet

You bring the future.

2

he United States are rich, they're power-
ful and great
They join the cult of Mammon to that of
Hercules),
and when they stir and roar, the very
Andes shake. . . .

ut our America, which since the ancient
times . . .
as had its native poets; which lives on
fire and light,
n perfumes and on love; our vast America,
he land of Montezuma, the Inca's mighty
realm,
f Christopher Columbus the fair America,
merica the Spanish, the Roman Catho-
lic, . . .
men of Saxon eyes and fierce, barbaric
soul,
his land still lives and dreams, and loves
and stirs!
Take care!
he daughter of the Sun, the Spanish land,
doth live!

And from the Spanish lion a thousand
whelps have sprung!

'Tis need, O Roosevelt, that you be God
himself . . .

Before you hold us fast in your grasping,
iron claws.

And though you count on all, one thing is
lacking: God!

—*Elijah Clarence Hills.*

SONATINA

The Princess mourns—Why is the Princess
sighing?

Why from her lips are song and laughter
dying?

Why does she droop upon her chair of
gold?

Hushed is the music of her royal bower;

Beside her in a vase; a single flower

Swoons and forgets its petals to unfold.

The fool in scarlet pirouettes and flatters,

Within the hall the silly dueña chatters;

Without, the peacock's regal plumage
gleams.

The Princess heeds them not; her thoughts
are veering

Out through the gates of Dawn, past sight
and hearing,

Where she pursues the phantoms of her
dreams.

Is it a dream of China that allures her,
Or far Golconda's ruler who conjures her

But to unveil the laughter of her eyes?—

He of the island realms of fragrant roses,
Whose treasure flashing diamond hoards
discloses,

And pearls of Ormuz, rich beyond sur-
mise?

Alas! The Princess longs to be a swallow,
To be a butterfly, to soar, to follow

The ray of light that climbs into the sun;

To greet the lilies, lost in Springtime
wonder,

To ride upon the wind, to hear the thunder
Of ocean waves where monstrous billows
run.

Her silver distaff fallen in disfavor,
Her magic globe shorn of its magic savor,
The swans that drift like snow across the
lake,

The lotus in the garden pool—are mourning;
The dahlias and the jasmin flowers adorning
The palace gardens, sorrow for her sake.

Poor little captive of the blue-eyed glances!
A hundred negroes with a hundred lances,
A hound, a sleepless dragon, guard her
gates.

There in the marble of her palace prison
The little Princess of the roving vision,
Caught in her gold and gauzes, dreams
and waits.

"Oh" (sighs the Princess), "Oh, to leave
behind me

My marble cage, the golden chains that
bind me,

The empty chrysalis the moth forsakes!
To fly to where a fairy Prince is dwelling—
O radiant vision past all mortal telling,
Brighter than April, or the day that
breaks!"

little Princess," whispers the good
 fairy,
 sword and goshawk; on his charger
 airy,
 'Prince draws near—the lover without
 blame.
 his wingéd steed the Prince is
 fleeting,
 conqueror of Death, to bring you
 greeting,
 with his kiss to touch your lips to
 flame!"

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

WINTERFALL IN THE TROPICS

s twilight grey and gloomy
 e the sea its velvet trails;
 oss the heavens roomy
 / the veils.

and sonorous rises
 complaint from out the deeps,
 e wave the wind surprises
 os.

Viols there amid the gloaming
Hail the sun that dies,
And the white spray in its foaming
"Miserere" sighs.

Harmony the heavens embraces,
And the breeze is lifting free
To the chanting of the races
Of the sea.

Clarions of horizons calling
Strike a symphony most rare,
As if mountain voices calling
Vibrate there.

As though dread, unseen, were waking,
As though awesome echoes bore
On the distant breeze's quaking
The lion's roar.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

CANCIÓN OF AUTUMN IN SPRING-
TIME

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—

[weep?—no tears I measure;—
y tears—I know not why!—

r heart hath been divided
days celestial here;
as a gentle maid, unguided
gh this world's affliction drear;

e white dawn was her vision;
the flower her gentle smile;
: dusky locks elysian
ed of night and grief the style.

ut a lad unknowing,—
as natural, would play
h my love's fond ermine, showing
lias and Salomé.

youth, my sacred treasure,
ning ye pass by!—
[weep?—no tears I measure;—
y tears,—I know not why!—

as another then, more tender,
sensitive, more subtly kind,
othing, more delight to render
ever I had thought to find;

But 'neath her gentleness unceasing
A violent passion was concealed
And through her filmy robe releasing,
A wild Bacchante was revealed.

To breast she took my young ideal,
And nursed it softly as a child;
Then slew it, left it sad, unreal,
Of all its light and trust defiled.

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
Unreturning ye pass by!—
Would I weep?—no tears I measure;—
Then my tears—I know not why!—

There was another took my kisses
To be the casket of her flame;
She laughed amid our wildest blisses,—
Her teeth against my heart-strings came!

Amid the maddest of her passion
She looked across with wilful eyes,—
As though our fond embrace could fashion
The essence of eternal skies;

our fragile flesh were tying
ghs of endless Edens here;
that with Springtime dying
s of body disappear.

outh, my sacred treasure,
ig ye pass by!—
eep?—no tears I measure;—
ears—I know not why!—

e others! In how many
nd climes,—they ever were'
r a rhyme,—or any
n my heart astir!—

earch for that high lady
m I have awaited long.
hard and grim and shady,—
as no princess, save in song!

Time's unyielding measure,
st for love has never died,—
ead bends to scent with pleasure
s of the garden-side—

Days of youth, my sacred treasure,
 Unreturning ye pass by!—
 Would I weep—no tears I measure;—
 Then my tears—I know not why!—

Mine is still the Dawn of golden treasure!—
 —*Thomas Walsh.*

PORTICO

I am the singer who of late put by
 The verse azulean and the chant profane,
 Across whose nights a rossignol would cry
 And prove himself a lark at morn again.

Lord was I of my garden-place of dreams,
 The heaping roses and swan-haunted
 brakes;
 Lord of the doves; lord of the silver streams,
 Of gondolas and lyres upon the lakes.

And very eighteenth century; both old
 And very modern; bold, cosmopolite;
 Like Hugo daring, like Verlaine half-told,
 And thirsting for illusions infinite.

nfancy, 'twas sorrow that I knew;
youth—was ever youth my own
indeed?—

as still their perfume round me strew,
r perfume of a melancholy seed—

ess colt, my instinct galloped free,
youth bestrode a colt without a rein;
n I went, a belted blade with me;
ell not—'twas God who did sustain—

. my garden stood a statue fair,
arble seeming yet of flesh and bone,
le spirit was incarnate there
ensitive and sentimental tone.

id of the world, it fain would hide
from its walls of silence issue not,
hen the spring released upon its tide
hour of melody it had begot—

ur of sunset and the hidden kiss;
hour of gloaming twilight and
retreat;
ur of madrigal, the hour of bliss,
I adore thee” and “Alas” too sweet.

And 'mid the gamut of the flute, pe
chance,

Would come a ripple of crystal myster
Recalling Pan and his old Grecian dance
With the intoning of old Latin keys.

With such a sweep and ardor so intense
That on the statue suddenly were bor
The muscled goat-thighs shaggy a
immense
And on the brows the satyr's pair
horn.

As Góngora's Galatea, so in fine
The fair marquise of Verlaine captur
me;
And so unto the passion half divine
Was joined a human sensuality;

All longing, and all ardor, the mere sense
And natural vigor; and without
sign
Of stage effect or literature's pretence—
If there was ever soul sincere—'tw
mine.

y tower awakened my desire;
 ed to enclose myself in selfish bliss,
 igered after space, my thirst on
 re'
 eaven, from out the shades of my
 byss.

the sponge the salt sea saturates
 the oozing wave, so was my heart
 and soft, bedrenched with bitter
 ites
 world and flesh and devil here
 npart.

rough the grace of God, my con-
 science
 d unto good its better part;
 were hardness left in any sense,
 lted soft beneath the touch of Art.

llect was freed from baser thought,
 oul was bathed in the Castalian
 ood,
 t a pilgrim went, and so I caught
 armony from out the sacred wood.

O sacred wood! O rumor, that profoun
Stirs from the sacred woodland's
divine!

O plenteous fountain in whose po
wound
And overcome our destiny malign!

Grove of ideals, where the real halts,
Where flesh is flame alive, and P
floats;

The while the satyr makes his old ass
Let Philomel loose her azure-dr
throats.

Fantastic pearl and music amorous
A-down the green and flowering
tops;

Hypsipyle stealthily the rose doth bu
And the faun's mouth the t
stalkings crops.

There, where the god pursues the
maid,
Where springs the reed of Pan from
the mire,

RUBÉN DARÍO	611
<p>Life Eternal hath its furrows laid and wakens the All-Father's mystic choir.</p> <p>soul that enters there, disrobed should go tremble with desire and longing pure, or the wounding spine and thorn below,— o should it dream, be stirred, and sing secure.</p> <p>, Light, and Truth, as in a triple flame roduce the inner radiance infinite; , pure as Christ, is heartened to exclaim: <i>I am indeed the Life, the Truth, the Light!"</i></p> <p>Life is mystery; the Light is blind; The Truth beyond our reach both daunts and fades; sheer perfection nowhere do we find; The ideal sleeps a secret in the shades.</p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

Therefore to be sincere is to be strong.

Bare as it is what glitter hath the star;
The water tells the fountain's soul in song
And voice of crystal flowing out afar.

Such my intent was,—of my spirit pure

To make a star, a fountain music-drawn,
With horror of the thing called literature—
And mad with madness of the gloam and
dawn.

From the blue twilight such as gives the
word

Which the celestial ecstasies inspire,
The haze and minor chord,—let flutes be
heard!

Aurora, daughter of the Sun,—sound,
lyres!

Let pass the stone if any use the sling;

Let pass, should hands of violence point
the dart.

The stone from out the sling is for the
waves a thing,

Hate's arrow of the idle wind is part.

Virtue is with the tranquil and the brave;
The fire interior burneth well and high;
The triumph is o'er rancor and the grave;
Toward Bethlehem—the caravan goes
by!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

• LUIS G. URBINA

(1867-)

THE MOONBEAM

LUIS G. URBINA is a Mexican poet of the modernist school, much of whose work has been inspired by the natural beauties of Cuba. His principal works are *Poema del lago* and *Poema del Mariel*.

Moonbeam, come in! Thou art a welcome guest.

'Tis long since I have seen thy silver flame.

Although I left the casement open wide,
Shadows alone into my chamber came.

Ungrateful comrade, thou art still the same—

The beam transparent, gliding through the night,

The beauteous gleam of splendor from on
high,
Diaphanous with amber's yellow light.

Come in! She is not here; naught canst
thou spy.
Moonbeam, thou canst not now be indis-
creet,
Even if thou upon the nuptial couch
Shouldst cast thy pearly radiance, clear
and sweet.

O'erflow the carpet like a glittering rain,
Flood all the silent room from wall to wall,
And, clinging to the darksome drapery,
Give it the semblance of a silver shawl!

See'st thou, all things are dusty and un-
kempt;
The heart is chilled to view their mournful
air.
Upon the blackened nail the bird cage
hangs
Empty and hushed; the songbirds are not
there.

See'st thou, around the railing rough the
vine

Its faded blossoms wreathes; no flower we
spy

Upon the rose-tree; all the lilies now
Are withered, the sweet basil plants are
dry.

Thou brightness indiscreet, from heaven
above!

She loved thee in the past: I love thee now.
How often have I seen thy glimmering
light

Reflected from her pure and pensive brow!

The girl with golden hair is here no more,—
The dreamer, pale and white as ocean foam,
Who said, as on thy shifting light she gazed,
"It is the smile of God within our home!"

Ungrateful comrade, only thou and I
Are in this chamber, now a place of dole:
Yet welcome, heavenly brightness indis-
creet!

If thou would'st see her, come into my soul!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

(1868-)

AT PARTING

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA is a Venezuelan poet whose political fortunes were bound up with those of President Cipriano Castro, who appointed him governor of the wild Territory of Amazonas. He was imprisoned by President Gómez, and in later years has resided in Paris, associated with the *Revista de América*. His poems appeared in *Pequeña ópera lírica* (Paris, 1904) and *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro* in 1911. He has also published an annotated edition of the correspondence of Bolívar the Liberator.

My love had known fifteen springs—
I kissed, and I pressed to me
Her lips like a flower, her chestnut hair,
Beside a lyric sea.

"Think of me; never forget,
No matter where I may be!"

—And I saw a shooting star
Fall suddenly into the sea.

—*Muna Lee.*

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

(1869-)

EYES

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO is a native Colombian, prominent in the life and national affairs of Bogotá. Besides his own admirable work in poetry, he has edited for the Colombian Government the writings of *Rafael Ángel Buitrago* (Bogotá, 1917-18) and the work of *Juan Antonio Caro* (Bogotá, 1918).

There are eyes so full of dreams
That they show us scenes of yore;
Eyes whose pensive glances pour
Light of other skies and streams;
Eyes of grief that nourish themes
Dimly seen, as from the shore
Halcyon wings that wander o'er
Broken waves and clouded gleams.

Eyes there be whose sorrows fair
 Teach oblivion from the skies
 To the hearts whose cross is there;
 Eyes that sweet old gladness prize
 Whose ethereal cloudings bear
 Stars from a lost Paradise.

—*Thomas W.*

TOLEDO

Perched on its yellow peak beneath
 Inclement as of Africa, there lifts
 Toledo, with its brows of wrinkled
 Crowned with the belfries of the long
 by.

The sacred city shuts its midday eye
 To take siesta 'mid the Orient with
 Only from out the forge the rumo
 Where on the sword-blade still the ar
 ply.

Deep in the choir's ancient glooms,
 The Gothic lattices, there be
 prayer
 A pallid monk upon his ritual.

And on the balcony outside there wind
 The garlanded carnations burning there
 Fresh as the lips love's earliest sighs
 enthrall.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE GENERALIFE

Alone it stands, an idle heap of dust,
 The dreamland Arab palace on its hill;
 And should Boabdil, its old lord, come
 still,
 His grief would find an equal in its rust.
 The sweet Granada spring herself doth
 trust
 Ungrudging here, and her green charms
 fulfil;
 The fountains play, and dream would
 have its will
 Over the perfumes spilled on every gust.

Who in this gracious tower-retreat, remote,
 Could muse an hour upon the languid
 charm
 Of beauty and the smiling thought of
 love,

And find not through his drowsy
float

Another voice that sounds the soft
Of tears, as in the nightingale'
throat?

—*Thomas Wai*

MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN

(1870-1908)

TO A RICH MAN

MARÍA GABRIEL Y GALÁN was born at de la Sierra, Salamanca, Spain. He life to school-teaching and farming. boys popularity among the his sincere and powerful things of life. His (d-Sevilla, 1909) have

estate?

ired,

red,

your

;

bate!

I once beheld a wolf that from his
 Unto a starving cur the bones releas

When he himself was gorged and
 through;

So thou, rich glutton, drop the b
 there,

And let the pauper have the me
 share,—

Unless the wolf be kinder sti
 you—?

—*Thomas W*

THE LORD

In the name of God—who shall ope

I close the doors of my ancestr
 ing—

closing my life out from the horiz
 closing my God as in a temple!

Oh, there is need of a heart of stone,
 blood of hyenas, and a breast of s
 to speak the farewells that in my
 are struggling from my brooding

Oh, there is need of a martyr's lips
 to meet today

icy chalice trembling in my hold
neath my clouded eyes of hope.—

is the house deserted;
elders silently have stolen forth;
me it is for me to seek the loving
Christ,
ere with His arms stretched wide—
—*Thomas Walsh.*

AMADO NERVO

(1870-1919)

TRANSLUCENCY

AMADO NERVO was a prolific poet of Mexico, much of whose life was passed in France and other parts of Europe. His *Perlas* and *Misticas* reveal the hidden character of the man, whose later poems took on a patently more artistic tone not so artistically effective.

I am a pensive soul. Do you know
 What a pensive soul is?—Sad,
 But with that cool
 Melancholy
 Of all soft
 Translucencies.—All that exists,
 Turning diaphanous, is serene and sad

A Sabine pilgrim
 Beholds in the quick
 Transparencies of the voicy water



Amado Nervo

AMADO NERVO	629
<p> he fugitive ages of his hair— bine pilgrim! </p> <p> oud, making a twin of its image, a cloud ts on the fountains, rises on high. </p> <p> , in deep silences, God Himself in the mirror of Himself— </p> <p> knocks at the door a wild woman who wastes her ghts: Open to me! It is time! singers, listen he external noises!" en and listen he external voices! . . . " </p> <p> soul does not hear her, my senses are asleep, soul and my senses are slumbering deep. </p>	
HISPANIC NOTES	IV

The river's sin is in its flowing;
Quietness, my soul,
Is the wisdom
Of the fountain.
The stars fear
To be shipwrecked in the perennial t
Of water curling in spirals:
When the wave is in ecstasy, the
people its crystals.

Conscience,
Be clear;
But with that rare
Inconsistency
Of all projections on a mirror.
To importunate Life, return
Only a reflection
Of its furtive passage in the moonlight

Soul, become deep;
That flower and foliage
May print on you their fugitive trace
That star and hirsute cloud
May mistake their route
And in your clear stretches find
A divine prolonging of their own aby

So, by the virtue of a singular fortune,
The infinite and you will be the same.
—*Ernest F. Lucas.*

THE CORTEGE

I march in a cortège perpetual—
I, part of the cortège;—my footsteps fall
Behind the Sacrament that leads ahead
Into the temple. Are our minds at
one—?

Or individual—; Does the same sun
Light all?—O Lord!—what trifling prayers
we said!—

I march in a cortège perpetual,—
Not knowing if my death shall end it all.
Or if through other cycles I am led;
Where with an exile's footsteps I shall go
Through dusty roads forever,—or shall
know,
O humble pilgrim, at the end, instead,
Thy grateful shoulder bending low
Where my last rest is spread.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MYSTICAL POETS

Bards of brow funereal
With your profiles angular
As in ancient medals grand,

Ye with air seignorial,
Ye whose glances lie afar,
Ye with voices of command;

Theologians grave and tried,
Vessels of love's meted grace,
Vessels full of sorrows found,

Ye who gaze with vision wide,
Ye whose Christ is in your face,
Ye in tangled locks enwound,—

My Muse—a maid marmoreal
Who seeks oblivion as her star,
Can find alone her raptures fanned

Amid your air seignorial,
Amid your glance that lies afar,
Amid your voices of command.

My soul that doth your spirits trace
Behind the incense's rising tide,
Within the nave's calm shadow ground.

Hath loved the Christ upon your face,
Hath loved your sweep of vision wide,
Hath loved your tangled locks en-
wound.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALLEGRO VIVACE

Listen, O child of woe,
What is the band below
Starting to play?
Where the great halls aglow
Gladness betray?

Let us begin the dance,
Waltz in a dizzy trance;—
Madame, the pleasure?—
In the mad whirl to prance
To the wild measure!

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;

With a kiss at the inning
Ere deathward we sink!

Paolo, thy memory,—
Thine too, Francesca, be
Clear in my mind;
Wild be our dance and free,
Dizzy and blind!—

Waltzing and spinning,
In lovely beginning
To twirl to the brink;
With a kiss for our sinning
Ere deathward we sink!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

BALBINO DÁVALOS

(1870-)

MY GLORY

BALBINO DÁVALOS was born in the city of
 na, Mexico. He was one of the favorite
 ibutors to the *Revista Azul* and entered
 iplomatic career, serving as secretary of
 exican embassy at Washington, London,
 Lisbon. He has translated much of the
 y of the Greeks, and English, German,
 talian poets.

azure of thine eyes, the crimson glow
 on thy lips, thine ambrous locks, thy
 cheek
 wondrous texture of white lilies,—
 show
 here for his honey my soul's bee may
 seek.

smile with all the fulness of its grace,
 witchery benign and generous,—

The silvery fall thy laughter's courses
trace,
In sweeping pearl and crystal tremu-
lous,—

Thy full surrender to my arms and kiss,
Thine humbleness before my passion's
claim,—

What glory can life give me more than this,
My treasure, my ambition's utmost aim!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SERAFÍN AND JOAQUÍN ÁLVAREZ
QUINTERO

(1871-)

(1873-)

PATRIA CHICA OR OLD ANDALUSIA

THE brothers Serafín and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, were born at Utrera, near Seville, and have earned a commanding position in Spanish letters through their success in a long series of plays. Their poems are marked by great finish and dash. They are much admired as poets.

Of all Spain I'm the Don!
I hail from the opulent region
Of wine and of sun!
To build me a castle of fancy
I but need a cigar;
To take for a day to my pillow,
A touch of catarrh.

I'm a general—I that can conquer
 Without cannon or frays;
 I plan every winning maneuver
 While I sit in *cafés*.
 I'm a Turk with my wine without water—
 But Inquisitor too;
 I am off to the bulls in the *plaza*
 When the sermons are through.
 “*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*”—
 As I thump at my breast;
 “*Señor presidente*,—a word to your honor,
 'Gainst this bull I protest!”—
 There's no time for repining,
 For of Spain I'm the Don!
 I hail from the opulent region
 Where they barter and barter forever,
 for seats in the shade and the sun!
 —*Thomas Walsh*.

AT THE WINDOW

Within the little street the shadows hide,
 And there a lattice wears a garden smile;
 There is a rose behind its grate, the while
 A faithful gallant makes his court outside.

The happy pair lets not a thought divide
The love that holds them in its honeyed
wile;

She at the grating joys without a guile;
He at his post with ne'er a woe is tried.

Night spreads her veil o'er both; with
chatter bright

And laughter free they pass the hours
away,

Breathing in love their mutual delight;
If to that lover you, perchance, would
say:

"I give you heaven for your place tonight,"
He'd answer, "Heaven is here and here I
stay!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ABANICO

Thy fan is as a butterfly
Upon thy fingers lighted
Since nowhere else it could espy
A rose to take its loving eye
Until thy hand it sighted.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ

(1871-)

THROTTLE THE SWAN

ENRIQUE GONZÁLEZ MARTÍNEZ was born at Guadalajara, Mexico. He became a professor of physiology and a politician. His poetry represents the full revolt against European affectations among American poets, and he urges "that the swan's neck be wrenched," intending an attack on the merely decorative writers. He is greatly admired throughout Spanish America.

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered
swan

That gives a white note to the fountain's
blue:

Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much to
you.

e away with every speech and every
fashion

hich deep life's latent rhythm does
not live;

Life itself adore with passion,
make Life feel the homage that you
give.

rve the sober owl that takes his flight
i the Olympian refuge Pallas made,
gets himself in silence to that tree.
ough he has no swan's grace, you can
see

estless profile sharp against the shade,
preting the mystery of night.

—*Muna Lec.*

PRAYER OF THE BARREN ROCK

, round my brow the winds of heaven
are hurled,

nder the burning sun I bend my head;

ie cloud that passes, like a bird is
sped

1 to another world.

I know the Winter blasts that freeze and
sting,
The long monotony of Summer rain;
My eyes upturned to heaven implore in
vain
The miracle of Spring.

No forests crowd upon my barren crest,
No singing streams of water, running
bright
Through beds of moss and drowsy
flowers, invite
The traveller to rest.

But even as spectres in their tombs awake,
Haunted by dreams of paradise denied,
My dull heart stirs, and in my soul I hide
A thirst I may not slake.

My feet are buried in the mountain height,
My feet are chained; my hope soars to
the sky.
Men know me not, like strangers they
pass by
My prison bars of light.

And since I am denied the friendly flowers,
The fragrant beds of moss, the singing
stream,

Lord, let the nesting eagles mate and
scream

Above my mountain towers.

Yet by my loneliness would I express,
As in a symbol, that exalted mood
Which in impassioned, godlike solitude
Finds everlastingness.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA

(1871-)

PRE-RAPHAELITISM

JOSÉ JUAN TABLADA was born in Mexico City. He has given his whole life to politics and letters. He has also contributed widely to the reviews and has published *El Florilegio* (Mexico, 1899) *Florilegio* (Paris, 1904), *El sol y bajo la luna* (1917).

You have the grace that through a book of
hours

Some patient monk enscrolls on vellum
fair;

Or in the imaged dawn and sunset bowers

Your figure shines in holy windows rare.

Your parted locks are radiance round your
brow;

White hosts and lilies are upon your
cheek;

our forehead bears the starlight's crown-
ing glow;
Behind you, peacock wings of splendor
speak.

our hands two lilies fold upon your
breast
Veiled as two lovely and half-hidden
flowers;
serubs with timbrels round your feet are
pressed,
And angels lost amid their viol's powers.
us as in some mysterious triptych
framed,
Your face adown from other ages shines;
us 'mid the gleam of some mosaic,
flamed
With gold and purples, rise your beauty's
shrines.

aring aloft to heaven in Gothic spires
Beyond the shadowed cypress groves on
high,
rge from my dream the old Chartreuse's
choirs
Where you were virgin, and the abbot, I.

Putting aside my beads of olive worn;
My hands grew anxious for the brush
and paint;
Light from my ogive windowed cell was
borne;
The halls with laurel shadows were
acquaint.
There from the stroke of dawn, the sacred
hour
Of Eucharistic joy, until the bell
Of Angelus enswathed the cloister bower
With the vague sadness of its evening
spell,

I painted in a fever mystical
Thy breast's enchantment all in aureole;
Decking your robe with gems purpureal,
Forming your face of hosts and roses
whole.
And as I worked upon your gentle smile
And taught your forehead fairer, whiter
words,
From out a cornice spoke to me the
while
The singing voices of Saint Francis'
birds.

Alas, my habit white! My Gothic spire!
My heavenly blues, my lilies all in
flower!—

This loneliness for that old Chartreuse
choir

Where you were virgin, mine the Abbot's
power!—

Today is dead, the Umbrian lily, dead!
From off the friar's palette light hath
fled,

Nor doth the slightest gleam of joy
remain;

The bitter etching of his grief hath fed
Upon the red blood of his heart's last
vein.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL

(1872-1909)

JESUS

RAMÓN PIMENTEL CORONEL was born in Caracas, Venezuela, being at the time of his death, Venezuelan Consul at Hamburg, Germany. His poetry, which is well known in his native country, has never been collected.

Dear Sons of God,—of Him whom Sinai
saw

Mid rolling thunders trace the road of
Right,

Clear carven on the tables of the Law,—
A road, rough cast or smooth, for day and
night.

I come not from My Father to enslave,
But with the lamp of knowledge that ye
crave,

To hear the prayers of those who grace
implore,
Drying wet eyes and soothing bosoms sore;
Yea, dying on the Cross the world to
save.

Behold the King of whom the Prophet
told!
The Son of God—Messiah—see in Me.
I quench the flame and quiet down the
sea,
I guide the child and help the weak and
old!

If to a stiffened corpse my cry “Arise
And live again” be spoken,
Look where the cere-cloth fallen lies,
And death’s cold seal upon the tomb is
broken.

No kingly robe I wear; no golden sceptre
bear;
No haughty frontlet can My brows endure;
Love and the lowly heart My treasures
rare;
My law, the law of all the good and pure.—

Mine is the army of the worn and sad,
Beaten by sun and wind,
No spearsmen have I in brave armor clad,
Yet thus I come to rule mankind!

The works that smile to God as things of
worth
Can lend no glow to the satanic fires:
Strike down the things of evil at their
birth,
And stifle in your robe-folds base desires.

Let little children gather at My knees;
Their snow-white innocence shall be
The garb of those who mount to Heaven
with Me.
Verily I say, be ye as one of these!

Drive from your soul the vengeful thought;
Vengeance is His who rules the realms
above,
Give good for evil that your foe has
wrought;
I am the Lord of Hope, the Lord of
Love!

Do good, do good, but free of vaunt or boast,
Without vainglorious show,
So that of which your right hand knows the
cost,
Your left hand shall not know.

No golden key of wealth may ope the door
Of God's great temple in the heavenly
mead;
Yea, I who give you precepts, go before,
To give example of the deed;

Behold Me humbled and a-hungred, poor;
The fishes have their homes beneath the
waves,
The birdling holds his downy nest secure,
The wild things of the forest have their
caves,
The insect has its place of lure. . . .

Jesus alone
Who comes from sin to bring release
And free man's life from dread,
Preaching the faith of poverty and peace,
Yea, Jesus, Son of God, has not a stone
Whereon to lay His head!

—*Joseph I. C. Clarke.*

GUILLERMO VALENCIA

(1872-)

SURSUM

GUILLERMO VALENCIA is a native of Popayán, Cauca, Colombia, and stands high in the estimation of South American critics as a poet. A short experience in politics was followed by his withdrawal to a literary career in his native city. His *Ritos* were published in London in 1914. See also the article by Baldomero Sanín Caro in *La Revista de America* (1913, vol. i, pp. 126-36).

A pallid taper its long prayer recites
 Before the altar, where the censers
 spread
 Their lifting clouds, and bells toll out
 their dread,
 In grief's delirious sanctuary rites.
 There—like the poor Assisian—invites

A cloistered form the peace All-Hal-
lowéd;

Against the dismal portals of the dead
Resting his wearied brows for heavenly
flights.

Grant me the honey-taste of the Divine;
Grant me the ancient parchments' ruddy
sign

Of holy psalmody to read and prize!
For I would mount the heights immortal
crowned,

Where the dark night is 'mid the glories
drowned,

And gaze on God, into His azure eyes!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE TWO BEHEADINGS

*Omnis plaga tristitia cordis est et omnis
malitia nequitia mulieris.*—Ecclesiastes.

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES

(THESIS)

White and round were the breasts that
subtly stirred

And shone in rhythm with the Hebrew's
tread,
Waking the murmurous harmonies of the
red
Of rubies and the cincture's starlight gird.
Her lip's two jacinths made of every word
A vase of lurking essence harvested;
Her flesh a treasury with honey fed;
Her cheeks by tear or pallor yet unblurred.

Stretched on his sandal couch the Assyrian
Lay prone, the while the uncertain shadows
ran
Lugubrious patterns from the torch's
glow;
And she, as in his sloth he slumbered there,
Lone and inscrutable, the sword laid bare,
Made ready in the darkness for her blow.

As the sleek tigress crouches in the vine,
So Israel's daughter for the deed pre-
pared;
Then, the sheer blade in silent fury
bared,
She clave the head from the great form
supine.

ds, as from some broken jar of wine,
 sudden stream broke round her, as
 she dared,
 murderess amid the crimson snared,
 se on high her haggard countersign.

e blank eyes, the bloodless cheek,
 he beard
 angled in the blackened moist that
 clung
 a baleful knots of shadow where the
 white
 bit the ripened pomegranate as it
 seared,—
 trunkless head amid the darkness
 hung,
 se unhallowed in the bowers of night.

SALOMÉ AND JAOKANANN

(ANTITHESIS)

nan and a serpent formed in one,
 dancer Salomé swung round and
 round
 eivously unto the crotals' sound,
 ody bared in perfumed unison.

All of the Orient through her dance
 spun,
 Pacings that fire the sleeping blood
 bound,
Or bow to earth the human des
 crowned,
And leave life flowerless and the s
 undone.

His eyes inflamed within his parchm
 face,
The ghastly Tetrarch leans him from
 place
 Upon the fair one, murmuring in
 greed:
"For thy lips' honey, my Tiberiades!
And she: "Keep thy dead cities; on
 knees
 Grant me the Esenian's head mine e
 to feed!"

As the swift wind amid an ancient wo
 So passion through the aged Tyr
 played;
His eyes gave signal; the great sl
 obeyed

Whose gleaming sword against his muscles
stood.

Vast was the silence as the Just Man's
blood

Burst in a scarlet stream beneath the
blade;

Then Antipas signed to have the salver
laid

Before the siren in her bestial mood.

A light immortal gleaming from afar
Lit with the radiance of a dying star

The martyr's pallid lips and marble
brows;

And like the foam of some death-brooding
deep,

The holy head all bloodless seemed to keep
The breath of myrrh as from the censer

blows.

THE WORD OF GOD

(SYNTHESIS)

When Jonathan the Rabbin (incarnate
The soul and body of all Bible lore)

My poem heard,—his lips were smiling for
The thought he from the Inspired Text
would state.

"To womankind," he said, "trust not your
fate;

She breedeth madness; she is mandra-
gore;

Drink of her cup, your conscience lives
no more,

Your songs are done, your roads are deso-
late!"

And more he added, "Yet withhold your
fear;

Woman, man's ancient enemy, is here

Among us flaming like a comet dread;
She cleanses earth from love that is but vice,
And makes—to ease her burning thirst—
suffice

The very dew the wounds of martyrs
shed."

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MACHADO

(1874-)

THE HIDALGO

MANUEL MACHADO was born at Seville. He is noted for very fine technical qualities, as shown in his volumes, *Alma*, *Museo*, and *Can- lares* (1907).

In Flanders, Italy and Franche-Compté
And Portugal he made his twelve
campaigns;

Now he is forty, and in all the Spains
He is the oldest soldier, so they say.
Retired with honors, now he passes through
The arches of the plaza, solemnly,
The sunlight shedding native glory due
Unto his medals—stately champion he!—

Claiming the battlefield of Nancy still
As lost but at the Duke of Alba's will;—
His daughter's hand refusing haughtily

To rich Don Bela's scant nobility;—
 Telling his deeds of prowess on a scroll
 To Olivares for the pension roll.

—*Thomas Wals*

ADELFO

I am like all who from my country hail
 Of Moorish blood, close ancients of
 sun,—
 Who have gained all and losing all I
 failed.
 Firm is the soul we Arab-Spani
 won.

My longings died one night beneath
 moon
 Wherein I learned neither to dream
 love;
 My one ideal, disillusioned swoon;—
 And now and then a woman's kiss
 prove.

Within my soul, a sister of the night,
 There are no labyrinths; my passi
 rose

Is but a simple flower, exotic, quite
Without a perfume, form, nor colored
shows.

Kisses,—why not give them? Glory?—
What belongs.

Their atmosphere be my full breath
awake!

Let the waves drive or draw me in their
thongs,—

But never force me any path to take!

Ambition!—None of that! Love I know
not.

I burn not e'er for faith or gratitude.

Mine was a vague desire for art—now half-
forgot.

No vice controls me, though I seek not
good.

My aristocracy no man can doubt;
One gains not, one inherits blazon-
ment;

But the devise ancestral is rubbed out
To a poor blur; the sun eclipse hath
sent.

I ask you nought, nor love you, nor we
hate;

Letting you pass, pray do for me
same.

Let life itself arrange my mortal fate;

As for myself, I shall not take
blame.

My longings died one night beneath
moon

Wherein I learned neither to dream
love.

From time to time a kiss—a simple boon

Of generous lips—that seek no more
prove!

—*Thomas Walsh*

ANTONIO MACHADO

(1879-)

COUNSELS

ANTONIO MACHADO is a younger brother of the poet Manuel Machado. He was born at Seville and is distinguished in his *Soledades* (1903) and *Campos de Castilla* (1912) for great simplicity and force.

Learn how to hope, to wait the proper
tide—

As on the coast a bark—then part with-
out a care;

He who knows how to wait wins victory for
bride;

For life is long and art a plaything there.
But should your life prove short

And never come a tide,

Wait still, unsailing, hope is on your side
Art may be long or, else, of no import.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

(1874-)

HOW THE MOUNTAINS TALK

(From *Gesta magna*)

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, recently editor of *Revue Sud-Amerique*, was born at Cordoba, Argentina. His earlier poems appeared in *Montañas del oro* and *Crepúsculos del jaral*. Later he published *Lunario sentimental*.

One day to Tupungato came a sound from
far away,

Of waves or of battalions, rolling
wards to the height.

It rose from out the forests deep upon
swelling slopes

To mighty Tupungato, mountain
craters white.

Who from his veins pours waterfalls, whose
peak is like a lance,

Submerged in dawnlight when the sun,
with eye of blazing gold,
Looks from that giant balcony of heaven
to explore

The moveless host of granite rocks, far
stretching, manifold.

And Tupungato, turret of the winds, the
home of storms,

White like a pillow vast whereon the
age-long dreams repose
Of countless generations—he lifted up his
voice,

And all the world around him heard; the
sea, which darkly flows,

The forests where on stormy nights the
wind wakes deep laments,

The green plains, wrinkled over with
cattle where they spread.

In his great voice, unwonted for a thousand
years to speak,

He called to Chimborazo: "Be on the
watch!" he said.

Asleep was Chimborazo. Dead pride of
conquered faiths,

The vanquished, lost religions, that
hoary grandsire now
Was but a corpse, mute, motionless, a pillar
of the sky,
Above a waste of ruin litting a silent
brow.

He let a hundred winters make white his
shoulders broad,
And in his beard the condors nest, and
rear their fledgings there.
In vain the stormy hurricane plucked with
its wild, fierce hand
At the enormous cataract of his white-
flowing hair.

The roots of oak trees pierced his sides;
the sunsets and the dawns
Spread o'er his grim and savage pride
their colors delicate.
That summit in the distance was terrible
to see!
When a cloud nimbus veiled his rest, he
seemed to meditate.

Perhaps the clouds that floated around
him were his thoughts.

The tempests talked to him, the winds
hurled at him insults deep,
And in her blooming purity the Dawn upon
him smiled.

The giant kept the silence of disdain.
He was asleep.

But when he heard the cry that stirred the
mountains far and near,

He lifted from his eyes their veil of
hoary lashes white;

He looked and saw the glaciers of the
mighty mountain chain

All flushed and shining, gilded with an
ecstasy of light;

The ocean calm, the cloudless day, just
breaking, diamond clear;

The caravans of trees far off, outlined
o'er vale and hill;

And yonder, almost at his feet, the great
fire of the sun.

All things were swimming in its light,
and all was hushed and still.

The frosty summits mingled the outlines
of their backs

Like sheep that journey in a flock, upon
a long march led.
The sky its cup inverted above the picture
fair—
And to the stern, steep mountain the
lofty mountain said:
“I hear a sudden tempest approaching
through the vales;
It sweeps on, roaring. It would seem
the sea is drawing nigh!
The trees are bending, dust-clouds vast
rise from the troubled plains;
Black, shapeless masses surge along, a
torrent wild and high.”
The other mountain answered and said,
“It is the wind.”
Heavy with sleep, his brow he veiled
among the clouds once more.
But Tupungato reared his head far up-
wards to behold
The cause of that broad galloping the
mountain echoes bore.
Higher it came, all streaked with flame,
that sparkled in the sun.

The mountain on his shoulder huge
 lifted the arching sky;
 saw, and spake: "'Tis not the wind.
 He fancies that in vain!"
 He said to Chimborazo, "'Tis God who
 passes by!

O, it is Freedom! Bronze and steel
 have crowned her brow with stars.
 He flashes glitter keen and bright, far
 shining in the sun!"
 In Chimborazo raised his voice above
 the deep abyss,
 And, with a crash of breaking rocks,
 replied, "The two are one!"

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

THE GIFT OF DAY

And the glory of the sun, the world
 tremble lifts in tossing clouds and blue
 odious architraves, with towers un-
 furled
 like festal banners to the daylight's
 view.

Afar prophetic, sounds the cock's loud
Hierophant before the gates of light;
Amid his radiant canticle stirs all
His emerald plumage in its joyous m

And every little pebble shines with g
The harvest fields exhale their frag
heat;
Swept are the woods with waves
shadows old;—
Day is like bread, a blessing clean
sweet.

—Garret Strang

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

(1875-)

THE MAGNOLIA

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO, the greatest exponent of Americanism in Spanish poetry, is a native of Peru. His literary career began in prison on account of the revolutionary activities celebrated in his volume *Iras santas* of 1894. He has spread the gospel of Americanism throughout the south, influencing not only the later poems of Darío, but most of the younger writers of Spanish America.

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the
daughter,

Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;
White as a flake of foam upon still
water,

White as soft fleece upon rough brambles
torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have
fashioned

Of Grecian marble in an age remote.

Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,

As when a woman bares her rounded
throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,
Holds her enchanted by some magic
spell;

Something about a dove that broods above
her,

Or dies within her breast— I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,

Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:

Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory

Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless
snow.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

ODA SELVAJE

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,

and and greet you from the trembling
sea
t like some white-haired slave before a
queen,
h all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.
greet you from the sea above whose
combers
r heavy perfumes break upon the
wind;
ind them tower your mutilated trunks
beckon me to the Americas.
greet you from the sea that woos you
still,
e some wild chieftain with disheveled
locks,
owing that from your undeciphered
heart
orn the hollow ship that scars its face
mocks its depths with straining keel
and sail,
oods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
and and greet you from the shining sea.

turn to you and feel my soul set free:
gotten is the stress of modern ways.

I have become for very sight of you,
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,
And drank the milk of goats and ate their
bread

Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees
Recall to me how centuries ago
With twice ten thousand archers at my
heels,

I led the way to where the mountains
smoke

And lift their craters from the shores of
lakes:

And how, at length, I wandered to the
realm

Of the great Inca, Yupanqui, and went,
Following him upon the mountain tops,
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,
Because the centuries have marked me out
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns
Of joy and grief, that in heroic dawns
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone—

ends of Aztec Emperors and songs
old Palènkes and Tahuantisiúyos,
ished like Babylon from off this earth.

ere in your presence, with your savage
spell

ping in all my veins, the centuries
like a vision from the abyss of time
pass before me in unfading youth.

o I evoke the ages still unformed
t saw your first tree burst its bonds of
stone,

all the others headlong on its track,
h the ordained disorder of the stars.

o I evoke the endless chain of time,
creeping growth and slow monotony,
t passed before your roots were fired
with sap,

l all your trunks took form beneath
their bark;

l all the knots of every branch were
loosed,

join the hymn of your primeval Spring.

nd now your flowering branches are a
cage

singing birds—fantastic orchestra—,

Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird
Pours its strange song; and only c
mute:

The solemn *quetzal*, that in silence fla
His rainbow plumage with heraldic
Above the tombs of a departed race.

Your countless blue and rosy butt
Flutter and fan themselves coquettish
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun
Glimmer and glow like gems and talis
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swo
Your crickets scold, and when the c
spent,

And fire-flies light your depths,
beasts of prey
Stalk in the gloom, as through a nigh
gleam

The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes

Yours is the tapir, that in mov
pools

Mirrors the shape of his deformity,
And rends the jungle with his mon
head;

Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrob

That from the branches darts upon his
prey;
And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.
The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy
caves;
And yours the boa, that seems a mighty
arm
Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth,
Of tropic growth, you suck each living
thing—
The strength of muscles and the blood of
veins—
There to beget in your exuberance
The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone
day,
The tribes grown weary with long pilgrim-
age.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs
Counseling war or peace beneath its boughs.

And there is Pindar's oak, and there the
tree

Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and
shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of
queens.

Woods of my fathers, sovereign deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs
bowed,

I greet you from the sea, and breathe this
prayer:

That with the night, the close approaching
night,

You may entomb me in your sacred
dusk

Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults,
And that, to fire my eyes with savage
light

And wild reflection of your revelry,
To burn upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a
star.

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

SUN AND MOON

Between my agéd mother's hands gleam
bright

Her grandson's locks; they seem a handful
fair

Of wheat, a golden sheaf beyond compare—
The sun's gold, stolen from the dawn's
clear light.

Meanwhile her own white tresses in my
sight

Shed brightness all around her in the air—
Foam of Time's wave, a sacred glory rare,
Like spotless eucharistic wafers white.

O flood of gold and silver, full and free!
You make my heart with gladness overrun.
If hatred barks at me, what need I care?

To light my days and nights, where'er I
be,

In my child's curls I always have the
sun,

The moon in my dear mother's silver hair!

—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,
The night was mad with lightning; I be-
strode
My wild young colt, upon a mountain road.
And, crunching onward, like a monster's
jaws,
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm
kept,
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools,
Where hidden waters slept.
A million buzzing insects in the air
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding
thought,
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps
Among the branches caught.
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with
eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

Until there came to me, upon the night,
 A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet—
 A voice as of a woman singing, and her
 song
 Dropped like soft music winging, at my
 feet,
 And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit
 blending,
 Lengthened and lengthened out, and had
 no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night,
 And through the quiet of the hills, I
 heard
 That music, and the sounds the night wind
 bore me,
 Like spirit voices from an unseen world
 Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might
 say:
 "At night they come, and they are gone by
 day—"
 And then another voice, with low refrain,
 And untold tenderness, took up the strain:
 "Oh love is but an inn upon life's way";

"At night they come, and they are gone by
day—"

Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my
length

Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent
Upon that mystery within the wood,

My eyes grew heavy, and my strength
was spent.

And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak.

And now, when by untrodden paths I go,

Through the dim forest, no repose I know

At any inn at nightfall, but apart

I sleep beneath the stars, for through my
heart

Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:

"At night they come, and they are gone by
day,

And love is but an inn upon life's way."

—*John Pierrepont Rice.*

JULIO HERRERA REISSIG

(1875-1909)

THE CURA

HERRERA REISSIG was born at Montevideo, Uruguay, of a family of distinction, but fate, however did not preserve him from an early end. His really remarkable work was not collected until after his death, and the first collection, *Los peregrinos de la Tierra*, has yet made its appearance.

the Cura—Long the silent peaks
 watched him breast his hardships
 on his knees,—
 through the passes when the winters
 freeze,—
 along the lonely routes the midnight
 seeks.—
 though by magic, 'neath his blessing
 hand
 the bounteous harvest its responses speaks;

His very mule indulgenced graces leaks
That lift the parish to a heavenly land.

From his asperges to his clogs and hook
He turns in readiness to drain his brook
Of mountain gold to deck his altar
rude;

His preaching through a breath of basil
sounds,—

A nephew is his only turpitude—
His piety with cowlike airs abounds.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARISH CHURCH

In blessed silence vegetates the place;
The wax-faced Virgins sleep in their
attire

Of livid velvets and discolored wire,
And Gabriel's trumpet wearies on his face.
A marble yawn the dried-up font would
trace;

There sneezes an old woman in the
choir;

And in the sun-shaft dust the flies aspire,

As though 'twere Jacob's ladder for their
grace.

The good old soul is starting at her chores;
She shakes the poor-box, and in reverence
pores

To find how the Saint Vincent alms are
going;

Then here and there her feather-duster
hies;

While through the vestry doorway, come
the cries

From out the barnyard and the gallant
crowing.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CARTS

Long ere the noisy barnyard sounds, or ere
The dusky smithy strikes its morning
lay,—

Ere chemist wakes, or barber starts his
day,

A single lamp burns,—lightless on the
square.

Athwart the melancholy dawning fare

The oxen, throwing up their furrow way;
Beneath the gloom of the unsettled gray
The ploughman mutters rustic curses
there.

Meantime the lordly manor dreams.—The
jet

Through its old marble speaks the fountain's soul;

And where the tranquil shepherd's-star is
set,

Waking the lone path's yearning for its
goal

Of old, slow breathing airs in echo roll
From tinkling carts the daybreaks
ne'er forget.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

JULIO FLORES

(1875-)

GOLD-DUST

JULIO FLORES is a native of Colombia, whose poems have gained him great popularity, and whose literary touch is characterized by an unusual lightness.

HYMN TO AURORA

Thou heavenly butterfly
Whose great and tenuous wings
Their gold and rose spread high;
Thou that in ample heaven's sight
Over the Andes' mighty summits flings
In bland and radiant flight!—

From what far garden-place,
O butterfly divine, dost race?—
What heavenly branch or vine

Gives thee sustaining wine?—
Perchance the gardens of the night
Strengthened thy wings of light?—

What gleaming flower shall ease
Thine infinite thirst?
Perchance the golden leas
Where heaven's star-blooms burst?—
Perchance the bright horizons filled
With glorious rays
Where gold-dust of thy wings is spilled
O'er seas and mountain ways?—

Thou heavenly butterfly,
Come on my breast to lie;
From thy transcendant sphere
Seek out our poor world here,
Ere thee in winging turn
To ashes day shall burn!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE

(1875-)

MY MOTHER

MANUEL MAGALLANES MOURE, is a native of Chile, who in his volume *Matices* sings of her brilliant countryside.

I feel like a small child, lost
In a scene of gaiety.
Where are you, mother mine?
Not there—that is not she—

Nor this one. . . . Mother mine,
How can I search? I do not know
Which you are! Vainly seeking,
My tears fast flow.

Just like a little child
I weep in misery.
Is your cheek dark, O Mother?
Or fair to see?

This is not you, nor that. . . .
Where are you, Mother mine?
To lighten my dark soul
Your eyes must brightly shine.

Your hands must be soft,
Gentle with tenderness;
Your lips must drip honey
To sweeten my bitterness.

Your kind breast must be
Oblivion of grief;
You must be, O Mother,
Love beyond belief.

Your love must be
A vivifying breath,
And your caresses
Sweet as sweet death.

Are you my mother?
To each woman I pray
Some sigh, some laugh, not knowing
The thing that I say.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RENDEZVOUS

She will come? She will not come?
The passing cloud declares she will;
The quiet tree, no longer dumb,
Beckons,—She comes not; wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?
The sunlit paths with promise thrill
And file away; but waters drum
Across the lake—No, wait her still.

She will come? She will not come?
My heart is resolute she will;
But, hush, these murmurs troublesome—
She will not come—Await her still.
—*Garret Strange.*

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA

(1877-)

THE HESPERIDES

FRANCISCO VILLAESPESA was born in Spain at Almería. He is considered a disciple of Rubén Darfo in his many fine sonnets and other poems to be found, in part, in *Tristitia rerum* (1907).

Garden of Hesperides, divine
 And golden garden shining in mine eyes,
 Dream or reality?—what paths shall twine
 Unto thy shores, O Paradise of mine?
 So to his dream the pilgrim makes repine
 Falling in mire and blood amid his sighs.
 To seek this garden—destiny is thine,
 But never shalt behold it anywise.

Never to see it, for it lives alone
 Within the bosoms that have sorrow known,
 The treasure-house of all their fantasy—

rain thine arid eye its gates would find;
prose of life is all too near the mind,—
and far—too far away—is Poesy!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AFTER LAS ÁNIMAS

aged castellan beside the fire
do'er his parchment leaves, in his desire
learn the wise old proverbs of the past
t speak of gerfalcons' and hawks' wild
cast;

chatelaine her rosary unwinds
sleepy fingers; and the buffoon binds
bells in imitation, for a laugh,
king his ruddy hood and tinkling staff.

silence the fair damsel draws the threads
silk and gold; beneath her lashes sheds
glances on the ruddy page who stands
ow her dais smiling half in glee,

while he plucks the hound's ear
aimlessly,
il a hollow growl sounds 'neath his
hands.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

SOME MODERN BRAZILIAN POETS

I

ANONYMOUS

THE CANDLE

That I might read my page, I lit thee.
Sought thy light
To bring to my dark room, and to my
inner sight,
Radiance of knowledge. In vain. Im-
mersed in dreaming
I saw naught but thy glow, perceived no
other gleaming.
Then I regarded thee. Thy flame, to the
still night given,
Ros like a sentient soul, rose like a passion,
driven
Upwards in strength and might, seeking
heaven with its fire,
Crying aloud to me: "Here rises thine
own desire!

s the page immortal knowledge
lding,
ok of books all ancient lore enfold-
;
n of Thales, Plato, Paul and Christ
ointed,—
t true light is my small flaming
nted.”

—*Lilian E. Elliott.*

II

FAQUNDES VARELLA

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR

ocking of a hammock, a cosey
;
a humble roof of thatch,
a song, a tune on the guitar;
ette, a tale, a cup of coffee.

st horse, pacing more lightly
he wind blowing from the plains,
black mane and eyes of fire;

His feet scarcely touching the ground
gallops.

And at the end a smile from a
country girl

Of gentle gestures, kindly words;

A girl with bare neck and bare arm
curls free—

A girl at the age of blossoming.

Kisses, frankly given under the
sky;

Gay laughter, light gossip;

A thousand jests in the evening when
sun sinks

And a thousand songs at dawn when
sun rises.

This is the life of our vast plateaus!

Of the great uplands of the Land of
Cross,

Upon a soil that yields only flowers
glory;

Under a sky that sheds only magical
light.

—L. E. Ellis

III

BULHAO PATO

THE TWO MOTHERS

Two mothers met one day at the door of a church.

One entered, full of radiant joy,
Proud and triumphant, carrying in her arms
Her little child for baptism.

The other, the unhappy one, leaving the threshold,
Also carried a child, but this poor mother
Brought it, dead, for burial.

A few more steps and the two met—
She who bore in her happy arms
The child of her love;
The other, bathed in tears,
Who followed her dead baby.

Their eyes met. And at that moment
It was the happy mother from whose eyes

Tears broke, while the stricken woman
Who had lost her child—
Oh, miracle of love, smiled, forgetting her
grief,
At the rosy baby.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

SAMUEL A. LILLO

TO VASCO NÚÑEZ DE BALBOA

SAMUEL A. LILLO, is a Chilean poet, whose volumes, *Canciones de Arauca* and *Chile Pírico*, are vivid pictures of nature and primitive life in his country.

At the night a herd of savage buffaloes
Suddenly plunge into a quiet backwater
Setting there into ripples the sleeping
Water

With their great bodies,
They blot out all the shining reflection
Of the great moon, trembling and luminous,
That lies like a silver flower upon the
Water,

When the once peaceful pool turns ferocious
Featureless and troubled, leaping and tossing;
When the herd has passed on its way
No more the heavens gently send
The moon's shimmering image,

Unstable as the faint hue announcing
A pallid dawn,
But at last it shines with the radiant clarity
Of a diamond glowing from its dark bed.

So in this world it may be, that ignorant or
perverse

Men may pass, troubling the even current
Reflecting the glory and fame of some hero
Of Mars or Minerva; and then, when no
longer

The sounds of the caravan are heard in the
distance,

Then in the calm waters of history,
Like the silver flower from the feet of the
herd

There rises, pellucid and bright,
The illustrious memory once lost
In the stir of the crowd.

Thus, across the long years,
In this fair land of Columbus
Now, free from mistakes and illusions,
Thou unfortunate Captain of Spain!
There glory shines, lighting thy valiant
face,

SAMUEL A. LILLO	701
<p>to thy grave by envy, because thou gavest ndor and kingdoms to Spain, because, conqueror in terrible con- flicts, sovereign courage drew from the depths he mysteries of earth a great ocean, t doubled the size of the world.</p> <p>was a spirit audacious, adventurous, in the wings of the condor, the eyes of the kite, ixture of bully and knight a trace of the Spanish hidalgo. . .</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>L. E. Elliott.</i></p>	
AND MONOGRAPHS	IV

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ

(1879-1903)

AGE

CARLOS PEZOA VÉLIZ was a native of Santiago de Chile. He devoted his short life to periodical literature. His works, collected after his death, were published by his friends under the title *Cárlos Pezoa Véliz, Poetas líricos* (Santiago, Valparaiso, 1912).

Few my years, when hopes were many,
Dreams were gay, and I sang any—
Now my hopes are few, and older
Griefs pile up, and sighs grow bolder.

I have seen but few hopes tarry
On the road where the far years carry;
Mine, it seems, by age were frightened,—
For Hopes are maids that scorn the white-
head!

—Thomas Walsh.

THE HOSPITAL, ONE AFTERNOON

Athwart the fields the drops are falling,
Softly, gently, on the plains;
And through the drops a grief is calling,—
It rains.

Alone amid my sick-ward spacious
Where I my bed of weakness keep,
There's naught to fight my grief voracious,
But sleep.

But mists are gathering around me
With choking hold upon my veins;
I wake from out the sleep that bound me—
It rains.

Then, as if in my final anguish,
Before the landscape's mighty brink,
Amid the mists that fall and languish,
I think.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VIRGILIO DÁVILA

(1880-)

HOLY WEEK

VIRGILIO DÁVILA is a native of Puerto Rico. He has gained great popular esteem by his book of sonnets dealing with the actual life of his people, entitled *Pueblito de antes—Versos criollos* (San Juan, 1917).

I

Here's Holy Week!—How very different
We spent it in our native town at home!
Where everybody still and pious went
And hushed as though beneath some
convent dome.
The merry tinkle of the belfries stilled,
The rattles had begun their hollow roll;
The entrance to the village church was
filled
With pious folk grown anxious for their
soul.

The women had put off their colored
dress
And gaudy flowers and ribbons, to confess
In mourning garb their Jesus' death and
loss;
The men suspending labor now attend,
Dressed in their best, awaiting to the end
"The Seven Last Words" and "Stations
of the Cross."

2

Then the procession—from the crowded
nave—
Moves solemnly, a mighty multitude,
With sacred hymns and attitudes most
grave
As though with mystic powers it were
imbued.
Saint Antony's Sodality is there—
Old women who have made the church
their home;
Each "Child of Mary" and each urchin
bare—
How many in God's honor thither come!

The Cura forth 'mid chants and incense
files

Beneath the canopy borne down the aisles

By parish notables with airs that brag;

But haughtiest of all, the village-mayor,

In broidered coat pre-eminently there,

Goes first to bear the patriotic flag.

3

'Tis Holy Saturday; the sunbeams smile

As though some sweetheart saw her love
appear;

Crowds in the church are waiting hopeful
while

The Lord prepares to rise—for ten is
near!—

The linen sheet across the chantry parts—

"*Gloria in excelsis*"—scarce the priest has
prayed,

When the high belfry's jubilation starts,

The organ roars—the "Royal March"
is played.

At once the rattle of old musketry,

The sounds of children shouting in their glee

To chase old Judas down the crowded
way!—

Life seethes in alleys that before were bare,
Anew the shopkeepers display their ware,
And each heart patters—"Resurrection
Day!"

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO

(1880-)

HOME OF PEACE AND PURITY

LUIS FELIPE CONTARDO is a native of Chile, and a priest whose education was completed in Rome. He is author of *Cantos del camino* (Santiago de Chile, 1918).

In the little room where the day was
dying,

Children bend above their books, their
mother at her toil;

And on the little table within the lamplight
lying

There was set a spray of lilies snowy
from the soil.

Like a peaceful vase of purity, the dwell-
ing,—

“Here there is no touch of life upon its
troubled way!”—

snowy lilies, fresh and pure are
 ling,
 s what their subtle perfume to
 ung hearts would say.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE CALLING

hou dost know with what implaca-
 e hand
 ut its wound across my inmost
 east:

as lost amid the worldly band—
 have suffered where its blade was
 essed!

ou dost know how from all healing
 nned,

e I found in all the world possest;
 gloom would walk, and trembling
 and

Thy mystery with doubt confest!

ds came then unto mine ear—so
 eet,—
 weeter far than mother's lullaby.

710	HISPANIC ANTHOLOGY:
	<p data-bbox="387 266 841 319">Unto the path, O Lord, Thou drew'st my feet;</p> <p data-bbox="410 326 841 380">My wounded wing against Thy breast did fly,</p> <p data-bbox="387 387 841 440">And there, as in predestined grief's retreat, Within Thy heart, as in its nest did lie.</p> <p data-bbox="628 447 817 467">—<i>Thomas Walsh.</i></p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

LUIS C. LÓPEZ

(1880-)

RIVER-FOLK

LUIS C. LÓPEZ was born at Cartagena, in Colombia, where he has been intimately identified with the culture of his native land. His poems are very popular.

I

THE VILLAGE BARBER

The village barber, in his old straw hat,
And dancing pumps and waistcoat of
piqué,
Plays sharp at cards, and on his knee-bones
squat
Hears mass, and rails at old Voltaire all
day.

An "old subscriber" to *El Liberal*
 He works and sparkles like a
 glass
 Of muscatel, his razor's rise and fall
 Timing his gossip of what comes to

With mayor and veterinary, pious fo
 Who say the rosary, he speaks no jo
 Of miracles by Peter Claver wroug
 A tavern champion, and a cock-pit s
 Amid the scissors' clip, his wars
 wage,
 Sparkling like muscatel the ligh
 caught.

2

THE VILLAGE MAYOR

The village mayor, in a soiled panama
 With a tricolor ribbon at its crow
 Stout as Hugh Capet, in his loose éclat
 Glitters with bull-dog face across
 town.
 A doughty neighbor, ruddy as the to
 His dagger's point his only signatur

When at the night the garlic soup will
flow,
He makes his girdle strap the less secure.

His wife, a nervous, pretty, little thing,
Holds him as in an iron fastening,
Cheering herself the while with Paul de
Kock;
Decked in glass-beads, her eyebrows
painted clear,—
The while her spouse through the back-
town will steer
With stomach jewels and a face of rock.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

VERSES TO THE MOON

O Moon, who now look over the roof
Of the church, in the tropical calm
To be saluted by him who has been out all
night,
To be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,

O moon, who in your silence have laughed
at
All things! In your sidereal silence

When, keeping carefully in the shadow, the
Municipal judge steals from some den—

But you offer, saturnine traveler,
With what eloquence in mute space
Consolation to him whose life is broken,

While there sing to you from a drunken
brawl

Long-haired, neurasthenic bards,
And lousy creatures who play dominos.

—*William G. Williams.*

EMILIO CARRÉRE

(1881-)

THE MANTILLA

EMILIO CARRÉRE was born in Madrid. He received his education at the University of Madrid, later publishing many books. Among them are *El caballero de la muerte*, *Románticas*, *El divino amor humano*, and *Dietario sentimental*.

Black

As though it were a very breath that
blows

From Madrilénian shadows, in its play
And nightly flutter, the mantilla shows

The street-girl duchesses of Goya's day.
In the light carts by Manzanares' tide

The black mantilla held its gallant reign;
In Holy Week Sevilla caught its pride
Amid her patios and her orange train.

To the blue-shadowed eyes of ma
tressed

As their own heart-songs, its so
brought rest

In the infuriate passion of their lo
Under its midnight was a lurid glo
Upon the breast—a ruddy brooch to
Like a red rose, a gloomy heart a

White

Silken mantilla, in whose snowy wo
Lurk the dark lashes, with their
spell,

Of eyes whose midnight gives a deep
When the bull's bloodstains on t
tell.

Tangle of pearl and moonlight, blo
Of snow and swan and silver s
shine,—

White flowers of Holy Thursday in
About the Seven-Dolored Virgin's

Blossom of gallantry, snow-tipped r
With graceful ripples of the seguidi
Blason of Goya's festivals of old

EMILIO CARRÉRE

717

, clear and joyous as the vanished
strains
shower from silver orange groves like
rains

on our beauties with the flesh of gold!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

AND MONOGRAPHS

IV

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ

(1881-)

ONE NIGHT

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNES was born at Moguer in Huelva, Spain. He has gained recognition through several collections of poetry revealing a very melancholy nature. He has recently admitted free-verse as a vehicle for his poetry. His publications include *Arias tristes* (1903), *Melancolía* (1912), *Diario de un poeta recién casado* (1917), and *Poesías escojidas* (Hispanic Society of America, 1917).

The ancient spiders with a flutter spread
Their misty marvels through the with-
ered flowers,
The windows, by the moonlight pierced,
would shed
Their trembling garlands pale across the
bowers.

The balconies looked over to the South;
The night was one immortal and serene;
From fields afar the newborn springtime's
mouth

Wafted a breath of sweetness o'er the
scene.

How silent! Grief had hushed its spectral
moan

Among the shadowy roses of the sward;
Love was a fable—shadows overthrown
Trooped back in myriads from oblivion's
ward.

The garden's voice was all—empires had
died—

The azure stars in languor having known
The sorrows all the centuries provide,
With silver crowned me there, remote
and lone.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

GRIEF-WEARINESS

In the dark my grief increaseth;
A grimmer phantom grows my old re-
morse;

The shadowy finger never ceaseth
To trace its "Mene, Tekel's" bloody
course.

My bosom, shaken by its weeping,
Is as a mountain sad and drear,
Where clouds are black illusions heaping;
Where dream is chill, and glory, fear.

What hand is there to undo the portal—
To blunt each thorn-point on a rose;
With peace at twilight, and the mortal
Bosom melted to a star that glows!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

FROM *ETERNIDADES*

Let me draw rein,
Let me put a curb upon
The steed of dawn;
And let me enter—white—upon life.

Oh, how they stare at me,—
The mad
Flowers of all my dreamings,
Lifting their heads unto the moon!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

NOCTURNE: FROM *PIEDRA Y CIELO*

My weeping and the starlight
Together met, and joining swift,
Became as though one tear,
Became as though one star.

And I grew blind,—and heaven
Grew blind of love—And all the world
Was nothing more than sorrow
Of a star, and glitter of a tear,

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PARK

The ancient spiderwebs of all the halls
Reflect the twilight fires of amethyst;
Each balcony 'mid rains and trees recalls
In faded hues some story time has missed.

It seems as though a dance of long ago
Would waken in this twilight lone and
fair;
The soil is wet; from the chill branch
below
There sounds the muffled sob of love's
despair.

A hush—the scent of trampled roses—
night,
Wherein the golden lustres gleaming
throng;
Down the long avenue there fades from
sight
An old coach bearing off—alas!—what
song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA

(ca. 1883-)

BALLAD OF THE VIOLIN

VICTOR DOMINGO SILVA was born at Tongoy, Chile. He has published *Hacia allá* (1906), *El derrotero* (1908), *Selva florida* (1911).

This youth, suffering, weak,
Plays the violin in the sun
For a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

And listen! While he ripples
A Spanish roundelay
Or some Slavic song.
This youth, suffering, weak,

Goes out to seek the sun
To fill his shabby sack
To get a drink of rum
And a handful of tobacco.

Goes out to kill despair
 When he plays the violin,
 Comes out to seek the sun
 As a snail creeps from its shell.

This weak and suffering boy
 Died playing the violin.
 What of it? He came to his end
 With a drink of rum
 And a handful of tobacco.

They found him in the sun
 Claspng his violin.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

THE RETURN

I have come back to the old h
 therein
 To weep my childhood gone, my fath
 in death;
 Days, months and years have
 upon their way,
 And all the house in ruin lies, from
 To cellar, oh, what bitter change o'er
 How everything I knew has met

I come again in weeping for the hours
(Bright-shining mornings, evenings filled
with dreams

And slumberous afternoons!) I once have
known,

Where "he who has returned to us so
changed

With rounded shoulders and his hair like
snow"—

Seems now so different from his young
days flown.

Awaiting ever, ever his return,

We are not quite surprised; we feel his kiss

Upon our foreheads as in days of old;

My mother sighs; the grave domestics gaze

With reverent mien, and the old dog
begins

His barking as if back the years had
rolled.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh how
long!—

And in my years away, how many drouths,

How many mountain glooms and fogs
of dread!—

A silence falls; it seems each other reads
Sorrows in each, and weariness in some,
And worlds of dream and grief o'er every
head.

How long the voyage, Saviour, oh, how
long!—

Here by the frigid hearthstone of my home,
With all surrounding me, I bid them
tell,

If I look older?—They reply to me;

“Yes, father dear, we find you very
changed.”

And I:—“Poor children, you are changed
as well.”

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET

(1883-)

MY PEGASUS

ANTONIO PÉREZ-PIERRET was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He is equally well-known in the United States and the Antilles as a poet of distinction and charm.

My mount is Arab-English, firm and strong,

With slender, agile legs, and lengthened throat;

The nerves upon his flanks in network throng,

His beauty has a strange and curious note.

The blooded stock to which his sires belong
Shines on his forehead with its tangled coat;

He paws and curvets 'neath my bridle's thong,

And sniffs eternities in breaths that
gloat.

In pastures calm he grazes,—but on high
His crest of light goes singing toward the
sky,

His mouth athirst for azure depths afar,
As though to gulp the starry spaces down;
When sudden, with a brutal hand, I drown
His frenzy, and the reins a-trembling are.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

(1884-)

FROM *LAS IMPOSIBLES**(To the Students of Honduras and Nicaragua.)*

R. ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ is a native of Honduras, whose work in metre and in prose shows extraordinary imaginative and dramatic qualities. His poems possess a beautiful clarity and great depth.

I am the first love. I am the enchantment.
I am the pain of that white form
the time you wrapped yourself in your
cloak
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all,
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and
maims,

I am the first night of the nuptials
of the soul, to which none ever came

I launch my glances like falcons
to all those virgin souls
that give easy prey to women.
I am she who smiles on the balconies
full of the moon, in the outskirts,
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin
white as the flower of the lemon tree
and when you brushed my hand
you gave me more than a body entire

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. E
sure
that if you kissed it, it was only once
astride the wall
and I so closely wrapped against the
that when I saw you go you went d
forehead high, in your smile a prayer
and you kissed the air; and you went
blinded by me as by a light shining
things.

Students, you whom Honduras
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala
and who mingle dreams and penury
and live three or four in a room;

Crimson immigration of youths
half bohemians and half singers
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,
luminous with the blood of stars,

Who all know the mad cup
and stand two months in your landlord's
debt;

I am that golden-haired school girl
who, with a kiss which she left on your
mouth,
pinned a wing to your shoulders
and put the sun in your hearts.

—*William G. Williams.*

THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various
disguises,
Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza
writes verses.

His bearing is the dominie and his speech
dogmatic.

From two crutches hangs his great plethoric
paunch.

He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal,
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the
estrambote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quixoté.

And the sad and curious thing is that the
insane Don Quixoté
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and
upon highways:

"Praise with me all those who renew the
tongue;

I open new pathways for the young."

Never could I tell by what strange accord-
ances

Behind a madman always walk a hundred
sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic
prudence

and I cannot deny that you have in
abundance

a sense of life which laughs at madness,
and which is of a hundred thousand San-
chos the common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision
laughs at the adventures of knighthood,
but when peace comes after the battle
you listen to the rebukes of your master
and are silent.

For the ball-men, life is forever lovely
since if it slopes they know how to roll
down it.

Oh, rotund squire of easy soul and broad
face,

without Don Quixote the Good, what
would become of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times
once he hits
and that sole time is worth more than
your dead life.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,
thus history combines the divine pair;
in front, the thin master dragging
squire;
and behind, the fat servant, laughing
he comes.

—*William G. Williams*

GABRIELA MISTRAL

(ca. 1885-).

FROM THE "SONNETS OF DEATH"

GABRIELA MISTRAL, or Lucilla Godoy, is a native of Chile, where she has given her life to the education of children and the creation of poetry to be sung by them. Her works are as yet uncollected.

The hands of evil have been on your life
 Since when, at signal from the stars, I
 sowed
 It 'mid the lilies. Beauteous was it rife
 Till hands of evil wrecked the fair abode.
 Unto the Lord I said: "From mortal paths
 Oh let them bear him,—spirit without
 guide—;
 Save him, O Saviour, from the grip of
 wraths,
 And plunge him in the dream Thine
 arms provide!"

Lament is vain—in vain I strive to follow;
Black is the tempest that drives on his
sail;

My breast for him, or mow away his
flower!—

Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses
swallow—

Is pity in my heart of no avail?—

Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, speak
Thou this hour!

—*Roderick Gill.*

FERNANDO MARISTANY

(1885-)

FERNANDO MARISTANY is a native of Barcelona where he still continues to reside. He has republished his original poems under the title of *En el azul* (Barcelona, 1919). His contributions to international letters may be studied in his volumes *Poesías excelsas de los grandes poetas*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua francesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua inglesa*; *Las cien mejores poesías de la lengua portuguesa*.

(*My Soul sings*)

My soul is distant, with a crystal note,
As virginal waters in a hidden moat.

My soul is hushed in haughty solitudes,
As some old lordly manor in the woods.

My soul is frank and simple in its ways, -
As the light rain that flecks the rose with
sprays.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

THE PENALTY

Fourteen years old—

And in the study-hall,
Broad and unfurnished, at the school I
stayed

Alone and friendless, though some other lads
Were with me.—It was six o'clock, but we
Were kept till eight.—

It was October's close,
And the first chill—and down the garden
walks

The tossing trees were shaking off their
robes;

Amid the rustle of dead leaves, a hush
More silent than a hush,—amid the sway
Of fluttered curtains, struck the deep-
voiced clock

The hour of six—

The class in violin—

Adown the staircase broad, the broken
notes

Of tuning—then, O God, arose and lifted
me

To heights undreamt of—trembling, ex-
quisite

Sweetness and bitterness—a pure *noctur-
ne*—

Chopin, my brother, oh, my brother, now
For twenty years I bear within my heart
Your melody divine!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO

(ca. 1885-)

TO MODERN POETS

ERNESTO MONTENEGRO is a native of C
where he is well known as a poet and w
for the reviews. He has spent some y
in the United States.

Truce to the hunt of gold,
O brothers strong and bold;
Life hath a beauty far
Beyond this traffic jar;
In vain trade's towers on high
Blacken against the sky—
The wind, a wild thing—blows—
And bluer, purer now the heaven show

From factory, wharf and wall
Some pallid flower may crawl;
Take it and from your soul
Put off the childish rôle,

And, though across a grill,
Let sun your ruins fill.
Fear not, your little song
Can stay machines not long
From their gigantic beat;
The meadow-lark with fleet
Sweep to heaven from the soil
A shaft of song is, for the son of toil.

Ye heralds of the suns,
And swallow-myrmidons,—
Lend courage to me now
This hour of solemn vow;—
That here amid our rude
Metropolis may brood
Forever fruit of song;
That artists, poets, long
Their refuge here may find,
Comfort and peace of mind;
That here all work, all thought,
All song, to harvest brought,
May see the grim tower to a blossom
wrought!

—*Roderick Gill.*

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA

(1885-)

THE MANUSCRIPT

JOSÉ MANUEL POVEDA is a native of C where he has become an associate editor of *El Figaro*. His *Versos precursores* (Madrid, 1917) have won him great admiration as a poet.

It rests within its crystal royally,
 With ceremonious bareness set apart
 Subservient ribbons mark its sovereign
 A seal is sign of its authentic heart.
 No fingers dare to turn its pages o'er;
 No modern reader comes to study it
 Its object now is to be read no more,—
 Its mission sole is but to last fore'er

In all the *coro* not a single thing
 Displays such haughty air or blazoning
 As does the boast of its antiquity;

that ne'er can be destroyed,
 while it treasures ages, is employed
 abroad its own supremacy.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

OF THE CREATIVE VOICE

to the demiurgic nights
 and, male fecundity;
 and creative, squandering wights
 at where the cities be.

and cities feel my anxious passion
 extrication 'gainst their heart,
 the letters that at last shall fashion
 word of Song apart.

gloats upon its silence dire,—
 all I then be silent,—no!—
 any would of me song require,
 O the city hearken low!

[brave the brows of its disdain,
 ent, in my sorrow strong,
 unto mankind amid my pain,
 he shall be his song!

—*Thomas Walsh.*

MONTOTO DE SEDAS

(1888-)

SPANISH EYES

SANTIAGO MONTOTO DE SEDAS was born in Seville, the son of Don Luis Montoto Raustrach the poet. He is a graduate of the College of San Hermenegildo, and has been Archivist of Seville. His poetical works include *Última hora de Torcuato Tasso* (Seville, 1910), *Poesías* (Seville, 1911).

*"Trust not black eyes' smile or frown,
And be coy of eyes of blue;
Glances of the chestnut brown.
Are the only good and true."*

Street Sonnet

Thinkst thou I can trust thy pleading
With such singing in the town,
When in thy clear eyes I'm reading
Trust not black eyes' smile or frown

Nor in thine whose eyes are shining
Starry for a love-clasp due,
Other warning they are signing,—
And be coy of eyes of blue,

One alone my heart entrances,
One with pining bends me down,—
She who turns the mellow glances,
Glances of the chestnut brown.

Hers that hold no trace of scheming
Nor cajoling in their hue;
Eyes that meet me in my dreaming
Are the only good and true.
—*Thomas Walsh.*

RENÉ LÓPEZ (*Cuban*)

THE SCULPTOR

Sculpture's great mother was the rock-
crowned crest:

The frozen granite was her prophet old;
In blazoned bronze her lyric praise was
told;

With molding clay was her fair body
dressed.

My chisel is of steel whose flash is manifest
As arrows flying past a sun of gold.

I am the God of Art: the athlete bold,
Proud chiseler of beauty pure and blessed.

Time crumbles not the shapings of my
hands.

Under the feet of my great Moses stands
Man, trembling as before a presence
mighty.

RENÉ LÓPEZ	747
<p>whose hammer-blows, mid hurtling hips, of the block made rise from heel to ips ves implacable of Aphrodite. —<i>Joseph I. C. Clarke.</i></p> <p>ARTINA PIERRA DE POO (<i>Cuban</i>)</p> <p>LOVE'S MIRROR</p> <p>gazing in the crystal pool, see you there to make you r?" within the waters cool ge—very like me, very." nd it beautiful?" "Indeed I do." nat is why you're glad?" "Why, certainly. auty, 'tis,—face, form, and hue— olds Sebastian dead in love with ."</p>	
ND MONOGRAPHS	IV

"Girl, so fair and frank and pure,
 Sebastian's dying now to net you:
 God grant that he may not forget you
 If dies your beauty as the lure." . . .

"Poor woman gazing in the crystal po
 What's there so saddening to see?"

"I see mine image shining cool
 In its transparency."

"And is it beautiful?

"No longer; no."

"And that is why it makes you sad?"

"Yes; even so.

Sebastian's love lifts up to fret me:
 My beauty gone, he doth forget me."
 "Poor woman! Tho' you weep and v
 Tho' life may of your peace take toll:
 Learn that the only love that's deep
 Is that which rises from the soul."

—*Joseph I. C. Clar*

DMITRI IVANOVITCH

(1888-)

THE CHILD ASLEEP

DMITRI IVANOVITCH is the pen-name of José Betancourt, the son of Don Julio Betancourt, born at Cartagena, Colombia, and educated at the College of the Pious Schools at Seville, Spain. He is the author of many poems, and one of the editors of *La Prensa*, New York.

In the hushed dwelling, where the plaintive
ray

Of one poor candle's light on roof and
floor

Weaves in its flickerings fantastic store
Of shadowing, a little head doth lie
Upon its snowy pillow while the play

Of rhythmic breathing calmly stirring o'er
The couch mysterious and pure and more
As with a wavelet—sets its depths a-sway.

There watching at her side, I gently feel
Her light breath stir and move against my
own

That pauses with the awesome thoughts
that steal

Across me,—stricken to my very soul
With the vague dread of life that I have
known;

I yearn to be her shield, her cloak, her
stole.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA

(1888-)

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN

ALFONSO GUILLÉN ZELAYA is a native of Juticalpa, Honduras, who was educated at the Escuela de Derecho. His principal poetical works are contained in *El agua de la fuente* about to appear and *De la luz ignorada* (in preparation).

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot
Where there may be a brook with a good
flow,
An humble little house covered with bell-
flowers
And a woman and a son who shall resemble
Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from
hates,

And make my verses, as the rivers
That moisten the earth, fresh and pure.
Lord, give me a path with trees and
birds.

I wish that you would never take my
mother,
For I should wish to tend her as a child
And put her to sleep with kisses, when
somewhat old,
She may need the sun.

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,
An affectionate dog that will spring upon
my knees,
A flock of goats, all things rustic,
And to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;
To seat myself at evening under the rustic
eaves,
To drink in the fresh mountain perfumed
air
And speak to my little one of humble
things.

t to relate to him some simple tale,
 him to laugh with the laughter of
 ter
 it him to sleep thinking that he
 y later on
 at freshness of the moist grass.

terwards, the next day, rise with
 vn,
 g life, bathe in the brook,
 y goats in the happiness of the
 den
 d a strophe to the poem of the
 rld.

—*William G. Williams.*

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO

(1889-)

THE VISION

JUAN GARNERO CÍVICO was born at Seville and graduated from the College of the Escolapios. His poetical work includes *Cantares* (Seville, 1916).

Between the cloister grates I have had
glimpse

Of her—her brows beneath the snowy
coif concealed;

Yet through the veils, her eyes of azure clear
Like ardent coals of fire were revealed.

Then came again the vision mystical
Of that strange day she took the cloistral
white;

And lone I peer athwart the snowy veils
Into the heavens of her blue eyes of
light.

—Thomas Walsh.

SOME YOUNGER POETS OF CHILI

I

DANIEL DE LA VEGA

(ca. 1890-)

THE DOOR

My door is always closed and always dark,
My old door, crossed and recrossed with
bars,
Is harsh and hostile—nobody would believe
That safe behind it songs and bright
raptures glow.

Before it sleep, silent, three steps of brick,
That lead from the earth into my solitude,
The sun of my innocent days rose up them,
And knocked at the door with heavenly
humbleness.

Up to my door, one misty and quiet day,
Two little hands of a woman came to knock,

And the leaves opened with the impetuous
haste
Of a bird opening its wings for sudden
flight.

Her little feet hurried and tripped up the
steps,
Traversed the threshold with light and
gentle tread,
And the two halves of the door shut
themselves, dumbly,
Seeming like eyes that do not wish to look.

Then perhaps there was heard a light
laugh of joy,
And the faint sound of a kiss—then the
silence of love,
But the old door, obstinate, selfish, con-
cealed
Even the most shadowy echo within its
heart.

Slowly I move through life. In the restless
Depths of each day, comes the future to
knock
And I say smiling: It is too soon!

Living and singing have still the same
sweetness!

But some day Death will draw near to my
door;

He will enter and silently give me his hand,
While still the future calls with the call of a
brother,

Poets wail for you! This is the final day!
And I, as a poet will cry with my dying
breath:

"It is too soon! Death, you are still too
soon!"

—*L. E. Elliott.*

II

JUAN JOSÉ VELGAS

THE AZURE SKY

What is the blue of the sky? It cannot
be Thy mantle,

For things corruptible are naught to the
Almighty,

But when on its calm beauty we rest our
tired eyes

There comes the blessed solace of quick
tears.

At close of day, painted with flaming
clouds,

The sky is a dread vision of the City of
the Lost,

And at dead of night it broods with
such veiled mystery

That we must fain prostrate ourselves
before it.

The calm blue of the morning is a sign
of Thy omnipotence!

For this hast Thou created its pure
beauty,

For this hast Thou permitted the arts
of man

To penetrate its depths—and for this, O
God!

I crave that some day in my sad and
restless life

Blue eyes may shine upon me with the
love of woman.

—*L. E. Elliott.*

MARIANO BRULL

(1891-)

INTERIOR

MARIANO BRULL was born at Camaguey, Cuba, and after a long sojourn in Andalusia returned to his native land where he was graduated from the University of Havana in 1913. . He became Secretary of the Cuban Legation at Washington in 1917. He has been a frequent contributor to *El Figaro* of Havana and has published a volume of poems *La casa del silencio*, Madrid, 1916. A new volume is in preparation, entitled *En el peñón del vuelo*.

Here in her little room all still and lone
 The things that made her life are greeting
 me.
 It seems as though her body as it went
 Had left a spirit footprint, mindfully.

'Twould seem as in the mirror-moon were
shown

The shadowy glimpse of what she used
to be;—

And sing more sad her bird its caged
lament,—

And through the room her absence whisper
free—

Her gilt-edged book of prayers is lying there
Upon the table; and it says: "The care
Is small of worldlings,—Upon God,
thine eye!"

I raise my glance, and in my grief I moan:—
Oh, had I but, that final hour, known

The anguished sweetness of her last
goodbye!

—*Roderick Gill.*

TO THE MOUNTAIN

Just as soon as Mass is over,

Put our pious airs away;

And with luncheon in our baskets,

To the mountain! To the mountain!

To the mountain, for the day!

Hark, the bells of glory ringing
From the belfries of the Spring!—
Sun and sky!—oh, what a blessing
After gloomy days, they bring!

How the water o'er the mill-wheel
Rumbles furious and fast,
Bursting through a thousand echoes
Until—there—'tis gone at last!

For the woods our hearts are hungry;
Every bird hears us reply;
Incense seems to sweep our bosoms—
To the mountain! To the mountain!
To the mountain, let us hie!

Every grotto holds a secret;
Every cleft its creed and rite;
On the slopes is scattered grandeur—
Hawthorn flowers and crags in sight!

On the peaks the wind is hymning,—
Heaven is nigh—the town, far down;
Ah, why should not human dwellings
All the free-world mountains crown?—

At the nightfall—with our baskets
Empty—to the town we haste;
All the mountain fills with shadows,—
Spirits of the dreaded waste!—

—*Roderick Gill.*

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA

(1893-1918)

IDYL

PEDRO REQUENA LEGARRETA was born at Mexico City of a well-known family. He received his education at the Jesuit schools of Mexico City and Washington, D. C., graduating at the National University, Washington, in 1911. Later, political conditions in his native country forced him to take up his residence in New York, where he devoted much of his leisure to literature. He has translated some of Rabindranath Tagore's works into Spanish. His poems are in preparation for publication.

The opal-breasted morning of the spring
Scarce o'er the meads her luminous urn
can swing.

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	<p>When from the nests the tremulous light flute Of songs comes thawing, and the echoes mute</p> <p>Awake and mingle with the distant brawl Of lowing cattle and the shepherds' call:</p> <p>'Twould seem that, falling from the morn- ing's urn, Each ray of light would into singing turn.—</p> <p>Alone amid the pasture's splendid breast There stands a tree, a shadowy poem blest.</p> <p>Among its prescient leaves there lurks a trace Of old-world sadness and of pastoral grace;</p> <p>And bending o'er the field, the green gar- goyle Of one long branch from out the trunk would coil.</p> <p>A-straddle on the branch a maiden rides, As though a nymph some haughty centaur guides;</p>
IV	HISPANIC NOTES

Blonde is the maid, and naked, tall and fair,
With glow transparent as the morning air.

A sudden breath along the meadow grass
Stirs with a kiss the branch ere it would
pass.

And she, whom hasty breaths of fever
seize,
Grips the bough tighter with her snowy
knees.

The while the icy jewels of the dew
Send a sharp chill her silken body through.

Her locks float back in airy coronal
Above her shoulders, as the dawn rain's
fall;

And green and rose the shifting boughs
appear
Like some great butterfly her lips a-near.

She sways a moment, then, as some divine
Young nymph that Jove enamored would
entwine,

Her scarlet kisses all the green bough
cover,—
And the tree trembles,—as it were her
lover—

—*Garret Strange.*

I WOULD ENFOLD YOUR DEATH
AND MINE

I would enfold your death and mine, as
close
As our two lives have been together
bound;
To your dire scar I would conjoin my
wound,
And bind with yours my fate of joys and
woes.
I would entwine our wills, until yours chose
To be my partisan forever found;
For I have gained your love, and sorrow-
crowned,
You have shown courage to a world of foes.
Like the simoon I gather up your dust
And heap on high a little pile of trust
And hope and pain on pain, to call it
ours;

Here at the gates of an eternal rest,
 As all our dreams have known the self-
 same bowers,
 So shall my soul and yours have but one
 breast.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

LUIS G. ORTIZ

(1896-)

MY FOUNTAIN

HARD by the cottage, innocent and free,
Where swayed my cradle,—near that
hidden cot,

Its ripples overflowing from their grot,
Bursts forth my fountain, lost in greenery.
When the new moon was mirrored radiantly
On its clear wave in that sequestered spot,
How oft I cried, "Oh, happy is their lot
Who cross the vast expanses of the sea!"

It was God's will that I the deck should tread
And find my wish to full fruition grown
Amid the billows of the tossing sea.
God in the deeps I saw, and bowed my head;
And now, upon the sea, I dream alone
My humble, sweet and murmurous fount,
of thee!

—Alice Stone Blackwell.

MUÑOZ MARÍN

(1898-)

SYMPHONY IN WHITE

MUÑOZ MARÍN, the son of Muñoz Rivera, was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in 1898. He was educated at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and his published works are *Borrones* (San Juan, 1917), *Madre harapososa* (San Juan, 1917). His *La selva del siglo* is in preparation.

'Twas midnight when she died; her body
lay

White as the wheaten wafer of the priest,
What time the heavens were weeping.
Let us pray,

O friend and servant, for her soul re-
leased!

Good Chaplain, seeing thus her body fair
And white as was the maiden soul it hid,

How shall they know in heaven, the angels
there,

If welcome to her soul or flesh they bid?

Her hair was as the gold on sunset heights;
Her body framed as vaguely as the dawn;
It seemed that God to form its pure delights
Merely a copy of her soul had drawn.

There in her casket-boards I saw her lie,
The purer even without Ophelia's love,
Stretched all agaze upon the star-lit sky
In the close shaft that shuts me from
above.

Now it is morning, Padre, and the sun
Is up—the sun that hid behind the
rain,—

The sun that yester's holocaust has done,—
The sun you know so well,—my sun
again—

I fall to meditation, how where'er
Some bureaucrat or alms-dispensing dame
Passes away, the sun is always there
With share of gold the same!—

If justice be in God, as light in stars,
 Green in the fields, and in the heavens
 blue,—

Why for her death across the morning bars
 Comes not a double dawn or sun in view?

The Padre bowed his forehead white and
 old

Into the breast of his soutane of black,
 And on his eyelids a slow tear unrolled
 And hung, reflecting the new sunlight
 back.

—*Thomas Walsh.*

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